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PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF HIS TRIP FROM KHARTOUM TO LONDON

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WRITTEN TO SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

SIXTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME—SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop

SOON after retiring from the Presidency in March, 1909, Colonel Roosevelt went to Africa on a hunting-trip. He had arranged before his departure for several formal addresses which he was to make in Germany, England, France, and Norway on his return. When he reached Khartoum in March, 1910, on his way home, he yielded to urgent appeals and made two addresses on Egyptian affairs, one at Khartoum and the other at Cairo, which aroused much controversy and led later to a speech on the same subject, also by urgent request, at the Guildhall in London. From Khartoum he went to Rome, Vienna, Budapest, Paris, Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, Berlin, and thence to London. At the close of his tour he paid a visit to his long-time correspondent and friend, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, at the latter's estate at Welcombe, Stratford-on-Avon. During the visit his narrative of his experiences in Egypt and Europe so strongly impressed Sir George that he urged him most earnestly to put it in writing. This Roosevelt did in the following year, in the form of a letter to Trevelyan, under date of October 1, 1911. This letter, about 25,000 words in length, is an intimate account of his experiences in Egypt and in the chief capitals of Europe, with frank and searching comments upon the characteristics and personalities of the kings, emperors, and other eminent personages with whom he came in contact. It is a "human document" of quite exceptional character. What Trevelyan thought of it was expressed in a letter that he wrote to Roosevelt, under date of October 21, 1911:

"I have now read aloud, in the course of several evenings, your account of your European and Egyptian travels to my wife. I shall give it to George and Charles to read, without letting it go from beneath my roof; and I have arranged with Charles that, (to employ the usual euphemism,) 'if anything happens to me' he is to write to you, and ask whether you would wish to have it back. It is a piece absolutely unique in literature. Kings and emperors are a class apart; and no one, so capable of describing his observations, ever had such an opportunity of observing them, since the Prince de Ligne lived with Frederic, Catherine of Russia, and Maria Theresa, and their humble royal contemporaries. But the Prince de Ligne, though a very great subject, was after all a subject, and your position was independent, and you were as strange to them as they to you, and you approached them with ideas and

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beliefs engendered in a very different atmosphere. I never read anything more novel and interesting."

The first half of Roosevelt's narrative is published herewith, and the remaining portion will follow in the March number of the MAGAZINE. In view of Roosevelt's remark in the opening paragraph of his letter, that it should not be made public "until long after all of us who are now alive are dead," the question of publication now was referred to Sir George, who replied: "I do not hesitate to say that it should be published and the sooner the better. The world would be much the richer for it. The times are such that the human interest and solid value of this wonderful paper would be very great indeed *now*."

In the second portion of the narrative there is a very interesting account of Roosevelt's visit to the Kaiser, describing the famous review of the German army which the Kaiser held in his honor, and giving a very striking analysis of the Kaiser's character as it appeared to Roosevelt at the time.

THE LETTER

SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY,
New York, October 1st, 1911.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Trevelyan, Bart.

DEAR SIR GEORGE:

Sixteen months have passed since that very enjoyable Sunday I passed at your house. In the evening I finally told you that I would try to write an account of the intimate side of my trip from Khartoum to London, and send it to you for the eyes only of you yourself and your family. I am not quite sure I ought to write it even to you! However, I shall, just for the satisfaction of telling you things most of which it would be obviously entirely out of the question to make public, at any rate until long after all of us who are now alive are dead. By that time in all probability this letter will have been destroyed; and in any event interest in what it relates will have ceased. Meanwhile, if you enjoy reading what I have set down, I shall be repaid; and moreover, I am really glad for my own sake to jot down some of the things that occurred, before they grow so dim in my mind that I can no longer enjoy the memories, and look back at some with laughter and at others with sober interest.

I journeyed down the Nile, passing through stratum after stratum of savagery and semi-civilization. At first I was among men who, in culture, were more like our own palæolithic forefathers than the latter were to us; and then up through level after level as we went steadily northward with the current of the great stream, each stage representing some thousands of years of advance upon the preceding, until we came to fairly organized warlike heathens not essentially different from the African foes of the Egypt of the first twenty dynasties, and then to Moslems fundamentally kin to the savage Moslem conquerors of the seventh century of our own era. Then we steamed into Khartoum, and found the twentieth century superimposed upon the seventh, and on the whole with intelligence, ability and a very lofty sense of duty, endeavoring to raise the seventh century so as to bring it somewhere within touching distance of the twentieth. It is a colossal task. We are none of us gifted with the power to see with certainty into the future; we cannot say what the outcome will be. Perhaps what the French are now doing in Algiers, what the English are now doing in Egypt and the Sudan, will in the end result in failure, and the culture they have planted wither away, just as the Græco-Roman culture which flourished in the same lands a couple of thousand years ago afterwards vanished. On the other hand, it may persist, or at least, even if it does vanish in the end, leave mighty forces carrying on the work in a changed form. In any event the task is a mighty task, which only a great and powerful nation could attempt, and which it is a high and honorable thing to have attempted.

At Khartoum we stayed at the Palace —and there was not an hour of our stay that was not full of associations with Gordon's memory. The Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, was a sick man. He had gone

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to Cairo, whence he had to go to London; but he had left a letter for me, and Slatin Pasha, his right-hand man, received us with more than mere friendly enthusiasm. In journeying through British East Africa, Uganda and the Sudan, I had been both surprised and touched to find how the settlers in the first province, and the military and civil officials in all three provinces, greeted me. Indeed I was both a little puzzled and a little amused to find that they simply ignored the fact that I was a citizen of another nation. They felt that I was an out-of-door man, who had dealt with questions of empire in strange lands; and they accepted as a matter of course the view that I would understand and sympathise with their purposes and needs; and moreover, which was a little embarrassing, they also took it for granted that I would make the people "at home" listen to me when I spoke about them. I told them again and again that I did not see how I could speak about them in any public way in England; but nothing that I said had any effect in shaking their faith that, somehow or other, I would manage to bring vividly before the minds of the English people just what they are doing. They evidently felt that the people at home tended to forget them and to misunderstand their work, and they were eager that some man who could attract attention would state their case.

Slatin Pasha and all the officials and army officers at Khartoum showed these feelings even more markedly than they had been shown to me elsewhere during the preceding eleven months. They were all uneasy over the anti-English movement in Egypt, which, for some years, had been growing more and more violent, which had just culminated in the murder of Boutros Pasha, and which, as it was really dependent for its entire strength upon being the expression of a fanatical Moslem uprising against Christianity, threatened to cause trouble likewise in the Sudan. Their especial concern was of course with the attitude of the exclusively —or well-nigh exclusively—Moslem native army. Slatin told me that the native officers' club—the club including both the Egyptian and Sudanese officers—wished to give an entertainment in my honor if I were willing to attend. He explained that there was good cause for uneasiness as to the attitude of at least a portion of these native officers; and he was especially concerned because they had hung in the club a picture of the leader of the anti-English party in Egypt. He told me he thought I would do a very real good if I would go to their club, show my genuine appreciation of the courtesy extended to me, and at the same time make an address in which I should pay to their past loyalty and efficiency the kind of just tribute which would raise their respect, and at the same time speak with perfect frankness and in the plainest fashion in pointing out that everything they had done in the past and everything they might do in the future depended upon their absolute and unflinching loyalty to English rule. I told him that I would very gladly do what he suggested, for I was quite as strongly convinced of the truth of what he said as he was himself. I added that the fact that he, the representative of British rule in the Sudan, was an Austrian, only emphasized in my mind the fundamental truth that English rule in the Sudan was really the rule of civilization, and that every believer in justice and in progress all over the world should uphold it.

Accordingly I went to the reception given me by the officers at their club, and made the speech which you doubtless remember; trying my best to use such language and arguments as would add to the self-respect of my hearers, by making them understand how heartily I respected them; while at the same time I spoke with unmistakable plainness as to their duty of absolute loyalty, and as to the ruin which would come to both Egypt and the Sudan unless the power and prestige of the English rule were kept undiminished. I believe the speech accomplished its purpose; at least that is what Slatin Pasha told me and what the Sirdar wrote me at the time, and what Sir Ian Hamilton on his return from the Sudan also wrote me, and has recently told me.

The speech, however, when reported in Egypt, caused an outburst of anger and criticism among the Egyptian Nationalists, the anti-English and fanatically Moslem party. When I got into Egypt, and

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especially when I reached Cairo, I found a curious state of things. The country had obviously prospered astoundingly, both from the material and the moral standpoints, as compared with conditions as I had seen them over thirty years before; but the very prosperity had made Jeshuren wax fat and kick. In Cairo and Alexandria many of the noisy leaders of the Nationalist movement were merely Levantine Moslems in European clothes, with red fezes; they were of the ordinary Levantine type, noisy, emotional, rather decadent, quite hopeless as material on which to build, but also not really dangerous as foes, although given to loud talk in the cafés and to emotional street parades. These Levantines were profoundly affected by the success of the Young Turk Movement in Turkey, and were prattling about a constitution and responsible government in language not materially different from that used by Mediterranean Christians when they are engaged either in a just and proper movement for reform or in a foolish revolutionary agitation.

The real strength of the Nationalist movement in Egypt, however, lay not with these Levantines of the cafés, but with the mass of practically unchanged bigoted Moslems to whom the movement meant driving out the foreigner, plundering and slaying the local Christian, and a return to all the violence and corruption which festered under the old-style Moslem rule, whether Asiatic or African. The American missionaries whom I met, and who I found had accomplished a really extraordinary quantity of work, were a unit in feeling that the overthrow of the English rule would be an inconceivable disaster; and this although they were quite frank in criticising some features of English rule, and notably some actions of individual Englishmen in high places. The native Christians, the Copts, and also the Syrians and Greeks (although often themselves difficult to satisfy and fond of making absurd claims), took exactly the same view of the essentials, and dreaded keenly the murderous outbreak of Moslem brutality which was certain to follow the restoration of native rule in Egypt; but they were cowed by the seeming lack of decision of the English authorities, and the increasing insolence and turbulence of the Moslems. Moreover I found traces, although not strong traces, of a feeling on their part that some of the English officials occasionally treated them with a galling contempt which made it hard for them always to appreciate as fully as it deserved the justice which they also received.

The British officials themselves were drifting, and were uneasy and uncertain of their ground. Some of them, of course, were showing the same fine qualities that I had seen their colleagues show elsewhere; but others, including some of the highest, obviously were quite as much afraid of Parliament and of what I may call "Exeter Hall" in London as they were of the native anarchists. They spoke with great bitterness as to the mischief wrought by certain ignorant Members of Parliament—I believe chiefly Labor Members—who had come to Egypt, and, under the belief that they were championing the cause of human righteousness, had inspired in the Egyptian mind toward them and by extension toward the English generally, a touch of that most dangerous of all feelings, contempt. The root trouble, I believe, was that the officials high up did not know how far they would be backed by the people at home, and were afraid of taking any steps for fear of being condemned in Parliament.

Cairo was the only place where I was disappointed with some of the officers of the British Army whom I met. I could not speak too highly of those whom I have seen everywhere else in Africa; and the enlisted men whom I saw at Cairo, some of whom came to hear me speak at one of the missionary meetings, were as fine a set of stalwart, clean-cut, self-respecting, capable soldiers as I have ever come across. But there were a few of the officers who were unpleasantly like the type described by Kipling in his South African story, "The Outsider." These particular officers were absorbed, not in their duty, but in the polo and tennis matches, and treated the assassination of Boutros Pasha as a mere illegitimate interruption to sport; evidently they had no serious appreciation of the situation or of their own duties.

While at Gondokoro I had accepted an

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invitation to speak at the new Cairo University, a university founded by the most advanced and liberal Moslems, men of high standing, some of whom I met and who really were engaged in the effort to advance their countrymen, and to make the Moslem world assimilate all that for its purposes was best in Occidental civilization. After I had accepted, the murder of Boutros Pasha occurred, and then word was brought me from Sir Eldon Gorst that in view of the delicacy of the situation he trusted that I would say nothing about the assassination in my speech. Every human being was thinking chiefly of the assassination, and the failure to take prompt action in punishing the assassin had produced a dangerous condition in the native mind. For me to have spoken at all and yet to have avoided mentioning the assassination would have been attributed by everyone simply to fear, and would have been thoroughly unfortunate. I accordingly answered that I should do nothing of which the authorities did not approve, and would make no speech without submitting it to them; but that I would not speak at all if I were not to speak of the one really vital question which was filling the minds of everyone. This answer seemed to clear matters, and I at once received a request by all means to go on and speak as I had intended. I wrote out my speech very carefully in advance, brought it in person to both Sir Eldon Gorst and the Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, who as I have said were then in Cairo. Each of them made one or two suggestions, all of which I adopted, and they then approved every word of it. I accordingly delivered it.

After its delivery, Gorst wrote me as follows about it:

"Just a line to say how immensely I enjoyed your address, and how glad I am that you consented to speak to these people. If anything can bring them into a more reasonable frame of mind, your words should have that effect. In any case, if you have done nothing more, you have given me renewed courage to go on with what I often feel to be a very hopeless task."

The Sirdar wrote me two or three times, some of his letters being so personally congratulatory that I do not quite like to quote them. But they included such phrases as the following:

"Do let me again thank you most truly and most cordially for all you have done to help forward our task in the Sudan. Believe me, you have assisted us more than you can possibly imagine, and I am proportionately grateful. I will say no more because I know you will understand all I have left unsaid."

Later, in England, after my Guildhall speech, the Sirdar wrote to me again, from the hospital where he was just recovering from the operation:

May 31, 1910.

MY DEAR COLONEL:

May I offer most sincere and hearty congratulations on your splendid speech today? I have only seen the evening paper account, but that is quite sufficient to show what a splendid pronouncement it must have been. How I should like to have heard you deliver it! Your summing up of the Egyptian situation should do a world of good; but what can I say of your tribute to our work in the Sudan? I can only say on behalf of myself and of all the good fellows who are my co-workers, "Thank you from the bottom of our hearts." Your words, uttered at such a time and under such conditions, will do more to help us in our task than anything that has yet happened. Again I thank you, Sir, most sincerely, and remain,

Your grateful and affectionate,

(Signed) R. WINGATE.

P. S. This is the first letter I have written since the operation just a month ago.

I was very much touched and pleased by this letter, written under such circumstances; for my prime desire was to help the men who were doing such good work; and so I prized having Wingate and Gorst, and later, Percy Girouard, from East Africa, and various district commissioners and generals, including Lord Roberts, and other military and civil officials, write me as they did; and I was pleased a few weeks ago to receive from Ian Hamilton a letter saying that he had been in the Sudan, where "my name was one to conjure with." Of course I shall never make public any of these letters, because I was

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concerned only as to the effect of my utterances on the cause I was championing; I was particularly pleased to know that the men doing the work felt that I had helped them; and as long as this was so I was merely amused at the statements made by some outsiders—especially certain unhealthy outsiders of my own land—to the effect that my "brutality" of utterance had pained and hampered these same men who were doing the work.

The really intelligent Moslems, the men who earnestly desired to have the Moslem world advance as far beyond what it had been and what it still was as the Christian world has advanced beyond the Dark Ages, thanked me even more warmly than the English rulers of Africa. But of course the Levantine agitators and the fanatics of the seventh century type were savage against me. The native Christians, both Copts and Syrians, on the other hand, felt that I had rendered to them an even greater service than I had to the Europeans, and showed their acknowledgments in many rather touching ways; and the American missionaries—who, as I have already said, were doing really extraordinarily good educational and social work—felt the same way.

From Alexandria we sailed across to Naples, where we stayed twenty-four hours, and where, both officially and popularly, I was received in a way that really embarrassed me. For in Naples, when I went to the opera in the evening, the performance was interrupted for some ten minutes while they cheered me, and then processions of people from the university and various other bodies persisted in coming up to be introduced, so that I saw very little of the opera itself. This was a foretaste of what I experienced all through Europe except in Germany. Elsewhere than in Germany I was treated precisely as I used to be treated when as President I made a tour in any part of the United States; there were the same crowds, the same official receptions, the same courtesies and kindnesses, and the same wearing fatigue and hurry, and the same almost complete inability on my part to get time to see the people for whom I cared in public and satisfactory fashion, or to be allowed to visit by myself what I desired to visit.

THE VATICAN INCIDENT

In Rome, my first experience was with the Vatican. I had anticipated trouble in Rome, and had been preparing for it. My relations with Pope Leo XIII while I was President had been more than cordial, as he was a broadminded man, with a genuine knowledge of foreign affairs and of the needs of the time; as a token of his recognition of the way I had handled the Friars' Lands question in the Philippines he had sent me a beautifully done mosaic picture of himself in his garden. His successor was a worthy, narrowly limited parish priest; completely under the control of his Secretary of State, Merry del Val, who is a polished man of much ability in a very narrow line, but a furiously bigoted reactionary, and in fact a good type of a sixteenth century Spanish ecclesiastic. To you who know your Rome so well, and whose son has written so wonderfully of Garibaldi, and of the movement that turned Rome into what it now is, I need hardly say that the Eternal City offers the very sharpest contrasts between the extremes of radical modern progress, social, political and religious, and the extremes of opposition to all such progress. At the time of my visit the Vatican represented the last; the free-thinking Jew mayor, a good fellow, and his Socialist backers in the Town Council, represented the first; and between them came the king and statesmen like his Jewish Prime Minister, and writers like that high and fine character Foggazaro, and ecclesiastics like some of the cardinals, as for instance Janssens, the head of the Benedictines, and the Bishop of Cremona, a great friend of Foggazaro.

In this society American Methodism had suddenly appeared, several representatives having been sent thither on a mission. Some of these representatives were really excellent men, who were doing first-class work; they had a Sunday school, one of the teachers in which was a granddaughter of Garibaldi, while one of the graduates was her brother, a grandson of Garibaldi, a very fine fellow. This work was not only good in itself, but it was good from the standpoint of those who wish well to the Catholic Church, as I do, for it tended to introduce a spirit

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of rivalry in service, for rivalry in good conduct, which in the long run is as advantageous to the church as to the people, but which of course is peculiarly abhorrent to the narrow and intolerant priestly reactionaries, who, whenever and wherever they have the upper hand in the church make it the baleful enemy of mankind. There was, however, one Methodist in town, taking charge of a congregation, who was of an utterly different type. I have no doubt that he had a certain amount of sincerity, and a great deal of energy, and there were places where I suppose he could have done good. But he was a crude, vulgar, tactless creature, cursed with the thirst of self-advertisement, and utterly unable to distinguish between notoriety and fame. He found that he could attract attention best by frantic denunciations of the Pope, and so he preached sermons in which he pleasantly alluded to the Pope as "the whore of Babylon," and even indulged in attacks on the other Protestant bodies in Rome, denouncing the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches, and assailing the Young Men's Christian Association because it was under the Waldensian leadership—which particularly roused my ire, as I think every Protestant should have a peculiar feeling for this ancient Italian church, the church of whose wrongs Milton thundered like a Hebrew prophet.

The Pope would have been entirely right to refuse to see me if I identified myself with this man; but he had no right whatever to expect that I would be willing to see him if he made it a condition that I should not see the other entirely reputable Methodists, who were conducting their work in an entirely reputable way. He had, however, followed this line of action in dealing with ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, when the latter was in Rome, with the result of immensely exciting the entire Methodist body in the United States, and of benefiting the Roman Methodists. They were now wishful to see whether or not I would myself be afraid to visit them when I came to Rome; the Catholics in the United States were taking the opposite view; and both sides were watching to see what I would do. If each side had behaved with an appearance of moderation, sufficient to deceive each its own adherents, they might very possibly have made it awkward for me, because it was a case where damage was certain to follow if the issue were not clear-cut, and where it was easy to befog the matters. Fortunately each side committed blunders so gross as to enable me to make my position clear.

While I was in Cairo, I was forwarded a letter from Merry del Val, sent in response to a request Ambassador Leishman had made that I might have an audience with the Pope, in which Merry del Val stated that the audience could only take place on the understanding that I was not intending to see the Methodists —as he phrased it; that no such incident should occur as that which had rendered it impossible for the Pope to see Fairbanks. I responded that I hoped to see the Pope, but that it must be distinctly understood that I would not make any stipulation in any way impairing my liberty of conduct to see any one else that I chose. Merry del Val, then responded that the Holy Father would be unable to see me. The correspondence was as follows:

Ambassador Leishman to me, March 23:

The Rector of the American Catholic College, Monsignor Kennedy, in reply to inquiry which I caused to be made, requests that the following communication be transmitted to you: "The Holy Father will be delighted to grant audience to Mr. Roosevelt on April 5, and hopes nothing will arise to prevent it, such as the much-regretted incident which made the reception of Mr. Fairbanks impossible."

Ambassador Leishman's accompanying comment:

I merely transmit this communication without having committed you in any way to accept the conditions imposed, as the form appears objectionable, clearly indicating that an audience would be canceled in case you should take any action while here that might be construed as countenancing the Methodist mission work here, as in the case of Mr. Fairbanks. Although fully aware of your intentions to confine your visit to the King and Pope, the covert threat in the Vatican's communication to you is none the

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less objectionable, and one side or the other is sure to make capital out of the action you might take. The press is already preparing for the struggle.

My answer to Ambassador Leishman, March 25:

Please present the following through Monsignor Kennedy:

It would be a real pleasure to me to be presented to the Holy Father, for whom I entertain a high respect both personally and as the head of a great Church. I fully recognize his entire right to receive or not to receive whomsoever he chooses for any reason that seems good to him, and if he does not receive me I shall not for a moment question the propriety of his action. On the other hand, I in my turn must decline to make any stipulations, or submit to any conditions which in any way limit my freedom of conduct. I trust on April 5 he will find it convenient to receive me.

Ambassador Leishman to me, March 28, transmitting following message from Monsignor Kennedy:

His Holiness will be much pleased to grant an audience to Mr. Roosevelt, for whom he entertains great esteem, both personally and as President of the United States. His Holiness quite recognized Mr. Roosevelt's entire right to freedom of conduct. On the other hand, in view of the circumstances, for which neither His Holiness nor Mr. Roosevelt is responsible, an audience could not occur except on the understanding expressed in the former message.

My answer to Ambassador Leishman, March 29:

Proposed presentation is of course now impossible.

At the time two men were acting as my volunteer secretaries; Lawrence Abbott, one of the editors of *The Outlook*, and J. C. O'Laughlin, a young newspaper man, the son of Irish parents, and a Catholic, but a straight-out American. O'Laughlin was anxious to prevent the Vatican from committing what he felt would be a great blunder; and when I stopped at Naples, he went on to Rome to see Merry del Val. I told him that I should be glad to have him arrange matters, but that it must be distinctly understood that I would not withdraw from my position, or make, or acquiesce in, any stipulations as to my conduct. He had a long and fruitless talk with Merry del Val. The chief point of interest in this talk was that Merry del Val told him that if I would secretly agree not to visit the Methodists he was quite willing then it should be publicly announced that I had made no agreement! It never occurred to him, Cardinal and Prince of the Church as he was, that this was an invitation to me to take part in a piece of discreditable double-dealing and deception; and it shows the curious moral callousness of his type that later, to justify himself and to show how conciliatory he had been, he actually himself made public the fact that he had made this proposition, evidently having no idea that any one would find it reprehensible. Why, a Tammany Boodle alderman would have been ashamed to make such a proposal.

Accordingly I was not presented at the Vatican; I made public the correspondence which showed why I had not been, and at the same time, through *The Outlook*, published the following statement to the American people:

NAPLES, April 3, 1910.

DEAR DR. ABBOTT: Through *The Outlook* I wish to make a statement to my fellow-Americans regarding what has occurred in connection with the Vatican. I am sure that the great majority of my fellow-citizens, Catholics quite as much as Protestants, will feel that I acted in the only way possible for an American to act, and because of this very fact I most earnestly hope that the incident will be treated in a matter-of-course way, as merely personal, and, above all, as not warranting the slightest exhibition of rancor or bitterness. Among my best and closest friends are many Catholics. The respect and regard of those of my fellow-Americans who are Catholics are as dear to me as the respect and regard of those who are Protestants. On my journey through Africa I visited many Catholic as well as many Protestant missions, and I look forward to telling the people

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at home all that has been done by Protestants and Catholics alike, as I saw it, in the field of missionary endeavor. It would cause me a real pang to have anything said or done that would hurt or give pain to my friends, whatever their religious belief, but any merely personal considerations are of no consequence in this matter. The important consideration is the avoidance of harsh and bitter comment such as may excite mistrust and anger between and among good men. The more an American sees of other countries the more profound must be his feelings of gratitude that in his own land there is not merely complete toleration but the heartiest good will and sympathy between sincere and honest men of different faith—good will and sympathy so complete that in the inevitable daily relations of our American life Catholics and Protestants meet together and work together without the thought of difference of creed being even present in their minds. This is a condition so vital to our National well-being that nothing should be permitted to jeopard it. Bitter comment and criticism, acrimonious attack and defense, are not only profitless, but harmful, and to seize upon such an incident as this as an occasion for controversy would be wholly indefensible and should be frowned upon by Catholics and Protestants alike. I very earnestly hope that what I say will appeal to all good Americans.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Lyman Abbott, Editor of *The Outlook*.

Meanwhile I had seen the three leading representatives of the Methodists, and had appealed to them not to embarrass me, and had arranged that I should see them and various other members of the American colony at a reception at the Ambassador's. They explicitly agreed, in response to my request, to say nothing that would aggravate the situation or cause any unnecessary heartburnings. Two of them loyally kept to the agreement; but the third with a sense of morality and fitness not much better than that of Merry del Val himself, violated the agreement, and, merely in order to advertise himself by raising a rumpus, issued a screed violently attacking the Vatican. His two colleagues disapproved of what he had done, but followed the course so common among well-meaning and not very strong men, and for twenty-four hours refused to disavow his action or to say that it did not represent them. I had to act promptly in order to prevent becoming involved in an uncomfortable situation; for if after this screed I had then seen him, I would have convinced many men that the Pope was quite right in having refused to receive me. Accordingly I cancelled the reception at the Ambassador's, and did not attend any meeting at which the Methodists were represented. However, certain of the Methodists, and certain Catholic ecclesiastics, including Abbot Janssens of the Benedictines, called to see me to explain their entire sympathy with the position I had taken. Next to having both sides behave well, it was to my interest that both sides should behave ill, so that I could avoid having anything to do with either; and this was precisely what occurred.

A VISIT TO THE KING OF ITALY

I was immensely impressed with my whole visit to Rome. I attended a dinner given me by Mayor Nathan, the Syndic, and his colleagues of the municipal council. Mayor Nathan was a Jew, who spoke excellent English, and was apparently a good public servant. When I dined with him I had already taken lunch with a number of Members of the Administration, sitting beside the Prime Minister, also a Jew, and a man of more intellectual type than Nathan. Think what a contrast this meant! In the Eternal City, in the realm of the popes, the home of the Ghetto, I lunched sitting beside one Jew who was Prime Minister of Italy, and dined as the guest of another Jew who was the head of the Roman Government itself! The Prime Minister and his colleagues struck me as upright men, sympathizing with liberal and progressive ideas, and anxious to do justice, and also on the whole as cultivated men, well read, and, in short, good fellows; but they did not strike me as possessing very great force. Mayor Nathan was precisely like many an American municipal politician of good type. He would have been quite

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at home as Reform Mayor of any American city of the second class. Among his colleagues were a number of Socialists, mostly parlor or study Socialists of the Latin type, well-meaning people with lofty aspirations, wild eyes, and a tendency to pay over-much heed to fine phrases. What I saw of Italy made me feel that there was infinite need for radical action toward the betterment of social and industrial conditions; and this made me feel a very strong sympathy with some of the Socialistic aims, and a very profound distrust of most of the Socialistic methods.

The king and queen were delightful people. I had already seen the king, for when I was on my way to Africa he had come down in a battleship to Messina, and at his request I had gone aboard the battleship and had been presented to him; and I had a very genuine respect for him. Moreover, I found him most companionable. There were many things in which both of us were interested, from big game hunting to history and social progress. Some time before he had written asking me to come on a shooting trip with him after ibex, and I was genuinely sorry to refuse; and when I made my formal call upon him he showed me the heads of all kinds of game animals, including for instance the very rare South Italian chamois; and he showed that he took much more than a pure sportsman's interest in them. As for his general reading, I need only mention that I found on his desk, open, a copy of Mahaffy's "Empire of the Ptolemies," in which he was interested. I have always had a liking for the early history of the House of Savoy. Happening to say that I supposed that the fact that the House of Savoy had elected to live under Roman and not under Lombard law indicated that it was probably of native and not of invading Germanic origin, the king at once became interested and he told me many queer incidents of early Savoy history; and showed us his noteworthy collection of Savoyard coins, from the earliest to modern times. While I was President he had sent me, together with a handsome edition of Dante, a score of volumes of the original reports and papers of Eugene of Savoy—one of my favorite heroes.

The king showed that he was deeply and intelligently interested in every movement for social reform, and was not only astonishingly liberal but even radical, sympathizing with many of the purposes and doctrines of the Socialists. He took me in to see his children, who were well behaved and simple. When I spoke of how well the queen was bringing them up, he laughed and said, yes, he wished his son to be so trained that if necessary he would be fit to be the First President of the Italian Republic. Later he called for me at the hotel, causing thereby frightful agitation among the hotel attendants and guests, and spent a morning driving me round the city—I had already made the correct formal calls and had left a wreath on Victor Immanuel's tomb in the Pantheon. He slightly embarrassed me by making me sit on the right-hand in the carriage, as almost all the kings did—I suppose on the theory that I was a kind of ex-sovereign myself; I always wished they wouldn't do it, but after one or two trials I made no further protest, as it always became evident that if I insisted on sitting on the left-hand I should cause a fuss, which was just exactly what I was desirous of not doing. He took me to the cavalry school, where I was greatly impressed by the riding of his officers, and especially by the way in which they took their horses down well-nigh perpendicular banks. Evidently he knew the army and its needs just as he knew the civil and social needs of the country; and in fact I do not see how Italy could have a more intelligent, devoted, and sympathetic ruler. I told him I wished we had a few men like him in the Senate! He asked us—Mrs. Roosevelt and I—to drive out with him and the Queen and spend a day and a couple of nights at their country place not far from Rome, saying that they would dig out some badgers—I think it was badgers—but we had so many other engagements and were so pressed for time that, as he asked me to say frankly whether it would be convenient or not, I begged off, stating that we would infinitely rather go with him to his place, but that it would cause us serious inconvenience in keeping our other engagements; and he at once acquiesced, being as considerate as possible.

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In a way, I should have liked to see more of him; but after all I am doubtful whether it would have been worth while, for even with the pleasantest and kindliest king there must of necessity be a little that is artificial in association with a civilian foreigner, and especially a civilian foreigner from a huge overseas democracy. To have gone with him on a hunt, where we should have had a real object in common, or to have met him while I was President, when also we would have had interests in common, would of course have been an entirely different thing.

I thoroughly liked and respected almost all the various kings and queens I met; they struck me as serious people, with charming manners, devoted to their people and anxious to justify their own positions by the way they did their duty —it is no disparagement to their good intentions and disinterestedness to add that each sovereign was obviously conscious that he was looking a possible republic in the face, which was naturally an incentive to good conduct; I was very glad to have met them; and it was pleasant to see them for a short while; but longer intercourse, or renewed intercourse, would have been unnatural unless there had been, as there was not, some real intellectual interest, or other bond in common, and if there was any such, it happened not to develop itself.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRESIDENTS AND KINGS

I was much amused, by the way, when I reached Rome, at finding that our Ambassador was engaged in an intricate controversy with the puffy-faced, entirely pompous and well-meaning local baron who was Court Marshal or Master of Ceremonies, or something of the sort; the Ambassador wishing to have me treated with the courtesies granted a visiting sovereign, and the court marshal taking the entirely proper view that I was simply a private citizen, with no title and no claim to any precedence. I hastily interfered, telling the Ambassador that I absolutely shared the views of his opponent, that I wished him himself to act upon, and to notify all our other ambassadors that they were to act upon, the theory that I was purely a private citizen, with no claim to any position of precedence at all, and that at any function, formal or informal, I should be perfectly happy to walk or sit or stand anywhere, and below any one, just as the local people desired— or not to appear at all, unless they expressly wished it. I added that I was really speaking less in a spirit of humility than of pride. I have a hearty and sincere respect for a king who does his duty and acts decently, and am delighted to show him any kind of formal courtesy which is customary; but I have no patience with a sham and least of all a snobbish sham; and of all snobbish shams there is none more contemptible than that of the democrat who loudly contends that he is such and yet wishes in private or public life to grasp privileges which give the lie to his contention. To me there is something fine in the American theory that a private citizen can be chosen by the people to occupy a position as great as that of the mightiest monarch, and to exercise a power which may for the time being surpass that of Czar, Kaiser, or Pope, and that then, after having filled this position, the man shall leave it as an unpensioned private citizen, who goes back into the ranks of his fellow-citizens with entire self-respect, claiming nothing save what on his own individual merits he is entitled to receive. But it is not in the least fine, it is vulgar and foolish, for the president or ex-president to make believe, and, of all things in the world, to feel pleased if other people make believe, that he is a kind of second-rate or imitation king. It is as if a Roman ex-dictator wished to be treated like a king of Pergamum or Antioch! The effort to combine imcompatibles merely makes a man look foolish. The positions of President and King are totally different in kind and degree; and it is silly, and worse than silly, to forget this. It is not of much consequence whether other people accept the American theory of the Presidency; but it is of very much consequence that the American people, including especially any American who has held the office, shall accept the theory and live up to it.

However, in this case, the Italian king insisted upon treating me upon "the most favored guest" principle. When we dined at the palace, by the way, I struck one

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bit of etiquette which I did not strike at any other court. I had endeavored to dispose of my hat when I left my coat in the anteroom, but it was returned to me with every symptom of surprise and horror, and as the other male members among the guests retained theirs, I went on with mine. When the royal party came in, and I was brought up to the queen to take her in to dinner, I again thought it was time for me to get rid of the hat. But not a bit of it! I found I was expected to walk in with the queen on my arm, and my hat in my other hand —a piece of etiquette which reminded me of nothing with which I was previously acquainted except a Jewish wedding on the East Side of New York, where the participants and guests of honor wear their hats during the ceremony, and where, on the occasions when I was Police Commissioner, and occasionally attended such weddings, I would march solemnly in to the wedding-feast with the bride, or the bride's mother, on one arm, and my hat in my other hand. Both at the Italian Court and at the East Side weddings, however, some attendant took the hat as soon as I sat down at the table.

A REAL PEASANT QUEEN

At dinner I took as great a fancy to the queen as I had already taken to the king. I sat between the queen and her niece—whom she had always treated as an elder daughter or younger sister—the Princess Royal of Servia. Both spoke French, not English. I am sorry to say that I am too much like Chaucer's Abbess in that my French is more like that of Stratford-at-Bow, than to French of Paris. But still, such as it is, I speak it with daring fluency; and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. The queen is a really fine woman, with a strong touch of the heroic in her, and I greatly liked the princess also. They interested me because, to an American, it was curious to meet cultivated women, fond of reading, whose acquaintance with books barely touched the limits of English literature. In other words, they were cultivated people of the Balkans of southwestern Europe. They knew French well and some German, but very little English. Both had a passionate love for the Montenegrin land, for its people and its history, and they were delighted when they found that I really did know its history and shared to the full their admiration for it. They were also interested to find that I knew Carmen Sylva's writings, especially her translations of the Roumanian folk-songs; and the various translations of the poetry of the Balkan Slavs. The princess was in sympathy a thorough Montenegrin and not a Servian, and I found respected the Bulgarians more than she did the Servians. I was amused to find that the princess knew all about my family, and put me many questions about my elder daughter, whom she laughingly referred to as "the Princess Alice."

The Italian queen herself was obviously a fine and noble woman, and she was the real peasant queen, the Saga queen, the queen of the folk stories and fairy-tales—the kind of queen whom the hero meets when he starts out with his wallet and staff and travels "far and far and farther than far," and finally comes to a palace up to which he strolls, and sees the king sitting in front of the door looking at the sheep or the chickens. To be king or queen in a country like Italy at the present day means unending strain and worry, and both the king and the queen were faithfully and conscientiously and wisely, and with great self-devotion and self-abnegation, doing everything they could to meet the difficulties of an uncommonly difficult situation. They are loving and faithful to each other—I know you share my bourgeois prejudices against domestic immorality, which are stronger directly in proportion as the social position of the offenders is higher—and it was good to see their relations, together and with their children. The queen spoke with horror of war and violence, and mentioned that she did not think she could ever strike a blow herself, unless in defense of her children, or if her husband was attacked by an assassin; and as she spoke her eyes smouldered and she straightened her tall form. She loves to talk of her life at home in Montenegro, and one anecdote she told me gave me an insight into the reason why the Montenegrins show a more than mediæval devotion to their sovereign. She said that when she was a child a famine came to the people, who

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were finally reduced to eat only rice; and her father, the then reigning prince and present king, summoned his family together, and told them that their mother had much to do and needed meat and would continue to eat it, but that he and the children would from that time on eat only rice, until the people too had more than rice to eat; and his proposal was carried out to the letter.

After leaving Rome Mrs. Roosevelt and I tried to repeat the drive over the Cornichi which we had taken twenty-three years before on our honeymoon, doing it the reverse direction. We started in an old-style three horse carriage—*not* a motor—from Spezia, and as we had been able to conceal the fact that we were going to Spezia our first day's drive to Sestri Levante was delightful, and we enjoyed the night at a funny little old-style hotel, the waves washing the wall beneath our balcony. But they found us out even before the end of this afternoon, and the officers of the municipality called upon us that evening, and the band gave us a serenade; and next day both the natives and the tourists all along our route had heard about our coming; and by noon it had become evident that the enjoyment of our trip was at an end, and we abandoned it. After that, throughout my stay in Europe, the visits to Arthur Lee and yourself, and my twenty-four hours with Edward Grey in the valley of the Itchen, and through the New Forest, represented the only occasions when I was able to shake off my semi-public character for more than an hour or two at a time.

We spent a week with Mrs. Roosevelt's sister at her house at Porto Maurizio; then I left Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel there, for I wished them not to get overtired, while Kermit and I made a flying trip to Vienna and Buda-Pesth.

LECTURE AND OTHER INVITATIONS

I had originally intended to come straight home to America from Africa. I abandoned this idea on receiving the invitation to deliver the Romanes lecture at Oxford, because this was an invitation I wished to accept; and I appreciated being asked to deliver the lectures. It was the kind of thing I was really glad to do. But immediately afterward I was asked to speak at the Sorbonne. This again I was glad to do. When I accepted, however, I was certain that the Kaiser would not stand my speaking in England and France and not in Germany; and, sure enough, I soon received from the German Ambassador, by his direction, a request to speak at the University of Berlin; and this again I was glad to do. I then felt that I had entered into all the engagements I could carry through without hurrying myself, and I endeavored to avoid making any others; and I also endeavored to avoid visiting any other countries save France, Germany, and England. But I soon found that while the different rulers did not really care a rap about seeing me, they did not like me to see *other* rulers and pass them by; and that the same state of mind obtained among the peoples.

At Messina the King of Italy had made a point of my returning to Italy, and the municipality of Rome had—then a year in advance—made such representations about my coming through Rome as to make it evident that I would give grave offense if I went round it in order to get up into France. Accordingly I had to go. Then the Austrian Ambassador, (a Hungarian) whom I like, raised a perfect clamor against my omitting Austria; and I also found that the Hungarians would really have had their feelings hurt if I did not visit Hungary. Then the Norwegian Minister to Washington, and our own Minister in Norway, both wrote me that the Norwegians would feel permanently aggrieved if after having received the Nobel Prize I failed to come to Christiania and give the Nobel Lecture customary in such cases, inasmuch as I was giving addresses in Berlin, Paris, and Oxford. As soon as I accepted this, I found that Sweden and Denmark would in their turn have had their feelings injured to the last point by failure on my part to visit them when I was so near, and that Holland was already making great preparations because, on account of my Dutch descent, they claimed a certain proprietorship in me. As I had to pass through Belgium, and as the Belgians had been very kind to me in Africa, I was glad to stop there also; I had not intended to be presented to any sovereign; for I have

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the strongest feeling about the attitude of so many Americans in desiring to be presented to the different sovereigns. The latter, poor good people, must be driven nearly mad by such requests; for which there is no warrant whatever, in the great majority of cases.

Moreover I believed that the sovereigns could not care to see me; an attitude of mind with which I most cordially sympathized. I can imagine nothing more dreary than being called upon to receive retired politicians, who have no official standing and no right to any official honors, and who nevertheless may be sensitive if they are not given the honors to which they have no claim. However, the unfortunate sovereigns evidently felt that it would be misunderstood if they did not show me attention, and through the ambassadors or foreign ministers I was requested to visit almost every country in Europe, and to visit the sovereign of every such country. Switzerland was an exception. Here I had been asked to attend the Calvin Quadricentenary which I could not do; and as I was not asked by the Government until my trip was half over, when I was eagerly endeavoring to cut out every possible engagement, I did not go there. The result has been that to this day I am now and then called upon to explain why I did not go there; and to my concern I found that I had hurt the feelings of a great many good people who thought I had slighted them—not that they would ever have dreamed of caring one way or the other if it were not for the fact that they saw a fuss made about me in other countries; whereupon they illustrated Lincoln's view that "there's a deal of human nature in mankind" by promptly proceeding to feel injured.

I had precisely the same experience with Russia. I do not for a moment believe that the Russians wished to see me, and least of all the Czar; they would have been anything but pleased had I come; but inasmuch as I never went near Russia, they all now feel slightly aggrieved; and only the other day I received a warm invitation from the Czar to come to Russia this summer, together with a complaint about my not having visited it already. I did not deem it necessary to explain in full, as no good would come of it; but I would hate to go to Russia in any way as guest of the ruling authorities, and feel that I was thereby stopped from speaking on behalf of Finland, of the Jews, of the persecuted Russian liberals, and of all the many other people upon whom the iron despotism of the bureaucracy bears with such crushing weight.

HANDICAPS AND LIMITATIONS OF SOVEREIGNS

I said above that I doubted whether the sovereigns cared to see me. I am now inclined to think that they did, as a relief to the tedium, the dull, narrow routine of their lives. I shall always bear testimony to the courtesy and good manners, and the obvious sense of responsibility and duty, of the various sovereigns I met. But of course, as was to be expected, they were like other human beings in that the average among them was not very high as regards intellect and force. Indeed the kind of driving force and energy needed to make a first-class president or prime minister, a great general or war minister, would be singularly out of place in the ordinary constitutional monarch. Apparently what is needed in a constitutional king is that he shall be a kind of sublimated American vice-president; plus being socially at the head of that part of his people which you have called "the free masons of fashion." The last function is very important; and the king's lack of political power, and his exalted social position, alike cut him off from all real comradeship with the men who really do the things that count; for comradeship must imply some equality, and from this standpoint the king is doubly barred from all that is most vital and interesting. Politically he can never rise to, and socially he can never descend to, the level of the really able men of the nation. I cannot imagine a more appallingly dreary life for a man of ambition and power.

The kings whom I saw were not as a whole very ambitious or very forceful, though fine, honest, good fellows; and the monotony of their lives evidently made them welcome any diversion in the shape of a stranger, who gave them an entirely new point of view, and with whom, be-

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cause of the nature of the case, they knew they could be intimate without any danger of the intimacy being misconstrued, or leading to unpleasant situations in the future. They had made the advances, not I; they knew that I was not coming back to Europe, that I would never see them again, or try in any way to keep up relations with them; and so they felt free to treat us with an intimacy, and on a footing of equality, which would have been impossible with a European, the subject of some one of them (I think this was why they asked us to stay in the palaces).

In a way, although the comparison sounds odd, these sovereigns, in their relations among themselves and with others, reminded me of the officers and their wives in one of our western army posts in the old days, when they were all shut up together and away from the rest of the world, were sundered by an impassable gulf from the enlisted men and the few scouts, hunters, and settlers around about, and were knit together into one social whole, and nevertheless were riven asunder by bitter jealousies, rivalries, and dislikes. Well, the feelings between a given queen and a given dowager-empress, or a small king and the emperor who on some occasion had relished bullying him, were precisely the same as those between the captain's lady and the colonel's spinster daughter, or the sporting lieutenant and the martinet major, in a lonely army post.

As we travelled, we found that the royalties at one court were almost sure to have written to their kinsfolk at the next court (for they are all interrelated) things about us, just exactly as people would write from one army post to another in the old days. They were always sure to wish to hear from me about some of the things that I had done while I was President, especially the building of the Panama Canal, the voyage of the battle fleet, the handling of the coal strike, and various matters concerning the control of the trusts and the control of the mob, and the relations of both with Socialism; and they were at least as anxious to hear about my regiment, and especially about my life in the West, evidently regarding it as an opportunity to acquire knowledge at first-hand and at close range concerning the Buffalo-Bill and Wild-West side of American existence.

Most of them had obviously read up my writings for the occasion, and would appeal to me for enlightenment upon points which they could not understand; and then when I illustrated these points by stories and incidents, they would usually need further enlightenment about some of the expressions I used in telling the stories, and they would evidently solemnly write or tell one another just what these expressions were. Accordingly, after the usual formal and perfunctory conversation with the new king or crown prince, or whoever it was, he would, with a little preliminary manœuvring, ask me if I would mind repeating the story I had told some preceding king about this, that, or the other frontier hero who had afterward become a public servant holding my commission—wishing to know just how and why it was that Benjamin Franklin Daniels, afterward Marshal of Arizona, had his ear "bit off" in the course of the exercise of his duties as peace officer, or why Hon. Seth Bullock, who was Marshal in South Dakota, and was to meet me in London, had regarded homicide as a regrettable but inevitable incident of a political career in territorial days; or he might (and in two cases actually did) say "I beg your pardon, but I do not quite understand what is a two-gun man," which would necessitate a brief review of the exercise of the right of private war under primitive conditions in the Far West, and the advantages accruing to the cause of virtue if its special champion was able to use a revolver in either hand. All these small kings had vague ambitions, which they knew would never be gratified, for military distinction, and hunting dangerous game, and they always had questions to put about the Spanish War and the African trip. They also all stood distinctly in awe of the German Kaiser, who evidently liked to drill them; and both the big and the small ones felt much jealousy of one another, and at the same time felt joined together and sundered from all other people by their social position.

Before I had seen them I had realized in a vague way that a king's life nowadays must be a very limited life; but the reali-

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zation was brought home to me very closely on this trip. I can understand a woman's liking to be queen fairly well, (that is, if she is not an exceptional woman) for if, as is sometimes the case, as was the case for instance with both the Queen of Norway and the Crown Princess of Sweden, she has made a love match, she has the ordinary happiness that comes to the happy woman with husband and children, and in addition the ceremonial and social part would be apt to appeal to her and to be taken seriously by her. But as for the man! It would be very attractive to be a king with the power of a dictator, and the ability to wield that power, to be a Frederick the Great, for instance, or even a man like the old Kaiser William, who if not exactly a great man yet had the qualities which enabled him to use and be used by Bismarck, Moltke, and von Roon. But the ordinary king—and I speak with cordial liking of all the kings I met—has to play a part in which the dress parade is ludicrously out of proportion to the serious effort; there is a quite intolerable quantity of sack to the amount of bread. If he is a decent, straight, honorable fellow, he can set a good example—and yet if he is not, most of his subjects, including almost all the clergymen, feel obliged to be blind and to say that he is; and he can exercise a certain small influence for good on public affairs in an indirect fashion. But he can play no part such as is played by the real leaders in the public life of to-day, if he is a constitutional monarch.

Understand me. I do not mean that he fails to serve a useful purpose, just as the flag serves a useful purpose. Only a very foolish creature will talk of the flag as nothing but a bit of dyed or painted bunting, because it is a symbol of enormous consequence in the life and thought of the people. Similarly, the king may serve a purpose of enormous usefulness as a symbol, and I have no question that for many peoples, it would be a misfortune not to have such a symbol, such a figurehead. I am not speaking of the king from the standpoint of his usefulness to the community, which I fully admit; I am merely saying that from his own standpoint, if he is a man of great energy, force and power, it must be well-nigh intolerable to have to content himself with being simply king in the figurehead or symbol fashion.

When I went to Vienna, I met Harry White, an old friend and the best man in our diplomatic service, who had, most unfortunately and improperly, and for reasons of unspeakable triviality, been turned out of the service by President Taft. Without White's help I really do not see how I could have gotten through my Austro-Hungarian experience. The Hengelmüllers, the Austrian representatives in Washington, had crossed the ocean to meet me, and I was so flooded with attractive invitations, public and private, both in Vienna and Budapest, that I hardly had one moment to myself. I did, however, get an hour to visit certain bookstores, because I wanted to buy some of the old German hunting books. The popular reception in Vienna was even greater than the popular reception in Rome; I was received very much as I was received when as President I visited San Francisco, or Seattle, or St. Louis, or New Orleans. The streets and squares around the hotel were blocked with crowds, and when I drove to Schönbrunn to dine with the Emperor, the whole route was lined on both sides with onlookers. It was evident to me that the people did not in the least understand my real position, although I had done everything in my power to make it plain; they thought of me as still the great American leader, the man who was to continue to play in the future of American politics something like the part he had played in the past. Moreover this was the view that almost all the statesmen took. No explanations of mine were treated as anything but rather insincere and affected self-depreciation, and my statement of the bald fact that under our system and traditions an ex-President became of little or no importance was always greeted with polite but exasperating incredulity; and I finally gave up any attempt to do more than at each successive capital to state the fact with entire clearness, and then to let them refuse to believe it if they chose. I hated to have them deceive themselves; but they absolutely refused to let me undeceive them, and that was all there was about it.

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AUSTRIAN RULERS AND IDEAS

The Emperor was an interesting man. With him again I had to speak French. He did not strike me as a very able man, but he was a gentleman, he had good instincts, and in his sixty years' reign he had witnessed the most extraordinary changes and vicissitudes. He talked very freely and pleasantly, sometimes about politics, sometimes about hunting; and after my first interview, when he got up to tell me "good-by," he said that he had been particularly interested in seeing me because he was the last representative of the old system, whereas I embodied the new movement, the movement of the present and the future, and that he had wished to see me so as to know for himself how the prominent exponent of that movement felt and thought. He knew that I disliked the old king of the Belgians who was just dead, and suddenly asked me if I would have visited Belgium if he had been alive; and when I said no, he responded that he quite understood why, and added "c'etait un homme absolument mechant," explaining that there were very few men who were absolutely and without qualification "mechant," but that Leopold was one.

The dinner at Schönbrunn was interesting, of course, and not so dull, as those functions are apt to be. The Emperor and all the Austrian guests had one horrid habit. The finger-bowls were brought on, each with a small tumbler of water in the middle; and the Emperor and all the others proceeded to rinse their mouths, and then empty them into the finger-bowls. I felt a little as if the days of Kaunitz had been revived—I believe that eminent servant of Maria Theresa used to take a complete toilet-set with him to dinner, including a tooth brush, which he used at the close of the feast. However, all of the guests were delightful; and both the men and the women who came in after dinner were on the whole charming. I was told that Viennese society was frivolous, but it happened, I suppose naturally, that those men whom I saw were most of them interested in real problems of statecraft and warcraft. However, the world that lives for amusement was much in evidence at the Jockey Club. This struck me as a typical Viennese institution. Only the higher nobility belong, and a few outsiders of note. The people were charming, well bred, with delightful manners, joining to the love of sport among corresponding Englishmen, a love of gambling, and a propensity to fight duels, which gave them a different touch, and living in a world as remote from mine as if it had been in France before the revolution. They hailed me with the utmost good comradeship, because they were almost all big game hunters, and were immensely interested in my African hunt, and were also much interested in my regiment and my experiences in the Spanish War.

Of course the fact that I had been President, and at the same time had done the kind of thing in war and sport which it would have gratified their ambitions to do, also impressed them; and then, to my intense amusement, I found that they were in cordial sympathy with me because I had attacked the big financial interests, and because I frankly looked down on mere moneyed men, the people of enormous wealth who had nothing but their wealth behind them, and whose power was simply the power of the "money touch." There was to me something very humorous in finding what in America was regarded as a democratic movement against the powerful and arrogant aristocracy of wealth was among these Viennese looked upon as a movement fundamentally in the interests of the right kind of aristocracy, because it was teaching the man of mere money bags that his money by itself simply rendered him vulgar, and entitled him to no consideration. In the same way I was much amused to find from casual remarks made by my hosts that what they called the "kleiner Adel" were not admitted to the club any more than the financiers were. They had not such feeling against me and Kermit. We represented men of a totally alien life.

I found that they already knew that I as strongly objected to Americans marrying into their titled families as they could object themselves. This gave them, on the one hand, a feeling of understanding and sympathy with me, and, on the other hand, put our relations just as they ought

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to be; that is, they felt they could be absolutely courteous to me, and establish absolutely good relations with me, just as they could with an Arab Sheik, and ask me to their houses and visit my house and yet not be afraid of any complications following. One or two of them had a slight curiosity to find out exactly why I objected as strongly to any closer alliance with them as they did to any closer alliance with Americans; but most of them were too well bred to think it worth while to make inquiries. To those that did make the inquiries I laughed and told them that they would understand my position if they realized that I wished to keep for myself and all my kinsfolk and all my people an attitude which would make us respect equally and feel equally at home with Andreas Hofer on one side and Count Andrassy on the other, and that such an attitude could only be kept as long as their people and our people met on a footing of entire equality and good-will, but with full recognition of the fact that any attempt at too intimate relations would result in showing utter discordance. In other words we could really enjoy not merely friendship, but a substantial measure of intimacy, if we did not try to make it too close; because if we came too close we should find that our systems of life were fundamentally irreconcilable, although each might have many good points and might be the best for a given set of surroundings.

I visited the riding-school, one of the very few places in Europe where one can still see the manège as it is described in that great book of the Duke of Newcastle's—I think it is his—in the seventeenth century; and I inspected a Hungarian Hussar regiment, which interested me immensely, and where again I was received with the most genuine cordiality as a fellow soldier, all the officers, who of course had themselves seen no actual fighting, being very anxious to know about my regiment. I was very much impressed by both the officers and the enlisted men, and also by the horses.

We went out to lunch with a perfect old trump, Count Wiltczek, who had a castle a few miles out of Vienna which he had restored, so that it looked exactly as it did in the Middle Ages and was similarly arranged within—although he had embellished it with books and pictures of a later period. On this trip—here while visiting this castle, just as at Cairo—I was helped for the first time in my life by the fact that I had always gratified my thirst for useless information. I have never demanded of knowledge anything except that it shall be useless. Now this means that while I know nothing that the average scholar does not know, yet that I know a good deal as to which the average politician or man of affairs is abysmally ignorant; and as naturally my life has been chiefly led among politicians and men of affairs, when it was not led among frontiersmen, there are a great many things I have studied about which I have rarely or never had a chance to speak—largely, my dear sir, because it is only occasionally that I am thrown for a few hours intimately in your company! Until I went abroad this time I doubt if I had ever derived the slightest benefit, however small, from such things as a knowledge of Moslem travels in the thirteenth century, or Magyar history, or the Mongol conquests, or the growth of the races of Middle Europe and the deeds of their great men. On this occasion, however, my knowledge of these things really added to my pleasure, and brought me into touch with people. For instance, Wiltczek hugely enjoyed finding that, besides a general interest in sport and in mediæval ways and customs, I had taken it for granted that his family, if not Czeck, was of Polish origin, and descended from the Piasts and from Boleslav the Glorious; that when he showed me a portrait of Batory, I was familiar with that Hungarian king of Poland and his wars against Ivan the Terrible; that I knew the details of Rudolph's fight with Ottocar of Bohemia; and so on and so on. He took a great fancy to Kermit, whom he called "leetle" Kermit—for although Kermit was nearly six feet, Wiltczek towered above him—led him round by the hand through most of the building, and then kissed him good-by! Kermit is an impassive person, and was much less upset by this than an English boy would have been; still he was distinctly embarrassed; and I had fearful apprehensions myself

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when I came to say good-by, but fortunately the Count merely enfolded me in a bear-like arm clasp.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE OF HUNGARIAN HISTORY

After leaving Vienna I went to Hungary. On the way to Budapest, we stopped for lunch at Count Apponyi's. Apponyi met us at the station (where there was the usual reception) and drove us to his castle. It was interesting to an American to pass successively through various villages each consisting only of Slavs, Magyars or Germans. Apponyi is a really fine fellow. He had been in Washington with the Inter-Parliamentary Peace Congress, and had dined with me at the White House. He represented a type of Liberal much more common in Continental Europe prior to 1848 than at present; but in some ways, purely Hungarian. In Hungary, in striking contrast to what was the case in France, in Italy, and I believe in Spain, and certainly in much of Germany, I found that Liberalism and very strong religious feelings were not regarded as incompatible. In France and Italy devout Catholics were almost always reactionary, not only in matters ecclesiastical but in matters governmental; and Liberals were always anti-clerical—probably inevitably so.

In Hungary I met many Liberals, most of them Catholics, some of them Calvinists, who were good "church people" in much the same sense that so many of my associates in America are good church people; and in consequence they felt that I understood them and that they were in sympathy with me, as they could not be expected to be in sympathy with men sharing their political views who at the same time ridiculed, or at least were wholly unable to understand their religious views. Apponyi was a devout Catholic, but he was not only an advanced Liberal in matters political but also in matters ecclesiastical; he was a staunch friend of many Protestants, and later took me round to see the younger Kossuth, a Protestant. In this respect he was like an American Liberal of the best type; yet in matters purely political it was half amusing, half melancholy, to realize the doctrinaire limitations of his attitude. He was in theory an almost irrational advocate of immediate international peace; just as the Norwegians also were, in theory; and he and the Norwegian delegates, whom I had met among the various international peace delegations, were all for universal arbitration and disarmament, and for passing high-sounding resolutions in favor of immediate peace all over the earth, resolutions which always remind me of Tilman Joy's sneer in one of John Hay's poems, at those who "resoloot till the cows come home," and cannot and will not give practical effect to their resolutions; and yet he represented the violent and extreme Hungarian party which was practically working for a separation from Austria that would probably bring war; just as the Norwegian peace people were at the very time championing separation from Sweden, a separation which certainly told against peace and might well have produced immediate war. In other words, these peace champions of Hungary and Norway, who in word and in resolution, and in proclamation at their conventions, went much further in demanding arbitration and peace than I was willing to go (simply because for a really cool and far-sighted man to act as they were acting would have been base hypocrisy) were, as regards the only practical matters where they could give effect to their theories doing all they could to provoke war.

This is not an exceptional attitude among professional peace advocates. I have met it again and again. In my own country I have had labor unions and similar organizations pass resolutions, and send them to me, demanding that we cease building up the Navy and insist on universal international arbitration, at the very same time that they demanded that I adopt the policy of Japanese exclusion in such form as would certainly have brought us war with Japan. War would probably have come if I had either yielded to their wishes as to the form which the policy of exclusion was to take, (in accordance with their wishes), or had failed to keep at the highest point of efficiency the American Navy. It would certainly have come if I had yielded to their wishes in both regards. Apponyi

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in Hungary was honestly convinced that he was standing up for the oppressed and for the cause of righteousness by insisting that the Magyar should be at least on an equality with the Austrian German; and he was shocked and puzzled by finding that a large number of Hungarian Slavs regarded his attitude, and the attitude of the Magyars, toward them as itself an attitude of pure oppression, and which showed the fundamental hypocrisy of the Magyar attitude toward the German.

One reason why he and the other Hungarian politicians whom I met got on well with me was probably the fact that I knew a good deal of Hungarian history and Hungarian constitutional claims; that I understood, for instance, that the Emperor of Austria was not emperor in Hungary, and always alluded to him as the king—to give him his full, and delightful title, "apostolic king"—while I was in Hungary; that I understood that the analogy between England and Ireland was to be found, not in Austria's attitude toward Hungary, but in Hungary's attitude toward Croatia, etc. etc. As I have said, any ordinary scholar with a good second-hand knowledge of history is acquainted with all this as a matter of course; but among politicians the one-eyed is apt to be king—so far as concerns foreign history, or indeed so far as concerns any branch of abstract knowledge not dealing with applied politics, applied economics, or money-making.

When I was received in the legislative hall at Budapest, I was at first a little bit puzzled to know why they so immensely appreciated my allusions to Arpad, St. Stephen, Mathew Corvinus, and other Hungarian heroes, to the battle of Mohacs, to the provisions of the Golden Bull of one King Bela, and to the curious indirect results of the Bogomil heresy, and the double part played by racial and religious considerations in causing the Protestants of Hungary and Transylvania to side with the Turk rather than with the Austrian; ultimately I found that the reason was their sensitiveness to the fact that all these names meant nothing whatever to the public men of other European countries. Evidently they felt as regards the ignorance they encountered concerning their own national history when they went to Berlin, Paris, or London, much as an American felt forty or fifty years ago, when he found that Europe quite simply ignored the men and events that he had believed to be of capital importance. It was the feeling of injured dignity natural to the man who does not like to have his cherished heroes and their deeds treated as provincial, and who is not as yet sufficiently self-confident to realize that such treatment reflects, not on him or them, but on those who really show themselves provincial by failing to appreciate the fundamental importance of what has happened outside their own kin. To a Hungarian the fact that the Golden Bull was analogous to the Great Charter, and was issued about the same time that the latter was signed, seemed of such interest that he could not understand an Englishman never having heard of the said Golden Bull; and in consequence he was much pleased to find that an ex-President from across the ocean had heard about it, and knew for instance that it solemnly reserved to the nobles the right of revolution if the king misbehaved himself—I did not think it necessary to elaborate the comparison between this and the action of certain South American republics in inserting into their constitutions a guarantee of the right of secession.

In Vienna they had been very much pleased when, while President, I had cordially approved the action of Austria in changing the title, although not really the substance, of the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Ultimately I hope that the Balkan States will be able to stand by themselves, perhaps in some sort of confederacy; but as yet the example of Servia is not sufficiently encouraging to make me believe that Bosnia and Herzegovina would make more progress alone than under Austria; for Austrian rule bears no resemblance to Austrian rule half a century ago, and in any event is infinitely preferable to the rule of the Turk. In Hungary they knew that I had approved of this action, and were on the whole glad—the Austrian Governor of the two provinces (Kallay) did a really remarkable work in developing them—but the Magyars were a little uneasy at anything that tended to increase the Slav populations of the Dual Empire.

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SYMPATHY WITH HUNGARIANS

In Budapest the Austrian archduke who represented the empire and who was a very good fellow, but whose name I cannot now remember, gave me a lunch, and the Prime Minister a dinner, and the head of the Opposition another dinner, and I was taken out to see a stock-farm where I took lunch. The really interesting part, however, was meeting the people themselves. They were delightful. Of course I became hopelessly mixed as to their names; it was impossible to meet a couple of hundred men and women, even very intimately, for forty-eight hours, and disentangle them completely from the couple of hundred different men and women I had met in the previous forty-eight hours, or the couple of hundred whom I met in the preceding forty-eight hours. However, the general impression was very vivid.

I was struck in Hungary, as later in Holland and the Scandinavian countries, by the fact that I was really more in sympathy with the people whom I met than with the corresponding people of the larger continental nations. Their ways of looking at life were more like mine, and their attitude toward the great social and economic questions more like those of my friends in America. The Hungarian women, for instance, were almost the only women of Continental Europe with whom I could talk in the same intimate way that I could with various American and English women whom I have known—Mrs. Lodge, Mrs. La Farge, Mrs. Selmes, and other friends, of my own country, and Lady Delamere and Mrs. Sanderson of your country, whom I met at Nairobi, and Lady Spring Rice, and others. The Hungarian women were charming. They seemed to have the solid qualities of the North Germans, and yet the French charm, which the North Germans so totally lacked. I was genuinely sorry to think that I should never see them again. I greatly liked the Hungarian men. Whether it was simply an accident, or whether those I met were typical, I cannot say, but I certainly met an unusual number who were both interesting, and interested in things that were worth while; and who were keenly alert about political and economic matters, and yet were enthusiastic sportsmen or were well read or had other interests that were not merely stodgy. Teleki, the African explorer, was one; either his wife or his sister-in-law had written a novel worth reading. By the way, a Hungarian novelist whose books I had always liked, the author of "St. Peter's Umbrella," also called on me, and later caused me no slight embarrassment by giving an interview in which he contrasted my attitude of appreciation of his novels with the lack of such appreciation on the part of the Austrian imperial family!

At the different dinners and in the houses I visited I found almost everybody able to speak English, and well acquainted with whatever of note was written in either French, English, or German. Of course there is not much written in Magyar, and in order to hold communion with the rest of the world cultivated people in Hungary have to know foreign languages in a way that it is not necessary for Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Germans, and so they are pleasanter for foreigners to get on with. One of the leading public men I met—I think an ex-Prime Minister—was a Calvinist, and I was interested to see the strong impress that Calvinism had stamped upon the Magyar character. Evidently the Calvinistic theology was much more of a force with him than with most even of the descendants of the Puritans with whom I am intimate in America; and while the liberalizing spirit of the age and of his political party and the needs of Hungary had greatly broadened him, he still retained to a curious degree traits which reminded me all the time of those of men with whom I was familiar in my own country. His ancestors and mine had been at the Synod of Dort together three centuries before, and though he was very much broader and more tolerant than they were, he was not able to look at their work from quite the detached standpoint that to me seemed the only possible standpoint. But he was a fine fellow, and I was in thorough sympathy with him; and his wife was a brilliant and charming woman. Altogether I could not overstate how thoroughly at home I felt in Hungary, and how I enjoyed myself in spite of the rush in which I was kept.

[The concluding portion of this Letter will appear in the March number.]

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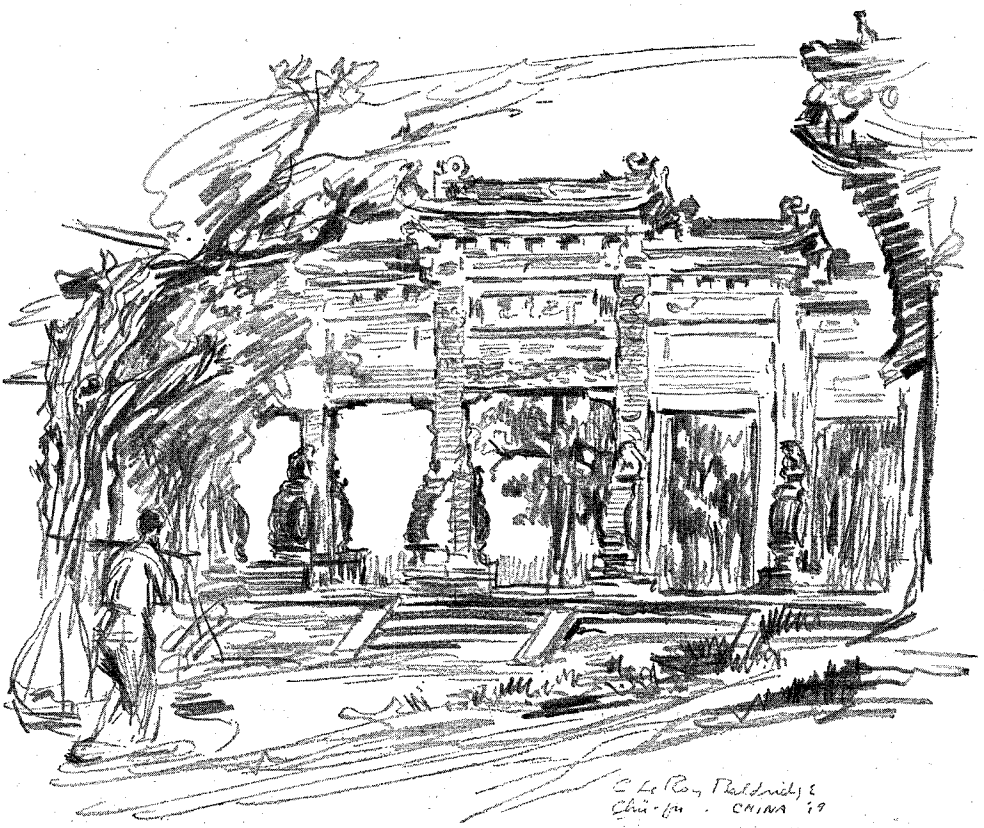

On the main road to Confucius' grave.

SHANTUNG: SACRED SOIL

By Nathaniel Peffer

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS MADE IN CHINA BY C. LE ROY BALDRIDGE

T'AI-SHAN T'AI-AN-FU,
SHANTUNG.

THIS is the heart of Shantung—symbol now to the Western world of China's trembling fate. It is more than that. It is the heart of China itself, the soul of China, centre and sanctuary of the highest in China's faith, tradition, and history. There is thrill to the mind and catch to the imagination in standing on this soil at this time; and a feeling of æsthetic satisfaction at the nice unity in the fact that the chance of political circumstance has given to the West as symbol for China that which most genuinely and most deeply is China.

For these mystic hills and the few miles of plain they command are to China sacred. Here on T'ai-Shan, the Sacred Peak of the East, on whose summit before history took up its reckoning emperors stood to offer homage for their people to the Ruler of Heaven, is enshrined the purest faith of the Chinese, not yet overlaid with demonology and spirit-worship. Around its rocks, its pools, its clusters of other-worldly trees are gathered some of their most treasured lore and beautiful legends. In its shadow lies the humble walled city of Chü-Fu,

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where Confucius lived, studied, and gathered about him the disciples who spread the code of ideals that has governed a quarter of the human race, where he now lies buried, and where his descendants still live.

A Chinese soldier.

Here every year for generation on generation have come the mighty and lowly of the empire on pilgrimage, emperor and warrior and sage and coolie, seeking benevolent dispensation. And here we, too, have come (the artist and I) to catch the spirit of the real China; not the China of the outports and their ugly superimposition of pseudo-Western manners and customs; not the China of political Peking and its corruption and concession-bartering; not the China of modern railway and factory and "squeeze" and joss-house, the China that is so disillusioning to the traveller and discouraging to the foreign resident; but the China that reaches back into the mists of antiquity and has gone to the heights and depths of civilization. And there has been the lure of the dramatic in coming here now when the word Shantung is flung back and forth—undiscriminatingly,

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it may be said—from political hustings at home and glares in black type from newspapers.

And—well, perhaps we have found it—China as it is fixed in grandeur in the history of man and as it is to-day in all its contradictions and obliquenesses and unfathomablenesses, its inexplicable commingling of subtleties and crudities, finenesses and sordidnesses, purities and corruptions, beauty and tinsel.

We saw at the graveyard of Confucius a simple and impressive mound of earth with trees and a single tablet for its only embellishment. And at its entrance a pavilion of gently flowing lines and gorgeous tiling, of which the roof was in ruins and the floor defiled with filth, while the money allotted by the government for its maintenance had been stolen by officials and the very heads of the family of Confucius. Only a people of fine sensibilities could have conceived the one; only a people deadened to all high impulse could have perpetrated the other. And that is China, whether now or two thousand years ago, whether in Canton, Peking, or Chü-Fu.

A coolie.

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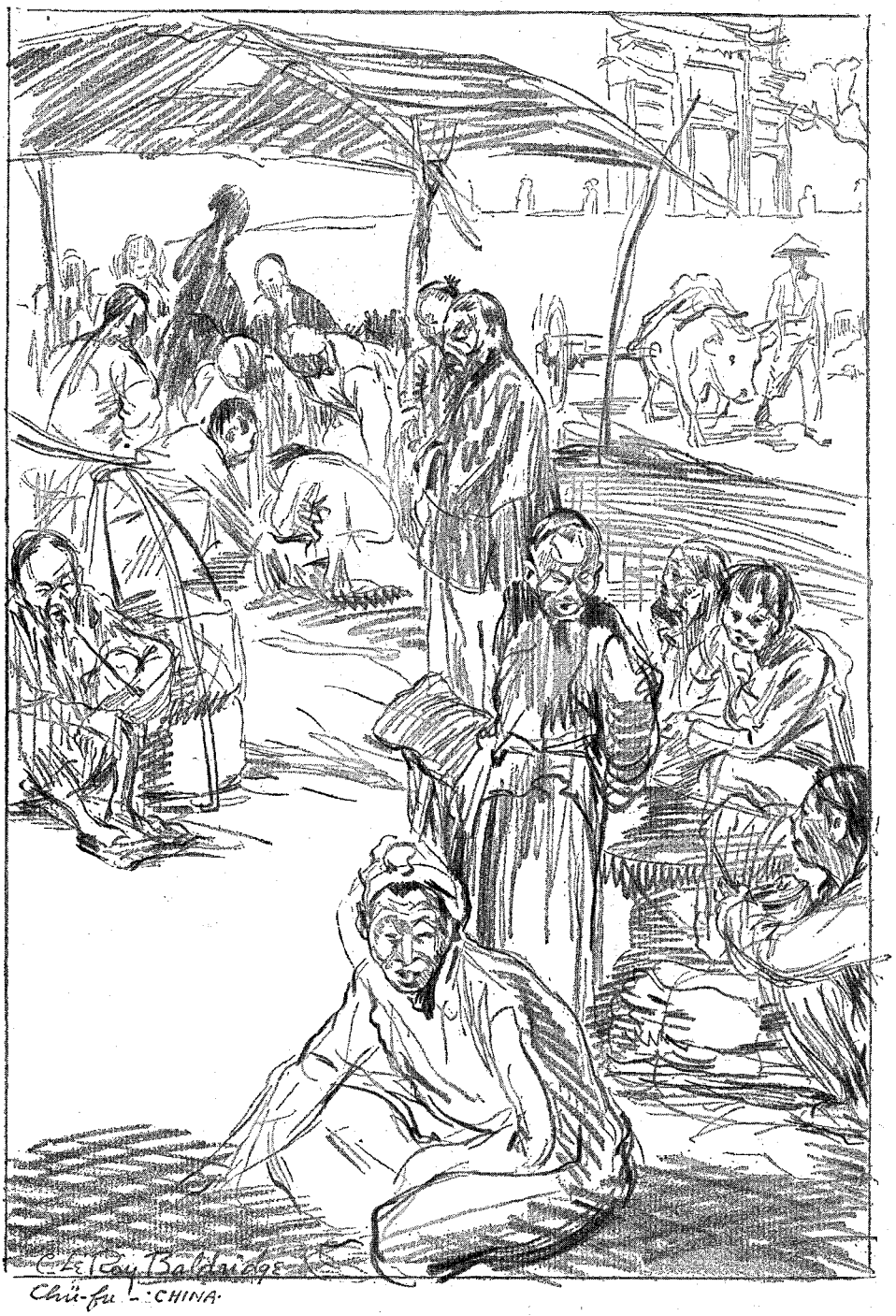

Market scene at Chü-Fu on birthday of Confucius.

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Perhaps, too, we have just found life. Those things that were heralded to us for their beauty and impressiveness and that are accepted by the Chinese for that, almost without exception were to us commonplace and even tawdry; those of which we had not heard and which are commonly neglected were to us beautiful and impressive. The "sights" are barely worth the discomfort of the railway journey up from Shanghai; yet there are things before which one understands why the soul of the Chinese wrenches at the thought of losing Shantung. But they are not the things about which books are written or to which the Chinese make pilgrimages.

Lao Fu-Tsz.

To our improvised ménage in the unfinished church there had attached itself an eager-eyed and tattered youngster.—Page 163.

T'ai-Shan, for instance. We were, indeed, awed by T'ai-Shan. It has a religious quality, religious by other than "heathen" test. It is mystic, beautiful, cleansing, inspiring. It has a spirit too tenuous for fathoming or expressing, it leaves a memory too strong for effacing.

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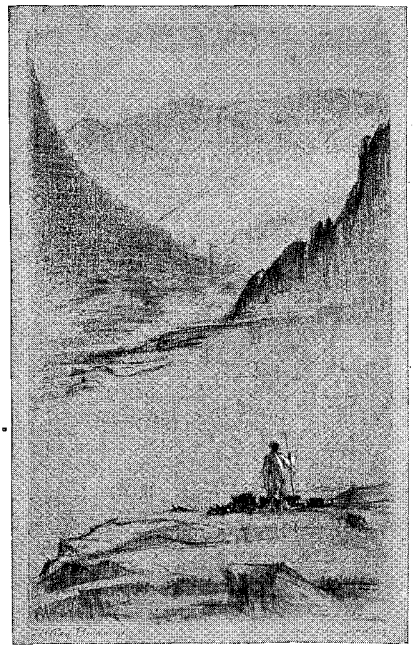
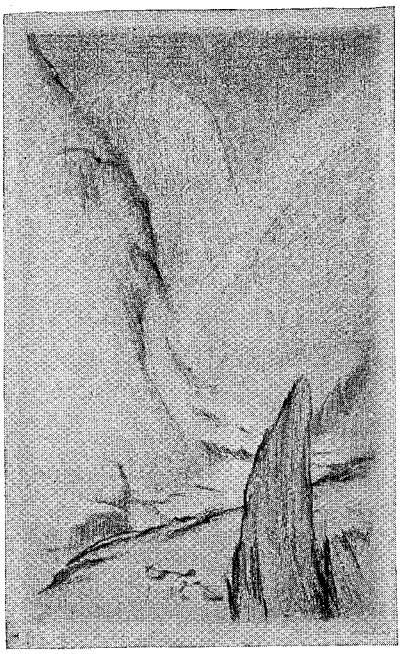


Autumn, T'ai-Shan.



Ao-lai-Shan Valley.

The Fall and Black Dragon Pool.

The Red Temple, T'ai-Shan.

Reproductions of four water-color sketches.

"For a month I have been living high up in T'ai-Shan, most famous of the sacred mountains of China. I have been impressed as no mountains have ever impressed me before. These are really "foreign" looking outlines and colors, and I have tried to show that in the pictures I am sending you."

—*Extract from Mr. Baldridge's letter.*

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And as we first came up the valley at sunrise from T'ai-An-Fu station a few miles away, we paid our measure of respect to the people two thousand years ago and more who had already in them the sympathy, understanding, and imagination to take this for worship.

There is in these mountains that group around the peak of T'ai-Shan a thrill more than æsthetic. They are not as we Westerners know mountains, nor are they by our measurements beautiful or even noteworthy. They are not spectacular, they reach no commanding, staggering heights, they have no steep ascents, or sheer precipices, they are not heavily wooded; they are relatively low, of even ascent, barren, strewn with boulders, often mere masses of gray-green rock; they have none of the dramatic value of our Rockies.

They are—the reversion of order is not so illogical as it seems—like Chinese paintings. They lift their summits in clear and sharp line above the mist at their feet, rather than bathe their summits in it as do our mountains. They do move in those curious curves that you see in the best of the T'ang paintings. There is in them motion, definite motion—an artist would call it swing. And they are bodiless, just as on the silken rolls; in one dimension, silhouette imposed on silhouette, painted masses on a gorgeous screen. Color swimming into color—the color of the Eastern atmosphere—a deep red temple slung in some perilous niche; a sloping-roofed pavilion built by some rich merchant seeking to acquire merit; black blots of goats motionless on a ridge and a goatherd who by every association should be summoning nymphs on his willow lute; above all, the unmistakable steeping in antiquity—whether it be these, or whether mountains can take on in aspect the character that has been given them by tradition as men show the soul in the face—whatever it may be, these mountains, without the physical attributes of beauty, are beautiful with a beauty that is unearthly and deeply religious.

So for days we gave mute worship. We had found, we told ourselves, the unspoiled East. We, too, would fight to save Shantung. We spoke in derisive comparison of our own people; of how, for instance, Americans would treat this T'ai-Shan; how they would run scenic railways up it and spread it broad with adjurations to tooth-pastes and cow-symbolized tobaccos. We made high and scornful comedy of our own boasted civilization.

And so making, we set out for T'ai-Shan itself, for the pilgrimage proper, as the Chinese have walked it since ancient days. We have not been living on the pilgrims' path, for that is lined with temples—and Chinese temples, however attractive to the foreign eye, are not habitable to other foreign senses equally strong—but in the valley just off the path, in a cottage built for missionary summer vacations—and missionary cottages, however offending to the fitness of things, are compatible with other senses much stronger. We made, then, our pilgrimage, and we who had gone up to worship, came down to scold and call ourselves disillusioned.

Heresy it may be and the sign in us of things that are wanting, but that T'ai-Shan was to us by comparison tawdry. It is a majestic height giving on a magnificent panorama, undoubtedly; but of such are many in China and elsewhere. In its purely physical aspects it is conventional; in its spiritual aspects it is not only conventional but spoiled, more by lack of artistry than lack of religious feeling.

Beautiful temples there are bordering its road to the summit and tablets inscribed by scholars and poets whose fame spreads across the breast of Asia; trees deified in memory of grateful shelter to sage or conqueror; a stone marking the spot where Confucius stood and marvelled at the smallness of the world; a pillar built by command of the Chin-Shih-Huang, the Chinese Cæsar; the crag from which thousands have hurled themselves as placation to evil spirits beleaguering the bodies of ailing parents; a rich embroidery of legendry over its whole sweep. And laid over that a cover of man-made crudity shattering all harmony of time and nature. From base to summit runs the pilgrims' path, up which thousands pass every spring bearing fabulous sums in gold and silver paper money to be burned for transmission in

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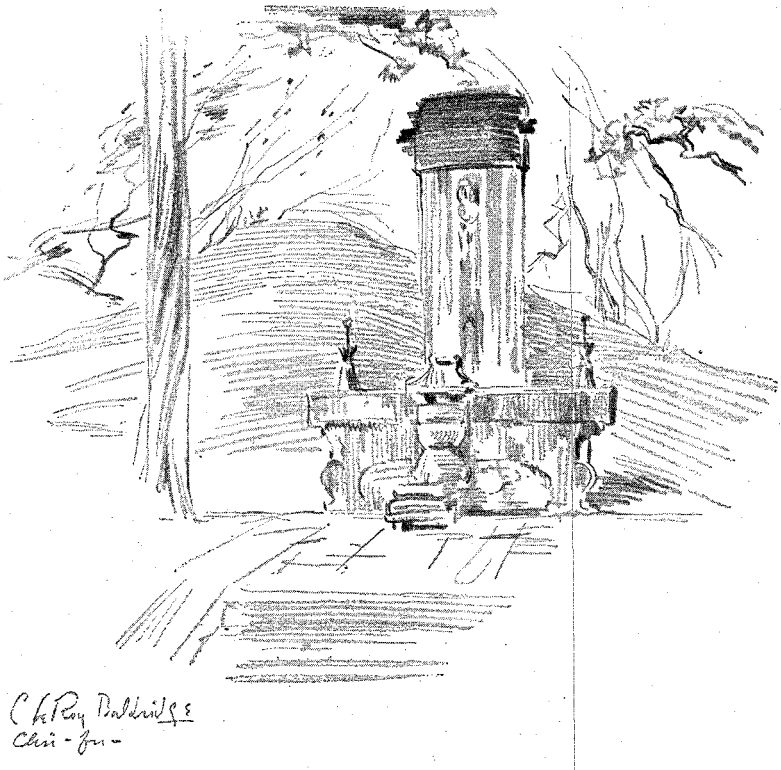

Grave of Confucius.

flame to the spirits below in remuneration for divers services. But it is a staircase rather than a road, an almost unbroken succession of stone steps: regular, mechanical, monotonous, and stupid; an everlasting monument to the want of imagination in those who built them and the generation that allowed them to be built. Whether you make the ascent tediously on foot or in the ancient chairs borne on the shoulders of Mohammedan coolies, who have the monopoly of that occupation on the mountain—to go for worship or for beauty riding on the back of another human being is an ugly and callous thing—over every other impression dominates the endlessness and artificiality of the steps. The road may have been eased somewhat for pilgrims, but it is then not so much a pilgrimage to nature's supreme shrine as an investment for prospective gain in the lower world; which, of course, is the motive of the overwhelming majority of pilgrims: propitiation of potentially evil spirits in the nether regions, recovery of dying relatives, offspring for sterile wives, prosperity for languishing commercial ventures. For the shabby Taoist demonology has completely supplanted the sublime concept of man communing directly with the Lord of Heaven from His highest footstool. And I am not now unaware how large a part the acquisitive motive plays in the religious worship of other and more civilized creeds than this.

In the same key are the beggars' concessions on both sides of the path. These are farmed out by priests in the temples, each beggar's sphere of influence being definitely demarked by stone boundaries within which he may beseech largess from the wealthy pilgrim scattering bounty in proportion to his need of the gods' favors and the beggar's histrionic effectiveness. Our own guide, a student from T'ai-An-Fu, passed without notice leprous old women, crippled old men, and the blind; with artistic appreciation he threw coppers to a plump and naked youngster

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who interrupted his frolic with a puppy to transfix a smeared countenance in a look of transcendent agony. The coppers were reward for his skill. And the skilful thrive. They build comfortable mud houses, cultivate sizable gardens by the side of the wayside shrine, and pay handsome rental to the temples. And the crowing of their roosters echoes from every crag. There remains only for climax the temple to the Jade Emperor—the Taoist deity—on the crown of the peak, unkempt, filthy, and scaling, fitting summit to a rising scale of disappointment.

And T'ai-Shan is for us forever done. With our self-built structure tumbled within us and in the full gloom of disappointment we turned for solace to Chü-Fu and its memories of Confucius. We did so the more expectantly because of the propitiousness of the time, the birthday of Confucius being but a few days distant and the sacrifice in his famous temple there being celebrated for its splendor.

A scholar.

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Solace of one kind we had at once, salve to our *amour propre*. When we alighted from the third-class train, in which we had for sanitary preference ridden in the baggage-car, a bugle blared, a squad of twelve soldiers presented arms, and a captain saluted with his sword. The district hsien chiang, officially informed of our coming, had sent us a guard of honor. Now, that guard was, like virtually all of the Chinese army, deliciously comic-opera, in the cut of its uniform, its carriage, and its military demeanor; and revelatory both of that army and all of China in other respects.

It was typical that when the captain ushered us to one of the mule-carts waiting to take passengers to the city a few miles away, one of his men should intervene with the suggestion that we take a better one and the others join in the warm discussion that followed; and typical that the men should have their way and the captain yield to the force of their arguments. For in this country, if there are no kings for a cat to look at, a private can always argue with a colonel, often without even the formality of saluting.

And that holds for civilian as well as military life. Between the coolie and the rich official or merchant is the whole span of civilization, but in the ordinary intercourse of life the two can meet, and do meet, more easily and freely than within our own social classes, much less separated though those may be, mentally and materially.

Until we left Chü-Fu the guard of honor was our comic relief, and we its. And, however much our going to Chü-Fu was an event to us, it was even more of one to Chü-Fu. The interest with which we regarded it was neither so great nor so naïve nor so fascinated as that with which it regarded us. To no relic of Confucius or rite in his honor did we give such rapt and awed attention as that which was given to our meals or our toilet processes by the population of Chü-Fu. Nor was anything so alien, so exotic, or so preternatural as the folding-cot that we exhibited for the inspection of three old countrywomen who came into the half-built Christian church in which we were staying to see what manner of living was that of the wai guo jen.

Yes—Christian church. For however fantastic white men may still be to Chü-Fu—as to most other cities in the interior—it does have some foreign contacts. The most pressing is the Christian church, through its missionaries. Until a few years ago the officials of Shantung Province and the clan of K'ung, as Confucius' family is known, succeeded in keeping missionary endeavor out of Chü-Fu, but then one of the Protestant missions succeeded in inducing a needy resident to sell it a piece of property, and it proceeded to build a church. The Chinese made bitter opposition. This, they said, was their Holy City, burial-ground of their greatest religious prophet, home of his descendants; it, at least, should be spared proselytizing by any other faith. After protracted negotiations and much entangling of intrigue, the mission offered to compromise so far as to move outside the walls of the city, but no farther.

And the Chinese had to accept; for by the treaty which the foreign Powers forced on the Chinese with battleship and bayonet, the Chinese cannot prevent missionaries from settling in any city. It is a work of righteousness with much of irony, but so is the whole relationship between the foreign Powers and China.

But in fairness to missionaries it should also be said that one feels less sympathy after having been in Chü-Fu and seen what the Chinese themselves, and even the descendants of Confucius, do with their holy shrine.

It is not evident in the works of living men that this is a Holy City. Nor was there any such sign at this time, when reverence should have been at its most solemn height. Chü-Fu is only an ordinary small Chinese city, with people as poor, streets as dirty, mud houses as squalid as any other; but besides its relics and its memories, besides the cemetery in which is his grave and the temple which marks the spot where his home stood, it is also the seat of his family. The majority of its inhabitants are members of the K'ung clan, with the blood of Confucius in their veins; and in the palace beside the temple lives the head of the family in each generation, the hereditary duke and theoretically the oldest son in direct

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descent, this being the only hereditary duchy in China. Here surely the faith should be kept pure, here everything of Confucian association be kept inviolate. And yet——

a ceremonial dance to the accompaniment of majestic tunes played on the instruments in use in the time of Confucius—Confucius ranks as probably the foremost Chinese critic of music. Under the

Types.

The annual birthday sacrifice in the temple is in form and ritual impressive. On the altar before the image in the main hall are the cow, the sheep, the pig, the grain, wine, tea, and other symbolical offerings. On the stone terrace before the hall fifty youths in the rich costume of Confucian days move in the slow steps of

chanted directions of a distinguished scholar who is master of ceremonies, the heads of the family at appointed times in the service, perform the nine k'o-tows; and simultaneously with them the lesser members of the family and a few chosen others, massed in rows from the terrace back to the end of the huge courtyard.

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In the ceremony are all the elements of stately dignity and deep reverence, all the splendor we had expected, but there was little that was impressive in it as we actually saw it. If its dignity and solemnity were felt by those who took part in it, they made effectual concealment thereof. Minor masters of ceremonies bustled about giving contradictory orders while the sacred bronze bells were being rung. Cigarettes were lit between k'o-tows. Men giggled and gossiped and spat in the front rows of the worshippers. Where there should have been respectful hush was noise, movement, and confusion. And over all was a perfunctoriness like that of school children at "exercises." It is not egotism that prompts the belief that we divided attention equally with Confucius. The temple hall was deserted to follow us; we had the eye of as many people as the dancers; if we had suddenly left, it is not unlikely that we should have disrupted the proceedings.

The duke was away in Peking, disporting himself, we were told; he is said to be of sportive inclinations. The present duke, the seventy-seventh of the line, and in extent of family-tree, at least, the world's purest aristocrat, is held in low esteem by those who know him and in common report. He is neither scholar nor man of affairs. His intellectual attainments are rated as those of a moderately well-to-do merchant. His interest in his lineage, the achievements of his great ancestor, and the welfare of his country is almost nil. In the tea-shops of far-away cities like Hankow and Canton, he is spoken of with derision. That has not been true, however, of all the dukes. Their general average has been high;

Types.

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some have even reached the top ranks of scholarship.

The temple, like all temples to Confucius, is of a vasty grandeur and simplicity, in marked contrast with the shabby trappings and mummery that cheapen all Buddhist and Taoist temples in China. Broad courtyards with rows of trees fantastically grayed and twisted with age; green and red and yellow tiled roofs; marble pillars deep carven in the dragon motif; a main hall of deep red tones, massive redwood pillars running up to a gorgeously panelled and studded ceiling, and the image half-hidden behind warm yellow curtains; it is a shrine which in structure and design is worthy a great prophet. But here, too, are decay and neglect, débris piled into corners, weeds growing between broken stone flaggings, paint scaling, and wood rotting; always the jarring note.

The graveyard is a noble expression of the dignity and mystery of death; it is impossible to think of a Western cemetery, with the Western profusion and overdecoration and easy symmetries, that has touched its height. It lies a mile from the city gate. Leading to it from the gate is a broad avenue of trees spanned half-way by a stone arch of exquisite carving and majestic lines. The graveyard proper—really a park—within which any member of the K'ung clan may be buried, whether scholar or coolie, is enclosed in a pink wall. Within that wall is the spell of the Infinite. On thin, eerie trees that lean rather than stand, lean rigidly and reverently, things of a twilight world never planted by the hand of man, lies the mood of death. Under them are scattered the stones and tablets marking the passing of the seventy-seven generations. At the farther end of the park is another wall behind which are the tombs of Confucius, his son, and his grandson. The mound of Confucius is just that: a piling up of earth before which are a stone altar, a tablet inscribed with six Chinese characters, a stone urn flanked by two bronze candlesticks; along its sides are a few trees, and around it shrubbery. That is all. It is the simplicity of the sublime. One need not be a Chinese to bow the head. That graveyard could stand alone as the masterpiece of a race and in itself mark that race as one that had added to mankind.

And then—then one finds the small family temple near it littered with manure, the wall of a pavilion erected for meditation broken down, stone seats rocking uncertainly, the scars of ruin everywhere. And one knows that the K'ung family has enormous holdings of valuable property, that the government remits the taxes on much of the property, and that appropriations are periodically made for the maintenance and repair of the cemetery; and that the rich heads of the family have kept nearly all of what the officials have not squeezed. And there is a sweep of bitterness and disgust that the corruption that eats through the whole texture of life in China should have gnawed so deep as this. Here is all that remains of him these people know as God; here are the men of his blood, raised above all others of their nation because of that; and it is impossible not to believe calloused to all decent appeal a people whose petty pilfering does not stop even there. It is impossible not to believe them degenerated utterly beyond saving. It is impossible not to feel that hopelessness that every foreign resident of China does sometimes feel, the questioning whether the Chinese race has not outlived itself, whether it did not spend itself for all time in the creative centuries up to five hundred years ago. Probably that feeling is not justified. Corruption and decadent cycles are not peculiar to China or even the East. For every sordid trait an admirable one can still be found. But this much is true, that a great many of the old race impulses are dead and that some kind of rebirth must come.

Is Confucianism decayed, then, as the faith of the Chinese? On that no two foreigners have ever agreed. Probably it is—to the extent that all old faiths are, of the West as well as of the East, and in greater degree in proportion as it is older. That is a condition conclusive neither as to the Chinese nor as to Confucianism. It is the normal phenomenon in the relationship of peoples and religions. Confucianism still lives in its forms; its spirit is dead. The same may be said of other religions—or will be, probably, when they

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are as old. The need is, perhaps, not so much of a better religion as of fresher impulses.

Those impulses surely will spring again and that rebirth come; to the casual traveller even is evident the solid foundation of admirable traits to balance those that seem so to demean. For one such quality, one in which China has always been an example in practice to nations that have talked more about it, Chü-Fu is dramatically conspicuous. That is the sense of the equality of all men. It is more than a pleasantly romantic fact that the three thousand or more inhabitants of Chü-Fu who are descended from Confucius should run the whole social scale from man of leisure to coolie. As a test we took to asking the names of many that we met in the streets and shops. We met mule-carters who were of the K'ungs, hawkers, tinsmiths, and proprietors of tea-shops. And it is neither kudos to the hawker in the alley or humiliation to the man of leisure in the palace courtyard that the other is what he is.

A sketch.

To our improvised ménage in the unfinished church there had attached itself an eager-eyed and tattered youngster who did errands for us, brought us hot water

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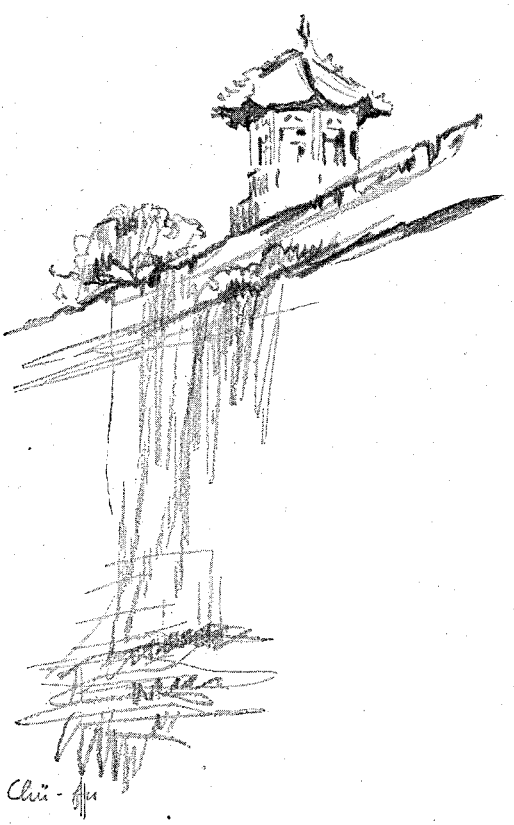
and the like in exchange for the vantage of giving us intimate scrutiny. He was a bright lad, for whom we had come to take a fancy. The last day we were there we chanced to ask him his name. K'ung Hsing-Ku, he said, and quite casually went out. Having just come back from the ceremony in the temple and being in ribald mood, we named him anew Lao Fu-Tsz, or Old Sage, as Confucius is called. Yes, he was of the K'ungs. His father was a peasant near by, working a scanty subsistence out of a tiny measure of soil. Probably he will be a peasant, too, and his son and his son's son. And all will lie together in death in the graveyard within the pink walls, perhaps by the side of a near relative of the duke, the dust of all mingling with that of the prophet of their people. And if he is not a peasant and rises to a ministry or a scholar's degree, as many another peasant's son has in China, he will lie there, too, by the side of some less-favored peasant's son. Whatever else may be said of the Chinese, certainly they are genuine democrats.

So, with the memory of Lao Fu-Tsz to soften the disappointment, we have come back to our T'ai-Shan, maybe the wiser now for all our disappointments. If we have not looked on China in the grandeur we had sought and expected, we have seen China as it really is. And if the disappointment, analyzed, is only that the hand of man has been laid too heavily on things that are not of man, then that is not only China and the East but America also and the West; which is the conclusion on China that every foreigner eventually reaches if he lives in it long enough.



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A wave of anxiety rested on the faces of the women.—Page 175.

MISS LIZZIE—PARLOR BOLSHEVIST

By Mabel Hill

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

"THERE'S that telephone again. You'd better answer it, Mary Carpenter. I have told Amanda I would take care of this part of the house. She is very busy this morning with the cooking, besides ironing and——"

Although Mary Carpenter had gone to the telephone Miss Lizzie's soliloquy ran along unheeded, setting forth the story of Amanda's programme for the day in detail. It was only interrupted by the return of the private secretary.

"Your nephew Jack is on his way to Clarksville, Miss Lizzie. He is arriving for luncheon, he says, and he hopes to spend the night if the welcome is warm enough."

"Jack? My nephew Jack? Why, Mary Carpenter, it can't be! I can't believe it! He is in Washington! He belongs to the Department of Justice. He could not be released even for Christmas. Are you sure you heard correctly? Do you really mean, Mary Carpenter, that it was Jack, my nephew, who telephoned? I haven't seen him for nearly five years. You know I have told you he volunteered among the very first, and hurried off to France. He saw almost the first fighting. He was gassed twice, then he was transferred from the French to the American service, and because he was not strong enough to serve in the army he was sent to the Department of Justice where he has held an important position, his father writes, ever since. Mary Carpenter, you can't understand how excited I am. He is my brother John's oldest son. When those boys were little fellows, and spent their summer holidays here I loved them —oh, but what is the use to talk about the past when the boy is arriving now, today? And of all days, too, when there is nothing for luncheon and Miss Kornfield

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is coming to speak to the club this afternoon. Oh, I wish I had not sent Caleb into Boston to fetch her out. It would have been much better, though more expensive, to have had her come by taxi, but I would rather have spent twice the money on taxi service than not to have had Caleb here now. I need him for marketing and for so many things; but it's too good to be true that Jack's coming, though it is most unfortunate with everything so confused. Oh, where is Amanda? She will have to face about, give up her ironing and get up a man's luncheon. I wouldn't give Jack a fruit salad for worlds; John's boy and a fruit salad would never do. And to think I have not seen him for nearly five years! It's no use, Mary Carpenter, I can't dictate to you this morning—my heart's got the better of my head. After I see Amanda and find out what we can have for luncheon I shall ask you to turn errand girl and go to the market. You must get chops—great, thick, fat chops—(I don't suppose there is any Southdown mutton to be had at any price). But do get Amanda first—ask her to come in here so we can talk it over

"Perhaps you had better bring a few cigarettes," Miss Kornfield . . . called out.—Page 170.

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together. It's most important. Of course Jack has not been in the trenches for eighteen months, or hungry, but Amanda would blush, black as she is, if she couldn't get him up one of her best luncheons. I have seen Amanda time and time again set aside her ironing to make that boy blueberry batter pudding."

Miss Lizzie Clark had lived in the old square mansion house on High Road ever since she could remember, and she could remember sixty years. When her father had established the Meadow Brook Woollen Mills at the north end of the township, the little country village which was situated along the banks of the brook had been known as "The North End." As the years had gone on the plant had enlarged as the business grew. At the outset special skilled laborers from England and Scotland had come to the village to help develop the industry. They had built their own little homes in their day and generation, out of the small wages they received, for the low cost of living had given satisfaction in those days to the skilled laborers. Indeed, there had been that kind of prosperity which existed throughout all villages but a half-century ago.

Gradually a line of red-brick mills along the river bank suggested the enlarged industry, and the corporation houses, also built of brick, running up from the river road at right angles with the mills, established that typical New England manufacturing centre which in so many townships proved to be the nucleus for all civic life. But these Meadow Brook Woollen Mills were so completely in the hands of the Clark Corporation the village never became a municipality with civic interests. Though the red-brick mills constantly increased in size and number they still remained on but one side of Meadow Brook.

On the opposite shore stretched the meadows; and close to the water's edge grew the great masses of tall alders, high blueberries, and pink hibiscus. Even hare-bells dared flaunt their tiny blue petals in the summer sun in spite of the whirring of machinery across the brown waters of the brook. And Lizzie Clark had known where every one of the wild flowers blossomed from the time she was five years old and had been brought to the North End village.

On the hill above the red-brick village Mr. Clark had built the mansion house, and there he had ensconced his family with colored servants and fine equipages, entertaining largely, not only the members of the close corporation which controlled the manufacturing establishment, but dispensing a social paternalism throughout the township. It was that benign paternalism which existed in so many little manufacturing centres in the early days after the Civil War.

Mr. Clark had built the little chapel, and for a long time he had paid the salary of the English curate; in fact, until the laborers themselves had changed so in race and religion that an English clergyman alone could not meet the varying and divergent religious interests of the operatives. Then Mr. Clark had built a Union church, as well, and the employees had taken over their choice of minister, although the Clark gifts to the institution continued generously large. For forty years this paternalism had seemed to succeed, so much so, indeed, that the citizens of the township had been eager to re-name the North End village in honor of Mr. Clark. It seemed "a proper memorial to a man of such large-heartedness and magnanimity." Those were the words used by the platform orator at the town meeting when the North End had become Clarksville.

Mr. Clark had died on the eve of the new century. To Miss Lizzie it seemed but yesterday in so far as the thoughts of her father were concerned. She had been the oldest child. After her mother's death she had been at the head of the Clark household with Amanda and Caleb as factotums in the domestic economy of her life. There had been other maids and other men servants to help her when the boys came home from college, and when, years afterwards, they had brought their little families for the summer holidays.

The Meadow Brook Woollen Mills had been very prosperous; there was no question about that. When the property was divided, and the three sons and one daughter had received their shares in the corporation, each was rich in his or her own right. The people at the South End

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of the township, which was a farming district, had always shaken their heads, sometimes they had gossiped, and now and then gasped, over the increasing wealth that had rolled up in the mansion house during Mr. Clark's most prosperous days. Yet every farmer, if not quite every citizen, far and wide throughout the township deeply grieved the passing of this man who had been capable of developing an industry in their midst which had accumulated such unprecedented wealth in the community.

"As to those Swede and Norwegian girls they ain't worth a dollar more to-day than they were five years ago."—Page 171.

The three Clark boys had pioneered into the West, and made good as professional men, but Miss Lizzie living on in the old mansion house remained a factor in her small way in the town. In the early eighties she had brought the people together for a Browning Society, both the men and the women. In the early nineties she had been the first president of a woman's club. One might say of Miss Lizzie Clark that she had inherited her father's ability to organize, and his kindliness of nature; but her brothers knew that their dear sister Lizzie never had or never would have any logic. So it was that when Mr. Clark had died he had not only left Miss Lizzie's money in the hands of three executors, but he had in confidence given Caleb, faithful Caleb, an unwritten trusteeship over Miss Lizzie. Caleb was to live with her, and if things were faring ill with the good woman it was Caleb's duty to notify the brothers in the West. Caleb shared this confidence with his sister Amanda. They were her body-guard, her protectors, and friends for the years to come. Never were there two more faithful servants, and for nineteen years Caleb had really proved a mentor, if not an adviser, in the comings and goings of his mistress.

When the war broke out Caleb had approved of Miss Lizzie taking the old bil-

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"She's gut restless now the war's over. She kinder misses the knittin' and the Red Cross work."—Page 170.

liard-room for Red Cross headquarters. He and Amanda had worked hand and glove with her at the canteen shop down in the mill district. Clarksville lies ten miles east of the great cantonment at Devens, and day and night the shop had been the rendezvous for Devens men. But since the armistice, the talk of reconstruction had seemed to unsettle Miss Lizzie Clark's mind. Never a reading woman in the larger sense, at the same time she had devoured magazines as women do without attaching the various articles to any special line of investigation. On her table by her bedside, *The Nation*, *The Survey*, and the *New Republic* were the magazines that put her to sleep. The challenge of these magazines smote her heart, but never interfered with her slumber. No, Miss Lizzie was not intellectual, nor was she even literary. She skimmed her books, and then she loved to talk about them and to listen to other people talk about books. She was indeed a voluble-minded woman, and she looked her temperament. She was short and fat, with kindly blue eyes which wandered from things to things, when her mind was not arrested by the page of a book. Her soft, pudgy little hands told the story of ease and leisure which had always been hers. She dressed in keeping with the dignity of the old home. The furnishings were heavy; big black walnut pieces which had been built in the seventies, heavily carved and highly upholstered. There were lambrequins at all the windows, red damask in the parlors, and chintzes in the chambers. Her marcelled hair assisted nature in keeping her *en rapport* with her heavy backgrounds. But Miss Lizzie had always loved her flowers, and the atrocities of the indoor architecture at the mansion house had been more or less ameliorated by the profusion of boxes and vases filled with bulbs and plants in winter, and cut flowers in summer.

As Mary Carpenter returned with Amanda, all excitement, and good-nature written over the old woman's black face, for the moment Miss Lizzie forgot the coming menu and enthusiastically sent the private secretary into the garden for flowers. "My dear Mary Carpenter, I have had the most wonderful ideas since

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you have been gone. We must garnish the table with red, white, and blue; I want larkspur;—it has just begun to bloom, I saw three sprays this morning,—and a spray of the little old-fashioned roses that grow just south of the petunia bed. I want those especially, for John gave mother that rose-bush. Then there is some white phlox just opening. You see that will make a bouquet of red, white, and blue to be placed right in front of Jack at the table. We will have the flags of all nations in the centre of the table on a stand. I think that would be appropriate, don't you?" But Miss Lizzie did not wait for a reply; she drew Amanda down on the big divan with her hand in hers, as she had sat with her ever since Amanda had arrived at the mansion house to be her special maid when they were both girls of eighteen.

Miss Lizzie had meant to plan Jack's luncheon, but it ended in Amanda ruling the day and choosing everything that she remembered as Jack's special dietetic desire. To these two women Jack's power of consumption became the supreme motive. Mary Carpenter, who had been for more than a week taking dictation from Miss Lizzie for a club paper, to be entitled "The Readjustment of the Home Table Because of the High Cost of Living," smiled amusedly at the difference between the theory expressed in Miss Lizzie's paper and the practice which she was planning with Amanda as coadjutor.

Jack's arrival was so filled with short sentences, dashes, and exclamations that one cannot well set it down in narrative form. Mary Carpenter said afterwards that no moving-picture could have done justice to the scene, and no psychologist could have registered the relationship of thoughts that were crowded into the two hours between the hero's arrival and the moment when Caleb honked the announcement that the speaker of the afternoon was triumphantly approaching in the Pierce-Arrow.

"I'se pow'rful glad to see you, Mister Jack," said Caleb, as he sat in the servants' dining-room, while Jack stood in the doorway that looked into the kitchen where Amanda had been called at the last moment to make a fresh pot of black coffee for Miss Kornfield. The speaker had announced that her luncheon in town had been "rotten," and that she could not speak before any audience without stimulation. "Fresh coffee, Miss Clark; I am rather particular, don't you know," she had added as she had made her demands.

Mary Carpenter had taken Miss Kornfield to the spare room, and had promised the black coffee as soon as possible. "Perhaps you had better bring a few cigarettes," Miss Kornfield had called out before the door closed. "My package is running short, and I may need all I have before I get back to New York."

As Jack stood in the doorway between the two rooms facing Caleb, and yet turning now and then with bantering words to Amanda, Caleb continued: "Yes, Mist'r Jack, I's pow'rful glad to see ye come, 'cause yo' know I kinder think Miss Lizzie hes gut queered up. I's been thinkin' of writin' to yo'r father. She's gut restless now the war's over. She kinder misses the knittin' and the Red Cross work. Afore the war in ole days her woman's club was kinder genteel. They were readin' papers on poets and poetries and sech things. But now they git all stirred up over this labor question, and they all talk a lot about 'Emancipation.' Why! Mist'r Jack, yo' would think these women folks had been slaves to hear 'em go on at some of the meetin's. They are all the time talkin' about the men who work in the mills, about their wages, and their hours, and the Lord knows what. Miss Lizzie's always askin' me if I'm happy in my lot, and she worrits Amanda most to death. She's so 'fraid Amanda overdoes, and asks her to keep tabs on how many hours a day she works. Now yo' know, Mist'r Jack, thet's long as I cen remember, Amanda has got up at five in the mornin' and gone to bet at 'leven at night. Yes, Mist'r Jack, and she's worked all day like a dog! But she likes to work like a dog. She ain't never complained, hev yo', Amanda?"

Amanda was removing the steaming coffee from the stove. She did not reply until she had turned it into the silver pot, placed it upon a tiny tray and passed it through the service window to Mary Carpenter, who had just asked for it. Then she turned to answer Caleb's question.

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"Lor', Mist'r Jack, yo' knows I never fuss about my work, but I must say these last six months I have got real nervous about myself with Miss Lizzie talking about me all the time, and you know, Mist'r Jack, she has had all kinds of speakers here,—Tom, Dick, and Harry,—talking about the most curious things you ever heard on. Their talk don't do Miss Lizzie any harm, of course. She is so busy getting ready for the speakers, counting the chairs, and thinking about the punch that she always serves. No, I don't agree with Caleb, I ain't worrid about Miss Lizzie that way, but it has stirred up a lot of talk with other folks. Miss Swain's cook said that all the maids in town were going to strike for higher wages, and Miss Lizzie was on their side. Now you know, Mist'r Jack, that that is the last thing your grandfather would have wanted Miss Lizzie doin', helpin' along strikes, and as to those Swede and Norwegian girls they ain't worth a dollar more to-day than they were five years ago. They're just putting on airs."

"He talks down there to the factory hands the same kind of lingo that Miss Lizzie's professors talk up here in the parlor."

Caleb, who was engrossed in gnawing a chop bone, now interrupted: "I don't know as you would call it Miss Lizzie's influence exactly, but anyway all those foremen down in the mills say if your grandfather was alive he would be pretty much excited over some of the stuff the speakers up here at the mansion house have been sayin'. You remember Bill Rousch? He was the dyer in your grandfather's chemical department. His son's come back, and they say he talks down there to the factory hands the same kind of lingo that Miss Lizzie's professors talk up here in the parlor. I told Miss Lizzie if young Rousch should bring on a strike at the Clark Mills she would stop some of this lecturin'. What do you think about it, Mist'r Jack?"

Jack was silent for a moment. Then he closed the conversation by replying to Caleb: "I don't think we need to worry, Caleb, as Amanda says. Besides, I mean to send my Aunt Lizzie up into Canada with father and mother. She needs the change, and they will just love to have her visit them at Ivy Lea."

"Lor', Mist'r Jack! If you can get Miss Lizzie out of Clarksville for a month I should jedge that you were equal to settlin' the League of Nations next. Why, your aunt has got so many irons in the fire she can't even motor into Boston. I have had to go myself with Caleb to

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Stearns's to get her the little notions that she needed most awfully, but wouldn't take time to buy herself. Miss Mary Carpenter used to come here once a week to do up her accounts and answer her business letters, but now she has to come over two hours ev'ry day 'cause your Aunt Lizzie is writin' so many papers. I tell Caleb she's as busy as the President, hisself."

There were more than forty people gathered in the old Clark drawing-room when Miss Kornfield descended the stairs and took her place at the improvised reading-desk which had been placed across the threshold of the folding doors between the parlor and the spacious hall. The forty guests consisted of members of the club—women from twenty-five to seventy in years—who, with Miss Lizzie, had evolved from the Browning and Dante stage, through art and philosophy, into social service and war work. One could readily tell the guests of the afternoon from these local members. The guests had come from an adjoining town where a similar club had for twenty-five years also developed along similar lines up to the moment of the armistice. But their community had no industrial problems to solve, and they had no special investigation into labor questions, nor had they discussed the reorganization of society. There were three men in the audience. The minister of the Union Church, the superintendent of schools, and a very deaf old gentleman with an ear-trumpet. Mr. Byam had been confidential clerk of Mr. Clark until his death, and had been pensioned on account of his growing infirmity by the Clark estate.

It was a sweet June day—the longest day of the year. The fragrance of the flowers in the room and from the honeysuckle on the pergola floated everywhere. The portraits of father and mother Clark, painted by Carolus-Duran, smiled down on Miss Lizzie with benign kindliness. To the townspeople Miss Lizzie always meant the past. No matter how much she might fling her naked soul into the future, to Mr. Byam and the older women of the club, at least, Miss Lizzie meant memories of stately dinners served by a butler, Caleb's father. Coming together of an afternoon to hear a lecture was the aftermath, as it were, of annual summer entertainments for years and years long gone by; lawn parties, tennis tournaments, hospital fairs, one after another. Mr. Byam could conjure up in his mind a picture of the hospitality of the house and Miss Lizzie's gracious smile and talkative welcome.

Miss Lizzie read her introductory remarks a little tremblingly. She had stepped beyond the usual province and made more of her introduction than usual. It had taken her and Mary Carpenter five full mornings to weave together the relationships between Clarksville's "Evolution in Social Progress and the World Movement for a League of Nations." She had felt that she must prepare her audience with this background in order to make a perfect setting for Miss Kornfield's presentation of the address, which, as she wrote Miss Clark, was to be entitled in want of a better term, "The Old Order Changeth."

Miss Lizzie's little, round, fat face grew flushed with her vision. Tears glistened in her eyes, as she established the thrilling fact in the well-worn slogan of to-day, that they as a Club, meant to help make the world safe for Democracy! For the moment she forgot herself and sat down in the President's chair; and then remembering that she was to present Miss Kornfield, she rose and in brief but gracious fashion presented the speaker of the afternoon.

Miss Lizzie Clark and Miss Fidelia Kornfield were the antipodes of women. The little audience must have been impressed by each type. Miss Lizzie was dressed in gray voile cut à la mode. Her beautiful gray hair marcelled, and her high color accentuating her good health and years of personal well-being. Miss Kornfield was tall and angular and very pale. She wore a rather short dark green skirt, with a long smocked lighter green tunic over it, girdled below the waist-line by a wonderful string of beads. (She had told Mary Carpenter, when she had taken the black coffee to her, that the beads were rosaries which she had bought in European cities at the doorways of cathedrals. She had clipped off the crosses to show that she had overcome all fear of ecclesiastical symbolism.) To

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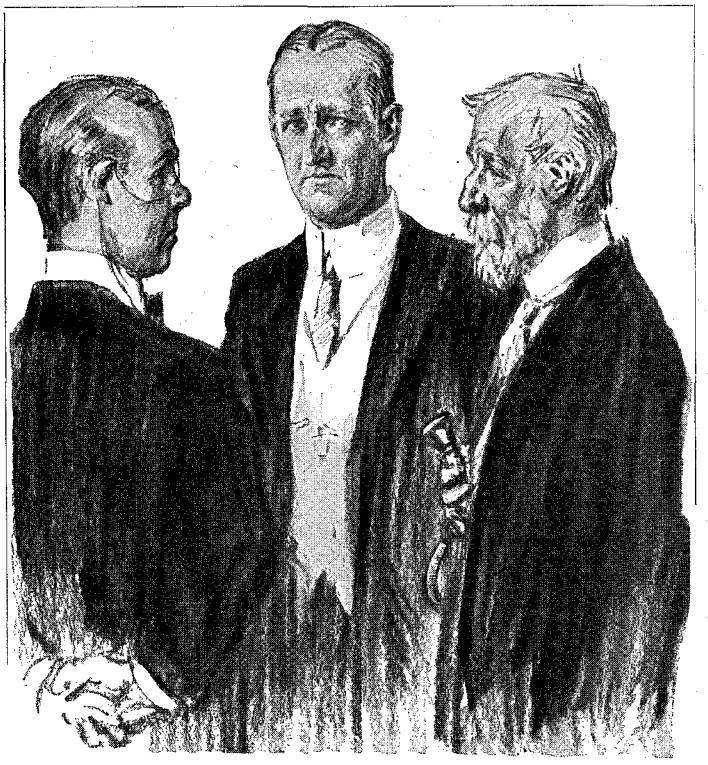
Mr. Byam Miss Kornfield's whole costume was a symbol, although he was not sure—not quite sure—for what it stood. Her feet, and ankles, for that matter, were encased in green silk socks, and she wore sandals strapped about with soft green leather. At her breast she wore a lily, one pale green water-lily. Her hair was parted in the middle and brought down over the tips of her ears, fastened loosely at the nape of her neck by a tortoise-shell hairpin.



There were three men in the audience. The minister of the Union Church, the superintendent of schools, and a very deaf old gentleman with an ear-trumpet.—Page 172.

Evidently Fidelia Kornfield had taken lessons in voice culture. She knew the power of soft, low, even enunciation. She was very intent, very eager. She leaned forward, grasping both sides of the little table as she warmed to her subject. (Miss Lizzie removed the glass of water and the gavel in anticipation of increasing enthusiasm.)

"Your president has presented a clear-cut survey of the vital interests in the past history of the community. She has asked me to come before you to-day to tell you the truth as it looms before me concerning the future. Your president has graciously set forth what Clarksville has tried to do to keep pace with world movements, but, dear friends, world movements have been found wanting. Education, the State, and the Church have failed to establish truth. To begin with, truth is to be found in the home, in the group that perpetuates life, and the home everywhere is a failure. Men through the ages have evolved what they call the patriarchal system. Women have been ignored in the economic field, in civic life, and in the organization of the church. Let me explain briefly, but convincingly, I hope, these arguments, before I establish my final conclusion."

For over an hour Miss Fidelia Korn-

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Drawn by W. E. Hill.

"Do? Miss Clark, do? We must change the pattern."—Page 175.

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field did her best to establish her arguments. There was no doubt but that the audience was deeply interested. As she approached her conclusion a wave of anxiety rested on the faces of the women. The men seemed puzzled, too, and Mr. Byam shifted from his ordinary ear-trumpet to the use of a metal fan, which he held to his mouth, indefatigably.

Miss Lizzie was agitated as she attempted to add the final words which her position as president demanded, at the close of Miss Kornfield's address. "Let me not only thank Miss Kornfield for this truly remarkable, this wonderful address; but let me ask you, Miss Kornfield, what can we do about it, what can we women here in Clarksville and Westfield, and such little communities as ours, do to 'carry on,' as you say?"

Miss Kornfield arose commandingly, and turned upon Miss Lizzie with aggressive eagerness. "Do? Miss Clark, do? We must change the pattern. Change the pattern, I say! Our great psychologists tell us that the world repeats itself because of action patterns in the brain. We must overcome these action patterns. We must emancipate ourselves. Russia is emancipating herself. Labor is emancipating itself. You and I and every woman here, yes, and these three gentlemen here, all of us, each one of us, must free ourselves from creed and superstition, from the old ways of doing things! Life must not be perpetuated as it has been in the past. It has been given to women to work out a new way. Into the hands of woman has been given the gift of emancipating the psychic world. Surely now you know what I mean. Surely as I make my way back to New York to-night I can sit in the train and close my eyes and see the fruit of the seeds that I have sown here this afternoon!"

Glancing at her wrist-watch she added, "I had hoped to meet all individually, to take each of your hands in mine as an unspoken pledge that you will partake in this superwoman movement, but I have talked so intimately with you too long, I must leave the room even before you rise. Accept my spiritual fellowship as I go."

Miss Kornfield slipped from the room and mounted the broad stairway before Miss Lizzie had time to join her. Mary Carpenter knew the need of the haste: there was one cigarette on the little tray which might be a timely comfort before Caleb drew up under the *porte-cochere*.

Of course Miss Lizzie had tea and cakes for everybody when the club met at her house. Then there was the garden to look at, as well; and Mr. Byam and Mary Carpenter were kept for dinner in order that they might hear Miss Lizzie's nephew Jack's stories of his French experiences in the early years of the war.

Not until the house was silent, with Caleb and Amanda asleep in their own quarters, did Jack have the hour with his Aunt Lizzie for which he had come on from Washington. "How did I happen to come up from Washington, auntie, when I was so busy?" He had slipped down beside her in the Gloucester hammock on the veranda. He put his arm around her and drew her quite close to his side.

"Well, you see it was this way: In examining an important report from the Boston Department of Justice I found a statement that gave me sudden anxiety. The report had to do with the people in this district up here who are being watched as dangerous persons at this time."

"Dangerous? Dangerous persons? Dangerous in what way, do you mean, Jack?" interrupted his aunt.

"Why, you see it is this way, auntie. The whole world is in a state of chaos, more or less. This great war has stirred up dragons, giants, and very devils. 'Principalities of darkness,' St. Paul called 'em. Take this woman, for instance, this afternoon. She means well, I have no doubt, but she'll do a lot of harm. She's dangerous, in one sense."

"Jack, don't tell me that she is the person you have come all the way from Washington to watch!"

"Oh, no, auntie dear, I shall not have to worry about what will happen to Miss Fidelia Kornfield. She is a public character. The government will look after her. But when father and I found the name of the one woman dearest to us next to mother as under suspicion, I asked for furlough, and here I am."

Jack Clark held his Aunt Lizzie very tightly in his arm and rubbed his cheek

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against her soft, fat little face. He felt that she was taking long, deep breaths. Presently he felt a hot tear, and then another, trickle down her cheek upon his own. That was all for some time. She was a Clark. She would not let herself go at such a moment. Her volubility was after all mental superficiality. As a woman she was strong. She knew how to control herself when real things of life came to her.

They must have sat there fully five minutes without a word. Then Jack continued: "Byam says there is going to be trouble at the mills during the next month. Father is on his way to Ivy Lea this week to join mother. Lizzie will be at home from college, and they want you to go at once and stay straight through the summer. I have fixed it up with Caleb and Amanda and that nice Miss Mary Carpenter, and I have already wired to mother a night letter. Let's go to bed now, Aunt Lizzie, though I hate to leave this moon and all the sweet odors. What bully times we have had here, we children—you in your generation and Lizzie and I in ours. I wish you had never taken down that old swing under the apple tree by the stable. We would not change this pattern, would we, Aunt Lizzie—this pattern made in these last two generations?" And still Miss Lizzie did not speak, but she clung very close to her nephew's arm and made her responses by little pats on his sleeve. Presently they arose and together passed through the big black walnut doors into the hall, and pushed on into the drawing-room. Jack turned on the electricity, flooding the room with light, and drew his aunt to the family portraits, looking up into their faces as he spoke: "You know, auntie, as I sat there and listened to Kornfield this afternoon, my college biology came back to me, and the scientific tricks we performed in the laboratory. I wonder if you will understand what I mean if I put it this way: All over this big continent we have water-lilies, lovely white water-lilies, growing in ponds, and they perpetuate themselves; there are always lovely white pond-lilies, thank God. Somehow we would miss pond-lilies awfully if they had all been fixed up into pinks and blues the way we fooled with them in the laboratory. That was rather a poor attempt at green which Miss Kornfield wore this afternoon. It takes a great man like Burbank to turn nature one side. All the time Miss Kornfield talked, and she did say a lot of things that were half true, of course, I realized how far away she was from truth herself. 'Change the pattern!' She didn't quite know what she was talking about. She was short on biology, and very short on spiritual facts that make life worth living. All the time that she was talking to your friends I recognized again what I saw so plainly over there in France in the trenches: that God's plan is stupendous, and that we must 'carry on' not by revolution, not by changing patterns, but by nobler evolution."

Just for a moment the young patriot paused, and then he continued: "I rather guess our younger generation will make good without revolution. Oh, what a splendid man Grandfather Clark was, and how sweet grandmother must have been as a girl! I rather think that you and I have had backgrounds which it would be well to evolutionize still further. Somehow or other I seem to like the effect of the action pattern on grandmother's face, don't you?"

The big fellow leaned over his aunt laughingly and kissed her on both cheeks. "I have caught French manners, auntie. There's one kiss for grandfather and one kiss for grandmother."

They walked together up the broad stairway to his Aunt Lizzie's room. As he was about to say good-night, Miss Lizzie looked up at him with a whimsical smile, though the tears were still on her lashes.

"I am rather glad you wired to your mother to-night. I think I do need a change. But, Jack, when this is all over, I do not want to have it talked about. I know your father's abnormal sense of humor. It carries him away sometimes. You will have to make me one promise before I go to Canada."

Jack stood off and held up both hands: "I'll promise."

"That you will never tell your father that I tried to be a pink lily!"

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ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

IV

THE little girl rose startled, but her breeding was too fine for betrayal, and she went to him with hand outstretched. The boy took it as he had taken her father's, limply and without rising. The father frowned and smiled—how could the lad have learned manners? And then he, too, saw the hole in the moccasin through which the bleeding had started again.

"You are hurt—you have walked a long way?"

The lad shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Three days—I had to shoot horse."

"Take him into the kitchen, Barbara, and tell Hannah to wash his foot and bandage it."

The boy looked uncomfortable and shook his head, but the little girl was smiling and she told him to come with such sweet imperiousness that he rose helplessly. Old Hannah's eyes made a bewildered start!

"You go on back an' wait for yo' company, little Miss; I'll 'tend to *him!*"

And when the boy still protested, she flared up:

"Looky here, son, little Miss tell me to wash yo' foot, an' I'se gwinter do it, ef I got to tie you fust; now you keep still. Whar you come from?"

His answer was a somewhat haughty grunt that at once touched the quick instincts of the old negress and checked further question. Swiftly and silently she bound his foot, and with great respect she led him to a little room in one ell of the great house in which was a tub of warm water.

"Ole marster say you been travellin' an' mebbe you like to refresh yo'self wid a hot bath. Dar's some o' little marster's clothes on de bed dar, an' a pair o' his shoes, an' I know dey'll jus' fit you snug. You'll find all de folks on de front po'ch when you git through."

She closed the door. Once, winter and summer, the boy had daily plunged into the river with his Indian companions, but he had never had a bath in his life, and he did not know what the word meant; yet he had learned so much at the fort that he had no trouble making out what the tub of water was for. For the same reason he felt no surprise when he picked up the clothes; he was only puzzled how to get into them. He tried, and struggling with the breeches he threw one hand out to the wall to keep from falling and caught a red cord with a bushy red tassel; whereat there was a ringing that made him spring away from it. A moment later there was a knock at his door.

"Did you ring, suh?" asked a voice. What that meant he did not know, and he made no answer. The door was opened slightly and a woolly head appeared.

"Do you want anything, suh?"

"No."

"Den I reckon hit was anudder bell—Yassuh."

The boy began putting on his own clothes.

Outside Colonel Dale and Barbara had strolled down the big path to the sundial, the colonel telling the story of the little Kentucky kinsman—the little girl listening and wide-eyed.

"Is he going to live here with us, papa?"

"Perhaps. You must be very nice to him. He has lived a rude, rough life, but I can see he is very sensitive."

At the bend of the river there was the flash of dripping oars, and the song of the black oarsmen came across the yellow flood.

"There they come!" cried Barbara.

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And from his window the little Kentuckian saw the company coming up the path, brave with gay clothes and smiles and gallantries. The colonel walked with a grand lady at the head, behind were the belles and beaux, and bringing up the rear was Barbara, escorted by a youth of his own age, who carried his hat under his arm and bore himself as haughtily as his elders. No sooner did he see them mounting to the porch than there was the sound of a horn in the rear, and looking out of the other window the lad saw a coach and four dash through the gate and swing around the road that encircled the great trees, and up to the rear portico, where there was a joyous clamor of greetings. Where did all those people come from? Were they going to stay there and would he have to be among them? All the men were dressed alike and not one was dressed like him. Panic assailed him, and once more he looked at the clothes on the bed, and then without hesitation walked through the hallway, and stopped on the threshold of the front door. A quaint figure he made there, and for the moment the gay talk and laughter quite ceased. The story of him already had been told, and already was sweeping from cabin to cabin to the farthest edge of the great plantation. Mrs. General Willoughby lifted her lorgnettes to study him curiously, the young ladies turned a battery of searching but friendly rays upon him, the young men regarded him with tolerance and repressed amusement, and Barbara, already his champion, turned her eyes from one to the other of them, but always seeing him. No son of Powhatan could have stood there with more dignity, and young Harry Dale's face broke into a smile of welcome. His father being indoors he went forward with hand outstretched.

"I am your cousin Harry," he said, and taking him by the arm he led him on the round of presentation.

"Mrs. Willoughby, may I present my cousin from Kentucky?"

"This is your cousin, Miss Katherine Dale; another cousin, Miss Mary; and this is your cousin Hugh."

And the young ladies greeted him with frank, eager interest, and the young gentlemen suddenly repressed patronizing smiles and gave him grave greeting, for if ever a rapier flashed from a human head, it flashed from the piercing black eye of that little Kentucky backwoodsman when his cousin Hugh, with a rather whimsical smile, bowed with a politeness that was a trifle too elaborate. Mrs. Willoughby still kept her lorgnettes on him as he stood leaning against a pillar. She noted the smallness of his hands and feet, the lithe, perfect body, the clean cut of his face, and she breathed:

"He is a Dale—and blood *does* tell."

Nobody, not even she, guessed how the lad's heart was thumping with the effort to conceal his embarrassment, but when a tinge of color spread on each side of his set mouth and his eyes began to waver uncertainly, Mrs. Willoughby's intuition was quick and kind.

"Barbara," she asked, "have you shown your cousin your ponies?"

The little girl saw her motive and laughed merrily:

"Why, I haven't had time to show him anything. Come on, cousin."

The boy followed her down the steps in his noiseless moccasins, along a grass path between hedges of ancient box, around an ell, and past the kitchen and toward the stables. In and behind the kitchen negroes of all ages and both sexes were hurrying or lazing around, and each turned to stare wonderingly after the strange woodland figure of the little hunter. Negroes were coming in from the fields with horses and mules, negroes were chopping and carrying wood, there were negroes everywhere, and the lad had never seen one before, but he showed no surprise. At a gate the little girl called imperiously:

"Ephraim, bring out my ponies!"

And in a moment out came a sturdy little slave whose head was all black skin, black wool, and white teeth, leading two creamy-white little horses that shook the lad's composure at last, for he knew ponies as far back as he could remember, but he had never seen the like of them. His hand almost trembled when he ran it over their sleek coats, and unconsciously he dropped into his Indian speech and did not know it until the girl asked laughingly:

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I don't want nobody to take up for me '—Page 182.

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"Why, what are you saying to my ponies?"

And he blushed, for the little girl's artless prattling and friendliness were already beginning to make him quite human.

"That's Injun talk."

"Can you talk Indian—but, of course, you can."

"Better than English," he smiled.

Hugh had followed them.

"Barbara, your mother wants you," he said, and the little girl turned toward the house. The stranger was ill at ease with Hugh and the latter knew it.

"It must be very exciting where you live."

"How?"

"Oh, fighting Indians and shooting deer and turkeys and buffalo. It must be great fun."

"Nobody does it for fun—it's mighty hard work."

"My uncle—your father—used to tell us about his wonderful adventures out there."

"He had no chance to tell me."

"But yours must have been more wonderful than his."

The boy gave the little grunt that was a survival of his Indian life and turned to go back to the house.

"But all this, I suppose, is as strange to you."

"More."

Hugh was polite and apparently sincere in interest, but the lad was vaguely disturbed and he quickened his step. The porch was empty when they turned the corner of the house, but young Harry Dale came running down the steps, his honest face alight, and caught the little Kentuckian by the arm.

"Get ready for supper, Hugh—come on, cousin," he said, and led the stranger to his room and pointed to the clothes on the bed.

"Don't they fit?" he asked smiling.

"I don't know—I don't know how to git into 'em."

Young Harry laughed joyously.

"Of course not. I wouldn't know how to put yours on either. You just wait," he cried, and disappeared to return quickly with an armful of clothes.

"Take off your war-dress," he said, "and I'll show you."

With heart warming to such kindness, and helpless against it, the lad obeyed like a child and was dressed like a child.

"Now, I've got to hurry," said Harry. "I'll come back for you. Just look at yourself," he called at the door.

And the stranger did look at the wonderful vision that a great mirror as tall as himself gave back. His eyes began to sting, and he rubbed them with the back of his hand and looked at the hand curiously. It was moist. He had seen tears in a woman's eyes, but he did not know that they could come to a man, and he felt ashamed.

V

THE boy stood at a window looking out into the gathering dusk. His eye could catch the last red glow on the yellow river. Above that a purplish light rested on the green expanse stretching westward—stretching on and on through savage wilds to his own wilds beyond the lonely Cumberlands. Outside the window the multitude of flowers was drinking in the dew and drooping restfully to sleep. A multitude of strange birds called and twittered from the trees. The neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the piping of roosting turkeys and motherly clutter of roosting hens, the weird songs of negroes, the sounds of busy preparation through the house and from the kitchen—all were sounds of peace and plenty, security and service. And over in his own wilds at that hour they were driving cows and horses into the stockade. They were cooking their rude supper in the open. A man had gone to each of the watch-towers. From the blackening woods came the curdling cry of a panther and the hooting of owls. Away on over the still westward wilds were the wigwams of squaws, pappooses, braves, the red men—red in skin, in blood, in heart, and red with hate against the whites.

Perhaps they were circling a fire at that moment in a frenzied war-dance—perhaps the hooting at that moment from the woods around the fort was not the hooting of owls at all. There all was hardship—danger; here all was comfort and peace. If they could see him now! See his room, his fire, his bed, his clothes!

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They had told him to come, and yet he felt now the shame of desertion. He had come, but he would not stay long away. The door opened, he turned, and Harry Dale came eagerly in.

"Mother wants to see you."

The two boys paused in the hall and Harry pointed to a pair of crossed rapiers over the mantelpiece.

"Those were your father's," he said; "he was a wonderful fencer."

The lad shook his head in ignorance, and Harry smiled.

"I'll show you to-morrow."

At a door in the other ell Harry knocked gently, and a voice that was low and sweet but vibrant with imperiousness called:

"Come in!"

"Here he is, mother."

The lad stepped into warmth, subtle fragrance, and many candle lights. The great lady was just rising from a chair in front of her mirror, brocaded, powdered, and starred with jewels. So brilliant a vision almost stunned the little stranger and it took an effort for him to lift his eyes to hers.

"Why, *this* is not the lad you told me of," she said. "Come here! Both of you." They came and the lady scrutinized them comparingly.

"Actually you look alike—and, Harry, you have no advantage, even if you are my own son. I am glad you are here," she said with sudden soberness, and smiling tenderly she put both hands on his shoulders, drew him to her and kissed him, and again he felt in his eyes that curious sting.

"Come, Harry!" With a gallant bow Harry offered his left arm, and gathering the little Kentuckian with her left, the regal lady swept out. In the reception-room she kept the boy by her side. Every man who approached bowed, and soon the lad was bowing, too. The ladies courtesied, the room was soon filled, and amid the flash of smiles, laughter, and gay banter the lad was much bewildered, but his face showed it not at all. Barbara almost cried out her astonishment and pleasure when she saw what a handsome figure he made in his new clothing, and all her little friends were soon darting surreptitious glances at him, and many whispered questions and pleasing comments were passed around. From under Hugh's feet the ground for the moment was quite taken away, so much to the eye, at least, do clothes make the man. Just then General Willoughby bowed with noble dignity before Mrs. Dale, and the two led the way to the dining-room.

"Harry," she said, "you and Barbara take care of your cousin."

And almost without knowing it the young Kentuckian bowed to Barbara, who courtesied and took his arm. But for his own dignity and hers, she would have liked to squeal her delight. The table flashed with silver and crystal on snowy-white damask and was brilliant with colored candles. The little woodsman saw the men draw back chairs for the ladies, and he drew back Barbara's before Hugh, on the other side of her, could forestall him. On his left was Harry, and Harry he watched keenly—but no more keenly than Hugh watched him. Every now and then he would catch a pair of interested eyes looking furtively at him, and he knew his story was going the round of the table among those who were not guests in the house. The boy had never seen so many and so mysterious-looking things to eat and drink. One glass of wine he took, and the quick dizziness that assailed him frightened him, and he did not touch it again. Beyond Barbara, Hugh leaned forward and lifted his glass to him. He shook his head and Hugh flushed.

"Our Kentucky cousin is not very polite—he is something of a barbarian—naturally."

"He doesn't understand," said Barbara quickly, who had noted the incident, and she turned to her cousin.

"Papa says you *are* going to live with us and you are going to study with Harry under Mr. Brockton."

"Our tutor," explained Harry; "there he is across there. He is an Englishman."

"Tutor?" questioned the boy.

"School-teacher," laughed Harry.

"Oh!"

"Haven't you any school-teachers at home?"

"No, I learned to read and write a little from Dave and Lyddy."

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And then he had to tell who they were, and he went on to tell them about Mother Sanders and Honor and Bud and Jack and Polly Conrad and Lydia and Dave, and all the frontier folk, and the life they led, and the Indian fights which thrilled Barbara and Harry, and forced even Hugh to listen—though once he laughed incredulously, and in a way that of a sudden shut the boy's lips tight and made Barbara color and Harry look grave. Hugh then turned to his wine and began soon to look more flushed and sulky. Shortly after the ladies left, Hugh followed them, and Harry and the Kentuckian moved toward the head of the table where the men had gathered around Colonel Dale.

"Yes," said General Willoughby, "it looks as though it might come."

"With due deference to Mr. Brockton," said Colonel Dale, "it looks as though his country would soon force us to some action."

They were talking about impending war. Far away as his wilds were, the boy had heard some talk of war in them, and he listened greedily to the quick fire of question and argument directed to the Englishman, who held his own with such sturdiness that Colonel Dale, fearing the heat might become too great, laughed and skilfully shifted the theme. Through hall and doorways came now merry sounds of fiddle and banjo.

"Come on, cousin," said Harry; "can you dance?"

"If your dances are as different as everything else, I reckon not, but I can try."

Near a doorway between parlor and hall sat the fiddlers three. Gallant bows and dainty courtesyings and nimble feet were tripping measures quite new to the backwoodsman. Barbara nodded, smiled, and after the dance ran up to ask him to take part, but he shook his head. Hugh had looked at him as from a superior height, and the boy noticed him frowning while Barbara was challenging him to dance. The next dance was even more of a mystery, for the dancers glided by in couples, Mr. Byron's diatribe not having prevented the importation of the waltz to the new world, but the next cleared his face and set his feet to keeping time, for the square dance had, of course, reached the wilds.

"I know that," he said to Harry, who told Barbara, and the little girl went up to him again, and this time, flushing, he took place with her on the floor. Hugh came up.

"Cousin Barbara, this is our dance, I believe," he said a little thickly.

The girl took him aside and Hugh went surlily away. Harry saw the incident and he looked after Hugh, frowning. The backwoodsman conducted himself very well. He was lithe and graceful and at first very dignified, but as he grew in confidence he began to execute steps that were new to that polite land and rather boisterous, but Barbara looked pleased and all onlookers seemed greatly amused —all except Hugh. And when the old fiddler sang out sonorously:

"Genelmen to right—cheat an' swing!" the boy cheated outrageously, cheated all but his little partner, to whom each time he turned with open loyalty, and Hugh was openly sneering now and genuinely angry.

"You shall have the last dance," whispered Barbara, "the Virginia reel."

"I know that dance," said the boy.

And when that dance came and the dancers were drawn in two lines, the boy who was third from the end heard Harry's low voice behind him:

"He is my cousin and my guest and you will answer to me."

The lad wheeled, saw Harry with Hugh, left his place, and went to them. He spoke to Harry, but he looked at Hugh with a sword-flash in each black eye:

"I don't want nobody to take up for me."

Again he wheeled and was in his place, but Barbara saw and looked troubled, and so did Colonel Dale. He went over to the two boys and put his arm around Hugh's shoulder.

"Tut, tut, my boys," he said, with pleasant firmness, and led Hugh away, and when General Willoughby would have followed, the colonel nodded him back with a smile, and Hugh was seen no more that night. The guests left with gayety, smiles, and laughter, and every one gave the stranger a kindly good-by.

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Again Harry went with him to his room and the lad stopped again under the crossed swords.

"You fight with 'em?"

"Yes, and with pistols."

"I've never had a pistol. I want to learn how to use *them*."

Harry looked at him searchingly, but the boy's face gave hint of no more purpose than when he first asked the same question.

"All right," said Harry.

The lad blew out his candle, but he went to his window instead of his bed. The moonlight was brilliant among the trees and on the sleeping flowers and the slow run of the broad river, and it was very still out there and very lovely, but he had no wish to be out there. With wind and storm and sun, moon and stars, he had lived face to face all his life, but here they were not the same. Trees, flowers, house, people had reared some wall between him and them, and they seemed now to be very far away. Everybody had been kind to him—all but Hugh. Veiled hostility he had never known before and he could not understand. Everybody had surely been kind, and yet—he turned to his bed, and all night his brain was flashing to and fro between the reel of vivid pictures etched on it in a day and the grim background that had hitherto been his life beyond the hills.

VI

From pioneer habit he awoke before dawn, and for a moment the softness where he lay puzzled him. There was no sound of anybody stirring and he thought he must have waked up in the middle of the night, but he could smell the dawn and he started to spring up. But there was nothing to be done, nothing that he could do. He felt hot and stuffy, though Harry had put up his windows, and he could not lie there wide awake. He could not go out in the heavy dew in the gay clothes and fragile shoes he had taken off, so he slid into his own buckskin clothes and moccasins and out the still open front door and down the path toward the river. Instinctively he had picked up his rifle, bullet-pouch, and powder-horn. Up the river to the right he could faintly see dark woods, and he made toward and plunged into them with his eyes on the ground for signs of game, but he saw tracks only of coon and skunk and fox, and he grunted his disgust and loped ahead for half an hour farther into the heart of the woods. An hour later he loped back on his own tracks. The cabins were awake now, and every pickaninny who saw him showed the whites of his eyes in terror and fled back into his house. He came noiselessly behind a negro woman at the kitchen door and threw three squirrels on the steps before her. She turned, saw him, and gave a shriek, but recovered herself and picked them up. Her amazement grew as she looked them over, for there was no sign of a bullet-wound, and she went in to tell how the Injun boy must naturally just "charm 'em right out o' de trees."

At the front door Harry hailed him and Barbara came running out.

"I forgot to get you another suit of clothes last night," he said, "and we were scared this morning. We thought you had left us, and Barbara there nearly cried." Barbara blushed now and did not deny.

"Come to breakfast!" she cried.

"Did you find anything to shoot?" Harry asked.

"Nothin' but some squirrels," said the lad.

Colonel Dale soon came in.

"You've got the servants mystified," he said laughingly. "They think you're a witch. How *did* you kill those squirrels?"

"I couldn't see their heads—so I barked 'em."

"Barked?"

"I shot between the bark and the limb right under the squirrel, an' the shock kills 'em. Uncle Dan'l Boone showed me how to do that."

"Daniel Boone!" breathed Harry. "Do you know Daniel Boone?"

"Shucks, Dave can beat him shootin'."

And then Hugh came in, pale of face and looking rather ashamed. He went straight to the Kentuckian.

"I was rude to you last night and I owe you an apology."

He thrust out his hand and awkwardly the boy rose and took it.

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"And you'll forgive me, too, Barbara?"

"Of course I will," she said happily, but holding up one finger of warning—should he ever do it again. The rest of the guests trooped in now, and some were going out on horseback, some for a sail, and some visiting up the river in a barge, and all were paired off, even Harry.

"I'm going to drive Cousin Erskine over the place with my ponies," said Barbara, "and——"

"I'm going back to bed," interrupted Hugh, "or read a little Latin and Greek with Mr. Brockton." There was impudence as well as humor in this, for the tutor had given up Hugh in despair long ago.

Barbara shook her head.

"You are going with us," she said.

"I want Hugh to ride with me," said Colonel Dale, "and give Firefly a little exercise. Nobody else can ride him."

The Kentucky boy turned a challenging eye, as did every young man at the table, and Hugh felt very comfortable. While every one was getting ready, Harry brought out two foils and two masks on the porch a little later.

"We fight with those," he said, pointing to the crossed rapiers on the wall, "but we practise with these. Hugh, there, is the champion fencer," he said, "and he'll show you."

Harry helped the Kentucky boy to mask and they crossed foils—Hugh giving instructions all the time and nodding approval.

"You'll learn—you'll learn fast," he said. And over his shoulder to Harry:

"Why, his wrist is as strong as mine now, and he's got an eye like a weasel."

With a twist he wrenched the foil from his antagonist's hand and clattered it on the steps. The Kentuckian was bewildered and his face flushed. He ran for the weapon.

"You can't do that again."

"I don't believe I can," laughed Hugh.

"Will you learn me some more?" asked the boy eagerly.

"I surely will."

A little later Barbara and her cousin were trotting smartly along a sandy road through the fields with the colonel and Hugh loping in front of them. Firefly was a black mettlesome gelding. He had reared and plunged when Hugh mounted, and even now he was champing his bit and leaping playfully at times, but the lad sat him with an unconcern of his capers that held the Kentucky boy's eyes.

"Gosh," he said, "but Hugh can ride! I wonder if he could stay on him bareback."

"I suppose so," Barbara said; "Hugh can do anything."

The summer fields of corn and grain waved away on each side under the wind, innumerable negroes were at work and song on either side, great barns and whitewashed cabins dotted the rich landscape which beyond the plantation broke against woods of sombre pines. For an hour they drove, the boy's bewildered eye missing few details and understanding few, so foreign to him were all the changes wrought by the hand, and he could hardly have believed that this country was once as wild as his own—that this was to be impoverished and his own become even a richer land. Many questions the little girl asked—and some of his answers made her shudder.

"Papa said last night that several of our kinsfolk spoke of going to your country in a party, and Harry and Hugh are crazy to go with them. Papa said people would be swarming over the Cumberland Mountains before long."

"I wish you'd come along."

Barbara laughed.

"I wouldn't like to lose my hair."

"I'll watch out for that," said the boy with such confident gravity that Barbara turned to look at him.

"I believe you would," she murmured. And presently:

"What did the Indians call you?"

"White Arrow."

"White Arrow. That's lovely. Why?"

"I could outrun all the other boys."

"Then you'll have to run to-morrow when we go to the fair at Williamsburg."

"The fair?"

Barbara explained.

For an hour or more they had driven and there was no end to the fields of tobacco and grain.

"Are we still on your land?"

Barbara laughed. "Yes, we can't drive

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around the plantation and get back for dinner. I think we'd better turn now."

"Plan-ta-tion," said the lad. "What's that?"

Barbara waved her whip.

"Why, all this—the land—the farm."

"Oh!"

"It's called Red Oaks—from those big trees back of the house."

"Oh. I know oaks—all of 'em."

She wheeled the ponies and with fresh zest they scampered for home. She even let them run for a while, laughing and chatting meanwhile, though the light wagon swayed from side to side perilously as the boy thought, and when, in his ignorance of the discourtesy involved, he was on the point of reaching for the reins, she spoke to them and pulled them gently into a swift trot. Everybody had gathered for the noonday dinner when they swung around the great trees and up to the back porch. The clamor of the great bell gave its summons and the guests began straggling in by couples from the garden. Just as they were starting in the Kentucky boy gave a cry and darted down the path. A towering figure in coonskin cap and hunter's garb was halted at the sun-dial and looking toward them.

"Now, I wonder who *that* is," said Colonel Dale. "Jupiter, but that boy can run!"

They saw the tall stranger stare wonderingly at the boy and throw back his head and laugh. Then the two came on together. The boy was still flushed but the hunter's face was grave.

"This is Dave," said the boy simply.

"Dave Yandell," added the stranger, smiling and taking off his cap. "I've been at Williamsburg to register some lands and I thought I'd come and see how this young man is getting along."

Colonel Dale went quickly to meet him with outstretched hand.

"I'm glad you did," he said heartily. "Erskine has already told us about you. You are just in time for dinner."

"That's mighty kind," said Dave. And the ladies, after he was presented, still looked at him with much curiosity and great interest. Truly, strange visitors were coming to Red Oaks these days.

That night the subject of Hugh and Harry going back home with the two Kentuckians was broached to Colonel Dale, and to the wondering delight of the two boys both fathers seemed to consider it favorably. Mr. Brockton was going to England for a visit, the summer was coming on, and both fathers thought it would be a great benefit to their sons. Even Mrs. Dale, on whom the hunter had made a most agreeable impression, smiled and said she would already be willing to trust her son with their new guest anywhere.

"I shall take good care of him, madam," said Dave with a bow.

Colonel Dale, too, was greatly taken with the stranger, and he asked many questions of the new land beyond the mountains. There was dancing again that night, and the hunter, towering a head above them all, looked on with smiling interest. He even took part in a square dance with Miss Jane Willoughby, handling his great bulk with astonishing grace and lightness of foot. Then the elder gentlemen went into the drawing-room to their port and pipes, and the boy Erskine slipped after them and listened enthralled to the talk of the coming war.

Colonel Dale had been in Hanover ten years before, when one Patrick Henry voiced the first intimation of independence in Virginia; Henry, a country storekeeper—bankrupt; farmer—bankrupt; storekeeper again, and bankrupt again; an idler, hunter, fisher, and story-teller—even a "barkeeper," as Mr. Jefferson once dubbed him, because Henry had once helped his father-in-law to keep tavern. That far back Colonel Dale had heard Henry denounce the clergy, stigmatize the King as a tyrant who had forfeited all claim to obedience, and had seen the orator caught up on the shoulders of the crowd and amidst shouts of applause borne around the court-house green. He had seen the same Henry ride into Richmond two years later on a lean horse: with papers in his saddle-pockets, his expression grim, his tall figure stooping, a peculiar twinkle in his small blue eyes, his brown wig without powder, his coat peach-blossom in color, his knee-breeches of leather, and his stockings of yarn. The speaker of the Burgesses was on a dais under a red canopy supported by gilded rods, and the clerk sat beneath with a mace on the table before him, but

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Henry cried for liberty or death, and the shouts of treason failed then and there to save Virginia for the King. The lad's brain whirled. What did all this mean? Who was this King and what had he done? He had known but the one from whom he had run away. And this talk of taxes and Stamp Acts; and where was that strange land, New England, whose people had made tea of the salt water in Boston Harbor? Until a few days before he had never known what tea was, and he didn't like it. When he got Dave alone he would learn and learn and learn —everything. And then the young people came quietly in and sat down quietly, and Colonel Dale, divining what they wanted, got Dave started on stories of the wild wilderness that was his home—the first chapter in the Iliad of Kentucky—the land of dark forests and cane thickets that separated Catawbas, Creeks, and Cherokees on the south from Delawares, Wyandottes, and Shawnees on the north, who fought one another, and all of whom the whites must fight. How Boone came and stayed two years in the wilderness alone, and when found by his brother was lying on his back in the woods lustily singing hymns. How hunters and surveyors followed; how the first fort was built, and the first women stood on the banks of the Kentucky River. He told of the perils and hardships of the first journeys thither—fights with wild beasts and wild men, chases, hand-to-hand combats, escapes, and massacres—and only the breathing of his listeners could be heard, save the sound of his own voice. And he came finally to the story of the attack on the fort, the raising of a small hand above the cane, palm outward, and the swift dash of a slender brown body into the fort, and then, seeing the boy's face turn scarlet, he did not tell how that same lad had slipped back into the woods even while the fight was going on, and slipped back with the bloody scalp of his enemy, but ended with the timely coming of the Virginians, led by the lad's father, who got his death-wound at the very gate. The tense breathing of his listeners culminated now in one general deep breath.

Colonel Dale rose and turned to General Willoughby.

"And *that's* where he wants to take our boys."

"Oh, it's much safer now," said the hunter. "We have had no trouble for some time, and there's no danger inside the fort."

"I can imagine you keeping those boys inside the fort when there's so much going on outside. Still—" Colonel Dale stopped and the two boys took heart again. The ladies rose to go to bed, and Mrs. Dale was shaking her head very doubtfully, but she smiled up at the tall hunter when she bade him good night.

"I shall not take back what I said."

"Thank you, madam," said Dave, and he bent his lips to her absurdly little white hand.

Colonel Dale escorted the boy and Dave to their room. Mr. Yandell must go with them to the fair at Williamsburg next morning, and Mr. Yandell would go gladly. They would spend the night there and go to the Governor's ball. The next day there was a county fair, and perhaps Mr. Henry would speak again. Then Mr. Yandell must come back with them to Red Oaks and pay them a visit—no, the colonel would accept no excuse whatever.

The boy plied Dave with questions about the people in the wilderness and passed to sleep. Dave lay awake a long time thinking that war was sure to come. They were Americans now, said Colonel Dale—not Virginians, just as nearly a century later the same people were to say:

"We are not Americans now—we are Virginians."

(To be continued.)

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SECRET HISTORY

By George Sarton

Author of "The Message of Leonardo"; Research Associate of the Carnegie Institution

OUR knowledge of history is very one-sided and superficial. Hitherto we have seen the past chiefly through the eyes of men of letters who mistook the obvious activities of the rulers and of the masses for the really progressive but less evident achievements of mankind. They did not realize that the advance of civilization is the result of a hidden process which is to a considerable extent independent of the accidents to which they attached so much importance. War, pestilence, calamities of every kind periodically upset the peaceful activity of the world; it is but natural that to the superficial observer they appear to make up its whole history. What else could happen that could at all compare with such tremendous events? Yet just as the wildest storms leave the ocean unchanged and do not in the least interrupt the life immeasurable which grows in its bosom—in the same way while kings succeed to kings, while famines or floods seem at times to spell the doom of humanity, while wars and revolutions entice men to imagine the most ingenious means of self-destruction, while the traditional historical events follow one another, a few men are steadily and unobtrusively at work trying to unravel the secrets of nature, to get a little nearer to the truth, to give us a little more beauty, to adjust social relations with a little more equity.

These men are like unto bees, which go on pursuing their life's work without seeming to be in the least concerned with the gigantic activities that surround them. Mere earthquakes or wars do not interrupt their work. These men devote all their energy to their self-imposed tasks, often with an almost shocking disregard of the conditions of their time and their very own interests. They are so persistent that they give us the impression that, after all, they have not chosen their tasks but are simply obeying mysterious but definite orders of fate. Nothing does matter to them except the accomplishment of their mission. They spend their lives in these heroic undertakings and die happy if they can but leave behind them a little more truth, beauty, or justice.

People who are more active—or rather whose activity has more tangible results—are generally unaware that it is these quiet and meditative men who are really laying the foundations of the future. Since most historians share the prejudices and the scientific ignorance of the people and have no understanding of the constructive work which is being done almost under their own eyes, their perverted conception of the human past is natural enough. It is true, they have begun to study the history of art, of religion, of ethics; but they still entirely neglect the development of science, which is the very backbone of human progress. Indeed, they are so prejudiced that any attempt to consider the evolution of mankind from the point of view of what is most constructive and permanent in its activity seems to them to be uncongenial, and almost uncanny, and makes them feel quite uncomfortable. It is clear that the true history of civilization does not appeal to them; their histories are nothing but a superior kind of gossip.

If there be any doubts in our minds on this point, we have but to ask ourselves what is the destiny of man? I do not mean our personal destiny (which is more or less sharply defined by our natural gifts and our calling), but the destiny of man as a whole. Now, there are two ways of approaching this question. One is to study the organs and functions of man and to see in what they differ from those of other creatures. It may be safely assumed that the destiny of any creature is to use the organs with which it is naturally endowed. Such study proves that the specific function of man is to think. Man is a thinking machine and apparently the only machine of its kind in exist-

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ence. All the other human activities are only means to this supreme end, to think —and that can but mean to create a higher order of realities: intellectual realities, such as beauty, truth, justice, love.

Hence, whatever a man's occupation be —baking bread, swimming, love-making —the ultimate if unconscious purpose is always the same, to make it possible for man to produce under the best conditions this specific energy—abstract thought.

We might also infer what the destiny of man is from the judgments commonly passed on the most famous of them. We may assume that the men who have been almost universally praised are those who best fulfilled the destiny of the species. It is true, the prevalence of a perverted historical sense vitiates this method. Among the heroes of the past the average man would perhaps include many, such as conquerors, vicious kings, wily statesmen, whom, if they were divested of their glamour and judged according to the same standards as we judge common men, we could but consider as wretched and despicable creatures. But, notwithstanding such prejudices, the greatest number of these popular heroes would probably be found to be men who had the ability to think more clearly and more deeply than the others. Many scientists would perhaps be forgotten, but the list would be likely to contain a large number of philosophers, religious leaders, social reformers, artists, men of letters, scholars—in a word, all people who created intellectual values. Would this not corroborate our conviction that the destiny of man is, in fact, to create such values?

In the same way, human power is essentially intellectual power. There does not seem to exist in nature any greater power than that of a clear will based upon positive knowledge. One often hears it said science is power. That is obvious enough, but such a statement is very incomplete if one thinks only of material power, for science is far more than that; it also carries the intellectual power of truth and the emotional power of beauty. Besides, power is in itself of little value. Why should we care for it if it were not used to make men better than they are and life more beautiful? Dynamite, too, is power; but it can be used for evil purposes. It is clear that what we know matters much less than how we know it.

In other words, to fulfil his destiny it is not enough for man to advance knowledge. This knowledge must be tempered by humanity; it must be made lovable, safe, enlightening. The scientists have been fools to abandon all the educational and character-building work to men of letters; the latter do not teach a single lesson which science could not teach as well if it were explained in the right spirit. There is as much humanizing virtue in Newton's "Principia" or in "The Origin of Species" as in all the classics. And there is much more in them.

All pains must be taken to reconcile the humanistic and the scientific spirit. It is safe to say that this reconciliation is one of the greatest educational problems with which our time is confronted. When it is accomplished it will make possible a new idealism, not a faked idealism made up of cheap sentimentality and desultory dreams—than which nothing is more dangerous—but one firmly based upon positive knowledge, facing squarely all the facts, pleasant or unpleasant, and taking constantly into account the limitations of nature and of man. For the cultivation of such idealism the totality of our experience is needed, that of the whole past as well as that of to-day, and this requires the close co-operation of scientists, craftsmen, and historians.

The simplest way of attaining this ideal is to humanize scientific knowledge, and this can be best done by considering it from an historical or evolutionary point of view. Of course most people, when they think at all, think chiefly in terms of the present realities. Their past is generally limited to the reminiscences of their own childhood and the future to the prospects of their children. Beyond that they are apt not to care. The only reality that simple and primitive people can conceive is the present; they are not painfully aware of its fugitiveness. Their whole life is an immutable present. This is perhaps a happy state of mind, but it is incompatible with knowledge and wisdom.

One cannot have everything; it is impossible to be wise and careless at the

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same time. The crude and disproportionate realities of the present must be illuminated, tempered, and properly measured by incessant comparison with the impersonal realities of the past. Science must be softened by humanity. And just as the present possesses its full value only when confronted with its whole past, just so does the past become richer and more pregnant when we can contemplate it from the summit of modern science.

Literary people often affect to prefer their own inspired and blessed state of ignorance to the lopsidedness and the mediocrity of the learned. It is painfully true that dead erudition takes too often the place of true inspiration. We are breeding a race of pedants overburdened by their libraries and their card indexes. A constant equilibrium must be maintained between a man's mental capacity, his formal and experimental knowledge, and his craftsmanship. If he takes in more than he can assimilate, he becomes self-centred and stupid. As most men are very quickly taught up to the saturation point, one cannot lay too much emphasis on the danger of undigested learning unsupported by practical experience. The mathematician Whitehead once very aptly said: "The second-handedness of the learned world is the secret of its mediocrity. It is tame because it has never been scared by facts." It is only fair to add, however, that some people have been scared by hard facts their whole life long and have never ceased to be dull.

It is well also to say that many people are lopsided not because of their special studies, as they would fain have us believe, but simply because their brains did not fully develop. Of course no amount of knowledge will give generosity and intelligence to a man who has none. On the contrary, it will set his pettiness in greater contrast, in the same way that wealth makes mediocrity more conspicuous.

Science can neither produce nor efface mediocrity, for this is essentially a condition of the heart. Have you ever asked yourself why some men appear small however much they may accomplish? Is it due to the blind injustice of fate, or would the reason not rather be that their hearts are small, that they lack imagination and sympathy, that they are too self-centred, too cunning, too jealous? (Of all the symptoms of mediocrity, jealousy is perhaps the one that goes deepest.) On the contrary, a warm heart, a ready sympathy, will save any one, however small, from mediocrity. When a man has a big heart everything that he does is bigger, and he is likely to receive full credit for his smallest achievements; when his heart is shallow he manages to spoil everything, even his accidents of generosity.

When I speak of secret history I am thinking chiefly of the history of science, for the development of positive knowledge is becoming more and more esoteric. One needs a solid scientific education to follow it with profit, and even then the more technical details which often count for so much are not always intelligible except to a few specialists.

Yet this history is not necessarily secret, and it could and should be considerably less mysterious than it is. A great deal of scientific work remains unknown, not so much because of the ignorance and lethargy of the public as because of the lack of imagination and human interest of its author. But if the scientist is able to add to his explanations just a little touch of humanity, if a few words here and there impart to his reports that undefinable quality which obliges the reader to sit up and take notice, his work is not likely to be forgotten.

Of course some incorrigible pedants will be anxious to make their work appear as mediocre and unattractive as themselves. But they will never succeed entirely, because science is too interesting to all but the hopelessly ignorant and futile. That will become more true as scientific education spreads. The scientific spirit and methods have already been diffused to such an extent by the progress of trade and crafts that the men of to-day are considerably more accurate than their forefathers ever dreamed of becoming. And as exactitude and veracity increase, civilization becomes more stable and life more valuable.

Yet it may be wiser not to be too confident, because we are only beginning to

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emerge from the shadows of lies and deceits. When the majority of people have thoroughly understood that lies always act like boomerangs, when lying will, as a natural thing, have become impossible to them, only then will society be entirely stable. I do not think simply of spoken lies. There are people who would never tell a lie but who are lying to themselves all the time. Their instinctive impulse is to get rid of all the facts which are in their way; they "pretend" all the time —they live in a make-believe world. This is simply intellectual dishonesty, but they call it optimism.

A scientific education firmly founded on experiments and on live facts which have been carefully discussed would train men to be accurate, veracious, and intellectually honest. It would also reinforce, as nothing else could reinforce, their sense of duty and reverence, without which no society can endure.

When we are able to emerge from the immediate realities and try to obtain a proper sense of human values by interrogating the whole past, the necessity of an education going down to the essentials, that is based on science and craftsmanship, becomes even clearer to us. Why do we admire ancient Greece, ancient India, ancient China? Is it for anything but their achievements in the fields of thought, that is, of art and of science? The really great artists and scientists will live forever. With the passing of time their fame increases. All the rest of their contemporaries, no matter how powerful or how wealthy they once were, are nothing but a forgotten and nameless dust. If we love our country, if we wish our civilization to survive, we must see to it that pure science and art never cease to be cultivated; it is only such disinterested work that can save our people from oblivion. Prosperous Carthage is dead forever, little Athens will remain eternally young—an inexhaustible inspiration to the best men and women of all times.

It is the sacred duty of those who think of the future to keep these ideals of ancient Greece alive, with a few less perhaps, but certainly two more: one which did not fully develop until the Renaissance—the spirit of experiment; the other, which is destined to be the flower of our own age, the spirit of truth, of allegiance to reality. Any education which fails to inculcate these ideals is simply an educational camouflage. No amount of material prosperity could save from ultimate decadence and ruin a country which would allow such camouflage to replace the real thing.

It is well to insist because young people often labor under the grossest misconceptions on this point. They seem to believe that the great bankers, the merchant princes, the kings of industry are really "the people who do things." As to the scientists and artists, they consider them in the same way that many of these modern kings do, that is, as parasites and dreamers who are not even able to exploit their own ideas but whom it is sometimes expedient to pet and keep in good humor. Now it is plain that the powerful men who believe that they are "running the whole show" are in fact nothing but stewards whose main function is to enable the scientists and artists to do their work and so to accomplish the destiny of the whole race. They are magnificently paid and high honors are showered upon them, and they deserve it all, because their stewardship is of essential importance. They wanted power, money, lifelong distinction, and popularity—they got it. They cannot expect more; undying fame cannot be theirs. It is of them that the psalmist has said: the vain people received a vain reward. The only men who cannot die are those who contributed materially to the fulfilment of man's destiny and bequeathed to future generations some new particle of truth, of beauty, of justice.

It is indeed a great pity that our children are too often brought up upon the idea that these exalted stewards are the true creators—as if the destiny of man were no other than to create wealth and comfort. They mistake the means for the end. On the other hand, can there be anything more distressing to contemplate than the intellectual inanition and the lassitude of not a few of the wealthy? That becomes especially obvious when they themselves begin to realize, too late, that they have sacrificed to their ambitions all that made life really worth living.

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They seem so full of energy and optimism, and yet they break down. It is as if the spring of their impassioned activity was only their spasmodic and vain attempt to escape from the monotony of life. They work in the same way as some of their weaker brothers drug themselves. Sometimes they have ransacked the whole world to adorn their palaces, while their inner lives remained inexpressibly empty. Those who have kept up a deep and creative interest (more than a hobby) outside of their business are the exceptions.

From what I have said, the reader might be led to believe that there is no really creative work—that is, work which does not simply support and perpetuate mankind but carries it onward—outside the narrow field of scientific or artistic production. As a matter of fact that is true, but every man could and should participate in such production. Any serious attempt to understand nature or merely to be accurate is a contribution to science; any production of beauty, any disinterested effort toward greater perfection, is a work of art. The professional artists and scientists are not necessarily the purest representatives of their calling. It is not what one does that matters but how one does it.

I cannot eat a piece of good bread without being grateful to him who kneaded it. It does not occur to me that his work is of secondary importance. No, I am simply thankful to him because he did so well what he had to do. I realize that my work is not necessarily of a higher nature. I only wish that it were in its own way as good as this bread.

I shall never forget an old shoemaker whom I saw on a beautiful summer morning working in his shop at Franeker, in Friesland. Of course I do not really know him, but he is to me a living symbol. When I am meditating on perfection and wisdom, it would be natural enough to think of Socrates, of Leonardo, or of Spinoza, but invariably my mind carries me back to this old cobbler whom I saw in his red shirt hammering a shoe with the dignity and earnestness of a prophet. That is all he could do, but think of *how* he did it, with such fervor, with all his big heart, with his whole self. Apparently he was repairing those shoes *sub specie eternitatis*, as if the fate of the universe were depending upon it. This man was a scientist because of the accuracy of his craftsmanship and an artist because of his love of perfection. Was he not really greater than the so-called scientists who think only of money or of academic honors or of any other irrelevant vanity, or those craftsmen who prostitute their art to gratify the whims of uneducated snobs?

Indeed, there are two kinds of men—an essential classification which cuts through all ranks of society, all professions, all races. On the one hand, those whose ambitions, whichever they be, big or small, are worldly, who concern themselves only with immediate and tangible advantages; on the other hand, those who cannot help thinking of later times, when only their spirit will live, and whose desires are unworldly. They know the utter emptiness of material rewards and aim at perfection and permanence. Of course such disinterestedness is not continuously possible, because the needs of life force themselves upon them, and it becomes exceedingly difficult when one is either too poor or too rich. At any rate, the points of view of these two kinds of people are so radically different that their every action reflects this difference, that their every word rings with a different accent. Though they may eat at the same table and sleep in the same bed, they actually live in different worlds.

Such unworldliness is not a thing that can be fostered; it is a gift, and one for which scarcely any mother ever prayed—but at least all pains should be taken to enhance the quality of our work. To be sure, it does not always pay to enhance it, but nothing that is really important and permanent will ever pay. To raise the standard of one's activities, to sacrifice an immediate gain to one's love of good craftsmanship and perfection, that is, indeed, the highest duty of a man to his profession, the expression of his loyalty to his destiny; in a word—his religion. It is plain enough that such a tendency is essentially aristocratic.

When I discovered that my historical studies were leading me straight to the most aristocratic conception of life, I was

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at first not a little dismayed. But I soon found that there was no real contradiction between these aristocratic tendencies and the love of all men. We are constantly deceived by the words that we use. Democracy and aristocracy are not opposed to one another. They must coexist. The aim of the former is to give the maximum of freedom, happiness, and opportunity to all; the aim of the latter to accomplish the destiny of the race by means of the devotion of a very few. These aims are complementary. The antagonism only exists when one thinks of an aristocracy which expects and eventually exacts privileges without compensation. The aristocracy of which I am thinking is not one of privileges, like the artificial aristocracies of old, founded on force; it is one of service, founded on merit—the natural selection of the men upon whom the task of fulfilling our destiny has devolved. The only ideal of its members is to serve; they do not expect any rewards; they have no more rights than the humblest of their fellow men; but their duties are considerably greater. Democracy can only be safe and complete to the extent that such aristocratic tendencies develop.

The advance of civilization is due neither to the people nor to their ruling and dominating class of whatever kind. It is due to the untiring efforts of a small, unobtrusive, and powerless aristocracy of scientists and artists. This is an aristocracy, not of privileges, but of service. The history of man's progress is to a large extent the yet unknown and secret history of this aristocracy.

AND TO SUCH AS PLAY ONLY THE BASS VIOL

By John Finley

Could we but hear the music of the days,
As that unfinished symphony I heard last night,
And see life's laborers as those who played,—
Each taking his own part religiously,
Knowing that if he fails in but one note
The others can not make the perfect thing
Which He the great Composer has designed!

. . . . . .

I followed now this player and now that,
As each some clear-wrought melody led forth,
Speaking the theme for all the orchestra,
Which gave assent in changing harmonies;
Or watched this group now regnant and now that,
As when one party rising, dominant,
Bears bravely forward some great truth, and then
Another catches it and takes it on
Till all break forth in final plebiscite.

. . . . . .

But ever I came back to one who stood
Calm in the varying moods of sound which swept
Across the stage that was to me the State,
The World.—His instrument could never lead;
Its range was narrow; and, when played alone,
It had no voice to stir or satisfy:
Only with others had its strings the power
To vibrate in immortal minstrelsy.

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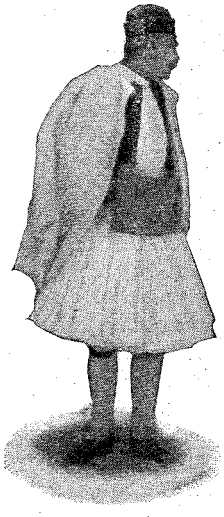
THE NEW FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM

II.—THE CEMETERY OF FOUR EMPIRES

By E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The Last Frontier," "Italy at War," "The Army Behind the Army," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



An Albanian of the North Epirus.

A Herzegovinian of Montenegro.

WE stood on the forward deck of the *Sirio* as she slipped southward, through the placid waters of the Adriatic, at twenty knots an hour. Less than a league away the Balkan mountains, savage, mysterious, forbidding, rose in a rocky rampart against the eastern sky.

"Did it ever occur to you," remarked the Italian officer who stood beside me, a noted historian in his own land, "that four great empires have died as a result of their lust for domination over the wretched lands which lie beyond those mountains? Austria coveted Serbia—and the empire of the Hapsburgs is in fragments now. Russia, seeing her influence in the peninsula imperilled, hastened to the support of her fellow Slavs—but Russia has gone down in red ruin, and the Romanoffs are dead. Germany, seeking a gateway to the warm water, and a highway to the East, seized on the excuse thus offered to launch her waiting armies—and the empire reared by the Hohenzollerns is bankrupt and broken. Turkey fought to retain her hold on such European territory as still remained under the crescent banner. To-day a post-mortem is about to be held on the Turkish Empire and the House of Osman. Think of it! Four great empires, four ancient dynasties, lie buried over there in the Balkans. It is something more than a range of mountains at which we are looking; it is the wall of a cemetery."

Rada di Antivari is a U-shaped bay, the color of a turquoise, from whose shores the Montenegrin mountains rise in tiers, like the seats of an arena. We put in there unexpectedly because a *bora*, sweeping suddenly down from the northwest, had lashed the Adriatic into an ugly mood and our destroyer, whose decks were almost as near the water as those of a submarine running awash, was not a craft that one would choose for comfort in such weather. Nor was our feeling of security increased by the knowledge that we were skirting the edges of one of the largest mine-fields in the Adriatic. But the *Sirio* had scarcely poked her sharp nose around the end of the breakwater which provides the excuse for dignifying the exposed roadstead of Antivari (with the accent on the second syllable, so that it rhymes with "discovery") by the name of harbor before I saw that we had stumbled upon some form of trouble. There were three other Italian destroyers in the harbor but, instead of being moored snugly alongside the quay, they were strung out in a semblance of battle formation, so that their deck-guns, from which the canvas muzzle-covers had been removed, could sweep the rocky heights above and around them. A string of signal-flags broke out from our masthead and was answered in like fashion by the flag-ship of the flotilla, after which formal exchange of greetings our wireless began to crackle and splutter in an animated explanation of our unexpected appearance. Our hawsers had scarcely been made fast before a launch left the flag-ship and came

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ploughing toward us, a knot of white-uniformed officers in the stern. From the blue rug with the Italian arms, which, as I could see through my glasses, was draped over the stern-sheets, I deduced that the commander of the flotilla was paying us a visit.

"You have come at rather an unfortunate moment," he said after the introductions were over. "Last night we were fired on by Jugoslavs on the mountainside over there," indicating the heights across the harbor. "In fact, the firing has just ceased. There must have been a thousand of them or more, judging from the flashes. But I hope that madame will not be alarmed, for she is really quite safe. They are firing at long range, and the only danger is from a stray bullet. Still, it is most embarrassing. On madame's account I am sorry."

His manner was that of a host apologizing to a guest because the children of the family have measles and at the same time attempting to convince the guest that measles are hardly ever contagious. I relieved his quite obvious embarrassment by assuring him that Mrs. Powell much preferred taking chances with snipers' bullets to the discomfort of a destroyer in an ugly sea, and that, having journeyed six thousand miles for the express purpose of seeing what was happening in the Balkans, we would be disappointed if nothing happened at all.

When I left Paris for the Adriatic I carried with me the impression, as the result of conversations with members of the various peace delegations, that the people of Montenegro were almost unanimously in favor of annexation to Serbia, thereby becoming a part of the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. But before I had spent twenty-four hours in Montenegro itself I discovered that on the subject of the political future of their little country the Montenegrins are very far from being of the same mind. And, being a simple, primitive folk, and strong believers in the superiority of the bullet to the ballot, instead of sitting down and arguing the matter, they take cover behind a convenient rock and, when their political opponents pass by, take pot-shots at them.

My preconceived opinions about political conditions in Montenegro were largely based on the knowledge that shortly after the signing of the Armistice a Montenegrin National Assembly, so called, had met at Podgoritza, and, after declaring itself in favor of the deposition of King Nicholas and the Petrovitch dynasty, which has ruled in Montenegro since William of Orange sat on the throne of England, voted for the union of Montenegro with the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. Just how representative of the real sentiments of the nation was this assembly I do not know, but that the sentiment in favor of such a surrender of Montenegrin independence is far from being overwhelming would seem to be proved by the fact that the Serbs, in order to hold the territory thus given to them, have found it necessary to install a Serbian military governor in Cetinje, to replace by Serbs all the Montenegrin prefects, to raise a special gendarmerie recruited from men who are known to be friendly to Serbia and officered by Serbs, and to occupy this sister-state, which, it is alleged, requested union with Serbia of its own free will, with two battalions of Serbian infantry. If Montenegrin sentiment for the union is as overwhelming as Belgrade claims, then it seems to me that the Serbs are acting in a rather high-handed fashion.

I talked with a good many people while I was in Montenegro, and I was especially careful not to meet them through the medium of either Serbs or Italians. From these conversations I learned that the Montenegrins are divided into three factions. The first of these, and the smallest, desires the return of the King. It represents the old conservative element and is composed of the men who have fought under him in many wars. The second faction, which is the noisiest and at present holds the reins of power, advocates the annexation of Montenegro to Serbia and the deposition of King Nicholas in favor of the Serbian Prince-Regent Alexander. The third party, which, though it has no means of making its desires known, is, I am inclined to believe, the largest, and which numbers among its supporters the most level-headed and far-seeing men in the country, while frankly distrustful of Serbian ambitions and unwilling to submit to Serbian dictatorship, possesses sufficient vision to recognize

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the political and commercial advantages which would accrue to Montenegro were she to become an equal partner in a confederation of those Jugoslav countries which claim the same racial origin. Most mean the absorption of the smaller country by the larger one. They are determined that, if such a confederation is brought about, Serbia shall not occupy the dictatorial position which Prussia did

His Majesty Nicholas I, King of Montenegro.

He has been on the throne longer than any living sovereign, he is the father-in-law of two kings, and is connected by marriage with half the royal houses of Europe.—Page 199.

thoughtful Montenegrins have always been in favor of a union of all the southern Slavs, along the general lines, perhaps, of the Germanic Confederation, but this must not be interpreted as implying that they are in favor of a union merely of Montenegro with Serbia, which would in Germany, and that the Karageorgevitches shall not play a rôle analogous to that of the Hohenzollerns. Montenegro, remember, threw off the Turkish yoke a century and three-quarters before Serbia was able to achieve her liberty, and the patriotic among her people feel that this

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hard-won, long-held independence should not lightly be thrown away.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that, when Austria declared war on Serbia in August, 1914, an offensive and defensive alliance already existed between Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro. We know how highly Greece valued her signature to that treaty. Montenegro, with an area two-thirds that of New Jersey, and a population less than that of Milwaukee, could easily have used her weakness as an excuse for standing aside, like Greece. Very likely Austria would not have molested her and the little country would have been spared the horrors of a third war within two years. But King Nicholas's conception of what constituted loyalty and honor was different from Constantine's. Instead of accepting the extensive territorial compensations offered by the Austrian envoy if Montenegro would remain neutral, King Nicholas wired to the Serbian Premier, M. Pachitch: "*Serbia may rely on the brotherly and unconditional support of Montenegro in this moment, on which depends the fate of the Serbian nation, as well as on any other occasion,*" and took the field at the head of 40,000 troops—all the men able to bear arms in the little kingdom.

It has been repeatedly asserted by his enemies that King Nicholas sold out to the Austrians and that, therefore, he deserves neither sympathy nor consideration. As to this I have no *direct* knowledge. How could I? But, after talking with nearly all of the leading actors in the Montenegrin drama, it is my personal belief that the King, though guilty of many indiscretions and errors of policy, did not betray his people. I am not ignorant of the King's shortcomings in other respects. But in this case I believe that he has been grossly maligned. If he did sell out he drove an extremely poor bargain, for he is living in exile, in extremely straitened circumstances, his only luxury a car which the French Government loans him. It is difficult to believe that, had he been a traitor to the Allied cause, the British, French, and Italian governments would continue to recognize him, to pay him subventions, and to treat him as a ruling sovereign. Certain American diplomatists have told me that they were convinced that the King had a secret understanding with Austria, though they admitted quite frankly that their convictions were based on suspicions which they could not prove. To offset this, a very exalted personage, whose name for obvious reasons I cannot mention, but whose integrity and whose sources of information are beyond question, has given me his word that, to his personal knowledge, Nicholas had neither a treaty nor a secret understanding with the enemy.

"The propaganda against him had been so insidious and successful, however," my informant concluded, "that even his own soldiers were convinced that he had sold out to Austria and when the King attempted to rally them as they were falling back from the positions on Mount Lovtchen they jeered in his face, shouting that he had betrayed them. Yet I, who was on the spot and who am familiar with all the facts, give you my personal assurance that he had not."

Nor did the King give up his sword to the Austrian commander at Grahovo, as was reported in the European press. When, with three-quarters of his country overrun by the Austrians, his chief of staff, Colonel Pierre Pechitch of the Serbian Army, reported "*Henceforth all resistance and all fighting against the enemy is impossible. There is no chance of the situation improving,*" King Nicholas, in the words of Baron Sonnino, then Italian Foreign Minister, "preferred to withdraw into exile rather than sign a separate peace."

I may be wrong in my conclusions, of course; the cabinet ministers and the ambassadors and the generals in whose honor and truthfulness I believe may have deliberately deceived me, but, after a most painstaking and conscientious investigation, I am convinced that we have been misinformed and blinded by a propaganda against King Nicholas and his people which has rarely been equalled in audacity of untruth and dexterity of misrepresentation. To employ the methods used by certain Balkan politicians in their attempted elimination of Montenegro as an independent nation even Tammany Hall would be ashamed.

When, upon the occupation of Montenegro by the Austrians, the King fled to France and established his government

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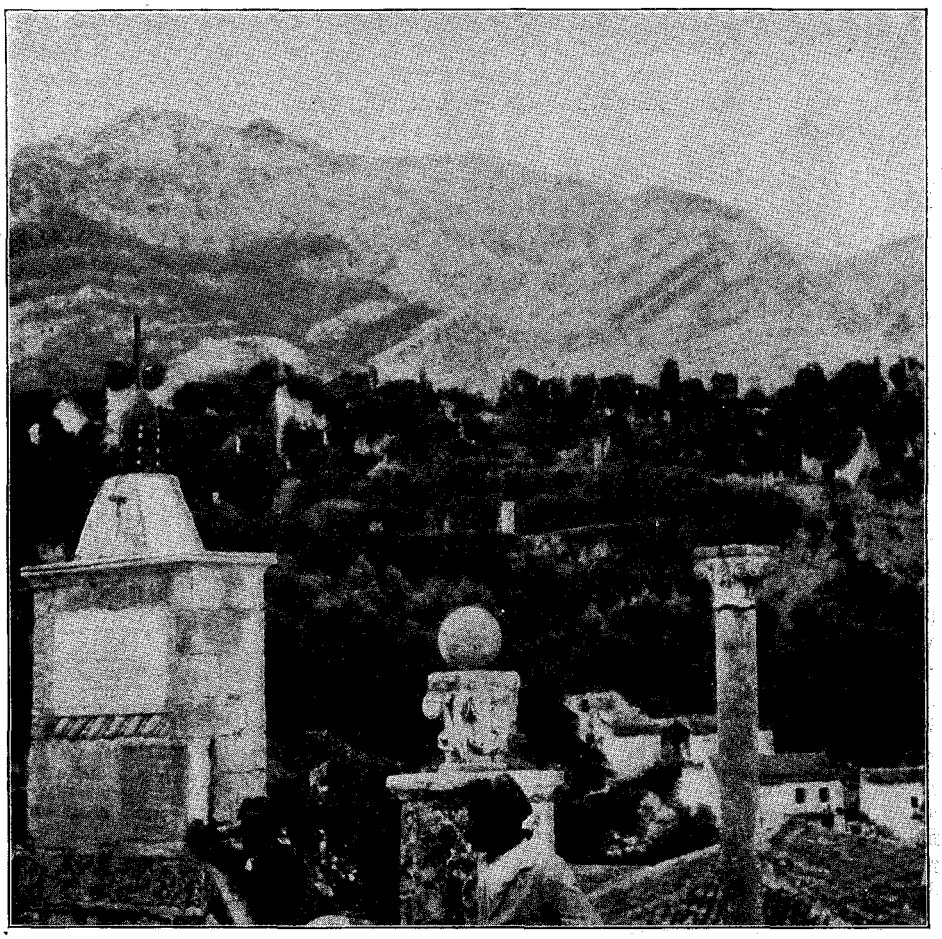

Antivari is one of the most fascinating little towns in all the Balkans.
From the Roman ruins above the town you can obtain a superb view of the Montenegrin mountains, their lower slopes gray with groves of ancient olive-trees.

at Neuilly, near Paris—just as the fugitive Serbian Government was established at Corfu and the Belgian at Le Havre—England, France, and Italy entered into an agreement to pay him a subvention, for the maintenance of himself and his government, until such time as the status of Montenegro was definitely settled by the Peace Conference. England ceased paying her share of this subvention early in the spring of 1919. When, a few weeks later, it was announced that King Nicholas was preparing to go to Italy to visit his daughter, Queen Elena, the French Minister to the court of Montenegro bluntly informed him that the French Government regarded his proposed visit to Italy as the first step toward his return to Montenegro, and that, should he cross the French frontier, France would immediately break off diplomatic relations with Montenegro and cease paying her share of the subvention. This would seem to bear out the assertion, which I heard everywhere in the Balkans, that France is bending every effort toward building up a strong Jugoslavia in order to offset Italy's territorial and commercial ambitions in the peninsula. The French indignantly repudiate the suggestion that they are coercing the Montenegrin King.

"How absurd!" exclaimed the officials with whom I talked. "We holding King Nicholas a prisoner? The idea is preposterous. So far as France is concerned, he can return to Montenegro whenever he chooses."

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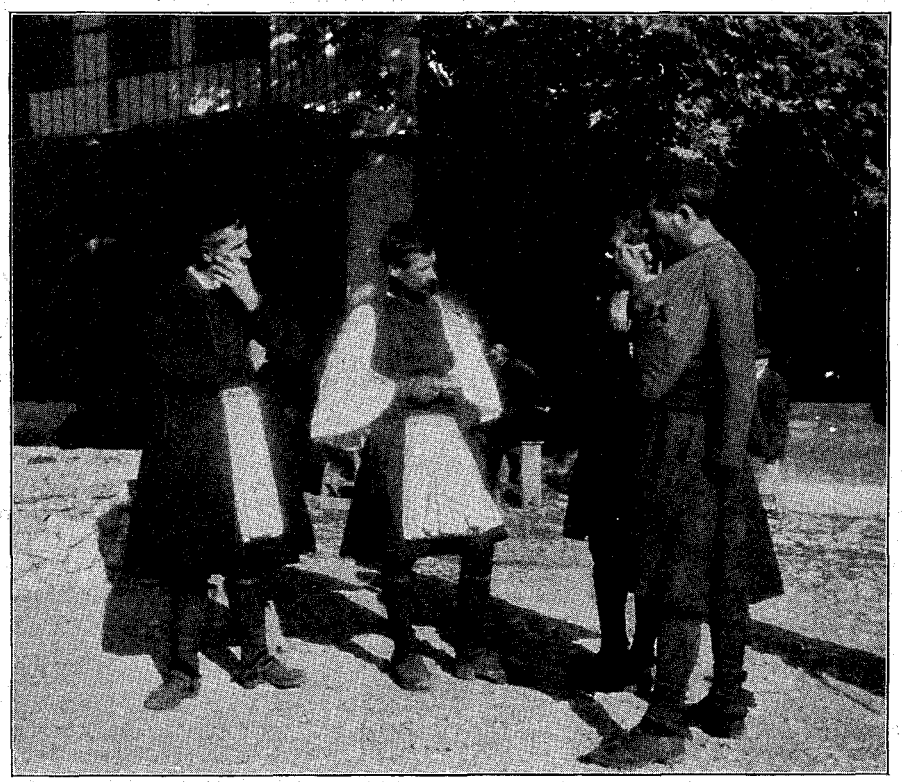
Still, their protestations were not entirely convincing. Their attitude reminded me of the millionaire whose daughter, it was rumored, had eloped with the family chauffeur.

"Sure, she can marry him if she wants to," he told the reporters. "I have no objection. She is free, white, and twenty-one. But if she does marry him I'll stop her allowance, cut her out of my will, and never speak to her again."

men merely for the sake of being able to boast about it afterward to your friends. But because, during my travels in Jugoslavia, I heard King Nicholas repeatedly denounced by Serbian officials with far more bitterness than they employed toward their late enemies and oppressors, the Hapsburgs, I was frankly eager for an opportunity to form my own opinions about Montenegro's aged ruler. The opportunity came when, upon my return



The head men of Ljaskoviki, Albania, waiting to bid Major and Mrs. Powell farewell.

Because it has been my privilege to know many sovereigns and because I have been honored with the confidence of several of them, I have become to a certain extent immune from the spell which seems to be exercised upon the commoner by personal contact with the Lord's anointed. Save when I have had some definite mission to accomplish, I have never had any overwhelming desire "to grasp the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan." To me it seems an impertinence to take the time of busy

to Paris, I was informed that the King wished to meet me, he being desirous, I suppose, of talking with one who had come so recently from his own country.

At that time the King, with the Queen, Prince Peter, and his two unmarried daughters, was occupying a modest suite in the Hotel Meurice, in the rue de Rivoli. He received me in a large, sun-flooded room overlooking the Tuileries Gardens. The bald, broad-shouldered, rather bent old man in the blue serge suit, with a tin ear-trumpet in his hand, who rose

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from behind a great flat-topped desk to greet me, was a startling contrast to the tall and vigorous figure, in the picturesque dress of a Montenegrin chieftain, whom I had seen in Cetinje before the war. I looked at him with interest, for he has been on the throne longer than any living sovereign, he is the father-in-law of two Kings, and is connected by marriage with half the royal houses of Europe, and he is the last of that long line of patriarch-rulers who, leading their armies in person, have for more than two centuries maintained the independence of the Black Mountain and its people.

King Nicholas, as is generally known, has been remarkably successful in marrying off his daughters, two of them having married Kings, two others grand dukes, while a fifth became the wife of a Battenberg prince. Remembering this, I was sorely tempted to ask the King as to the truth of a story which I had heard in Cetinje years before. An English visitor to the Montenegrin capital had been invited to lunch at the palace. During the meal the King asked his guest his impressions of Montenegro.

"Its scenery is magnificent," was the answer. "Its women are as beautiful and its men as handsome as any I have ever seen. Their costumes are marvellously picturesque. But the country appears to have no exports, your Majesty."

"Ah, my friend," replied the King, his eyes twinkling, "you forget my daughters."

Another story, which illustrates the King's quick wit, was told me by his Majesty himself. When, some years before the Great War, Emperor Francis Joseph, on a yachting cruise down the Adriatic, dropped anchor in the Bocche di Cattaro, the Montenegrin mountaineers celebrated the imperial visit by lighting bonfires on their mountain peaks, a mile above the harbor.

"I see that you dwell in the clouds," remarked Francis Joseph to Nicholas, as they stood on the deck of the yacht after dinner watching the pin-points of flame twinkling high above them.

"Where else can I live?" responded the Montenegrin ruler. "Austria holds the sea; Turkey holds the land; the sky is all that is left for Montenegro."

One of the things which the King told me during our conversation will, I think, interest Americans. He said that when President Wilson arrived in Paris he sent him an autograph letter, congratulating him on the great part he had played in bringing peace to the world and requesting a personal interview.

"But he never granted me the interview," said the King sadly. "In fact, he never acknowledged my letter."

I attempted to bridge over the embarrassing pause by suggesting that perhaps the letter had never been received, but he waved aside the suggestion as unworthy of consideration. I gathered from what he said that royal letters do not miscarry.

"I realize that I am an old man and that my country is a very small and unimportant one," he continued, "while your President is the ruler of a great country and a very busy man. Still, we in Montenegro had heard so much of America's chivalrous attitude toward small, weak nations that I was unduly disappointed, perhaps, when my letter was ignored. I felt that my age, and the fact that I have occupied the throne of Montenegro for sixty years, entitled me to the consideration of a reply."

But we have strayed far from the road which we were travelling. Let us get back to the people of the mountains; I like them better than the politicians. Antivari, which nestles in a hollow of the hills, three or four miles inland from the port of the same name, is one of the most fascinating little towns in all the Balkans. Its narrow, winding, cobble-paved streets, shaded by canopies of grape-vines and bordered by rows of squat, red-tiled houses, their plastered walls tinted pale blue, bright pink or yellow, and the amazingly picturesque costumes of its inhabitants—slender, stately Montenegrin women in long coats of turquoise-colored broadcloth piped with crimson, Bosnians in skin-tight breeches covered with arabesques of braid and jackets heavy with embroidery, Albanians wearing the starched and pleated skirts of linen known as *fustanellas* and *comitadjis* with cartridge-filled bandoliers slung across their chests and their sashes bristling with assorted weapons, priests of the Orthodox Church with uncut hair and beards, wearing hats that look like inverted stove-

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pipes, hook-nosed, white-bearded, patriarchal-looking Turks in flowing robes and snowy turbans, fierce-faced, keen-eyed mountain herdsmen in fur caps and coats of sheepskin—all these combined to make me feel that I had intruded upon the stage of a theatre during a musical-comedy performance, and that I must find the exit and escape before I was discovered by the stage-manager. If David Belasco ever visits Antivari he will probably try to buy the place bodily and transport it to East Forty-fourth Street and write a play around it.

Two conspirators of Antivari.

They stood lost in conversation, heads close together, exactly like the plotters in a motion-picture play.

There were two gentlemen in Antivari whose actions gave me unalloyed delight. One of them, so I was told, was the head of the local anti-Serbian faction; the other, a human arsenal with weapons sprouting from his person like leaves from an artichoke, was the chief of a notorious band of *comitadjis*, as the Balkan guerillas are called. They walked up and down the main street of Antivari, arms over each other's shoulders, heads close together, lost in conversation, but glancing quickly over their shoulders every now and then to see if they were in danger of being overheard, exactly like the plotters in a motion-picture play. From the earnestness of their conversation, the obvious awe in which they were held by the townspeople, and the suspicious looks cast in their direction by the Serbian gendarmes, I gathered that in the near future things were going to happen in that region. Approaching them, I haltingly explained, in the few words of Serbian at my command, that I was an American and that I wished to photograph them. Upon comprehending my request they debated the question for some moments, then shook their heads decisively. It was evident that, in view of what they had in mind, they considered it imprudent to have their pictures floating around as a possible means of identification. But while they were discussing the matter I took the liberty, without their knowledge, of photographing them anyway. It was as well, perhaps, that they did not see me do it, for the *comitadji* chieftain had a long knife, two revolvers, and four hand-grenades in his belt and a rifle slung over his shoulder.

From Antivari to Valona by sea is about as far as from New York to Albany by the Hudson, so that, leaving the Mon-

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Storks on a Mosque in Valona, Albania.

The stork is the sacred bird of Albania and if it makes its nest on a building which is in course of construction all work on that building ceases as long as the stork remains.—Page 202.

tenegrin port in the early morning, we had no difficulty in reaching the Albanian one before sunset. Before the war Valona—which, by the way, appears as Avlona on most American-made maps—was an insignificant fishing village, but upon Italy's occupation of Albania it became a military base of great importance. Wherever we had touched on our journey down the coast we had been warned against going to Valona because of the danger of contracting fever. The town stands on the edge of a marsh bordering the shore and, as no serious attempt has been made to drain the marsh or to clean up the town itself, about sixty per cent of the troops stationed there are constantly suffering from a peculiarly virulent form of malaria, similar to the Chagres fever of the Isthmus. The danger of contracting it was apparently considered very real, for, before we had been an hour in the quarters assigned to us, officers began to arrive with safeguards of one sort or another. One brought screens for all the windows; another provided mosquito-bars for the beds; a third presented us with disinfectant cubes, which we were to burn in our rooms several times each day; a fourth made us a gift of quinine pills, two of which we were to take hourly; still another of our hosts appeared with a dozen bottles of *acqua minerale* and warned us not to drink the local water, and, finally, to ensure us against molestation by prowling natives, a couple of sentries were posted beneath our windows.

"Valona isn't a particularly healthy place to live in, I gather?" I remarked, by way of making conversation, to the

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officer who was our host at dinner that evening. His face was as yellow as old parchment and he was shaking with fever.

"Well," he reluctantly admitted, "you must be careful not to be bitten by a mosquito or you will get malaria. And don't drink the water or you will contract typhoid. And keep away from the native quarter, for there is always more or less smallpox in the bazaars. And don't go wandering around the town after nightfall, for there's always a chance of some fanatic putting a knife between your shoulders. Otherwise, there isn't a healthier place in the world than Valona."

Across the street from the building in which we were quartered was a large mosque, which, judging from the scaffoldings around it, was under repair. But though it seemed to be a large and important mosque, there was no work going forward on it. I commented upon this one day to an officer with whom I was walking.

"Do you see those storks up there?" he asked, pointing to a pair of long-legged birds standing beside their nest on the dome of the mosque. "The stork is the sacred bird of Albania and if it makes its nest on a building which is in course of construction all work on that building ceases as long as the stork remains. A barracks we were erecting was held up for several months because a stork decided to make its nest in the rafters, whereupon the native workmen threw down their tools and quit."

"In my country it is just the opposite," I observed. "There, when the stork comes, instead of stopping work they usually begin building a nursery."

I had long wished to cross Albania and Macedonia, from the Adriatic to the Ægean, by motor, but the nearer we had drawn to Albania the more unlikely this project had seemed of realization. We were assured that there were no roads in the interior of the country or that such roads as existed were quite impassable for anything save ox-carts; that the country had been devastated by the fighting armies and that it would be impossible to get food en route; that the mountains we must cross were frequented by bandits and *comitadjis* and that we would be exposed to attack and capture; that, though the Italians might see us across Albania, the Serbian and Greek frontier guards would not permit us to enter Macedonia, and, as a final argument against the undertaking, we were warned that the whole country reeked with fever. But when I told the governor-general of Albania, General Piacentini, what I wished to do every obstacle disappeared as though at the wave of a magician's wand.

"You will leave Valona early to-morrow morning," he said, after a short conference with his chief of staff. "You will be accompanied by an officer of my staff who was with the Serbian army on its retreat across Albania to the sea. The country is well garrisoned and I do not anticipate the slightest trouble, but, as a measure of precaution, a detachment of soldiers will follow your car in a motor-truck. You will spend the first night at Argirocastro, the second at Ljaskoviki, and the third at Koritza, which is occupied by the French. I will wire our diplomatic agent there to make arrangements with the Jugoslav authorities for you to cross the Serbian border to Monastir, where we still have a few troops engaged in salvage work. South of Monastir you will be in Greek territory, but I will wire the officer in command of the Italian forces at Salonika to take steps to facilitate your journey across Macedonia to the Ægean."

This journey across one of the most savage and least-known regions in all Europe was arranged as simply and matter-of-factly as a clerk in a tourist bureau would plan a motor trip through the White Mountains. With the exception of one or two alterations in the itinerary made necessary by tire trouble, the journey was made precisely as General Piacentini planned it, and so complete were the arrangements we found that meals and sleeping quarters had been prepared for us in tiny mountain hamlets whose very names we had never so much as heard before.

Until its occupation by the Italians in 1917 Albania was not only the least-known region in Europe, it was one of the least-known regions in the world. Within sight of Italy, it was less known than many portions of Central Asia or Equatorial Africa. And it is still a savage country; a land but little changed since the days of Constantine and Diocletian; a land that for more than twenty cen-

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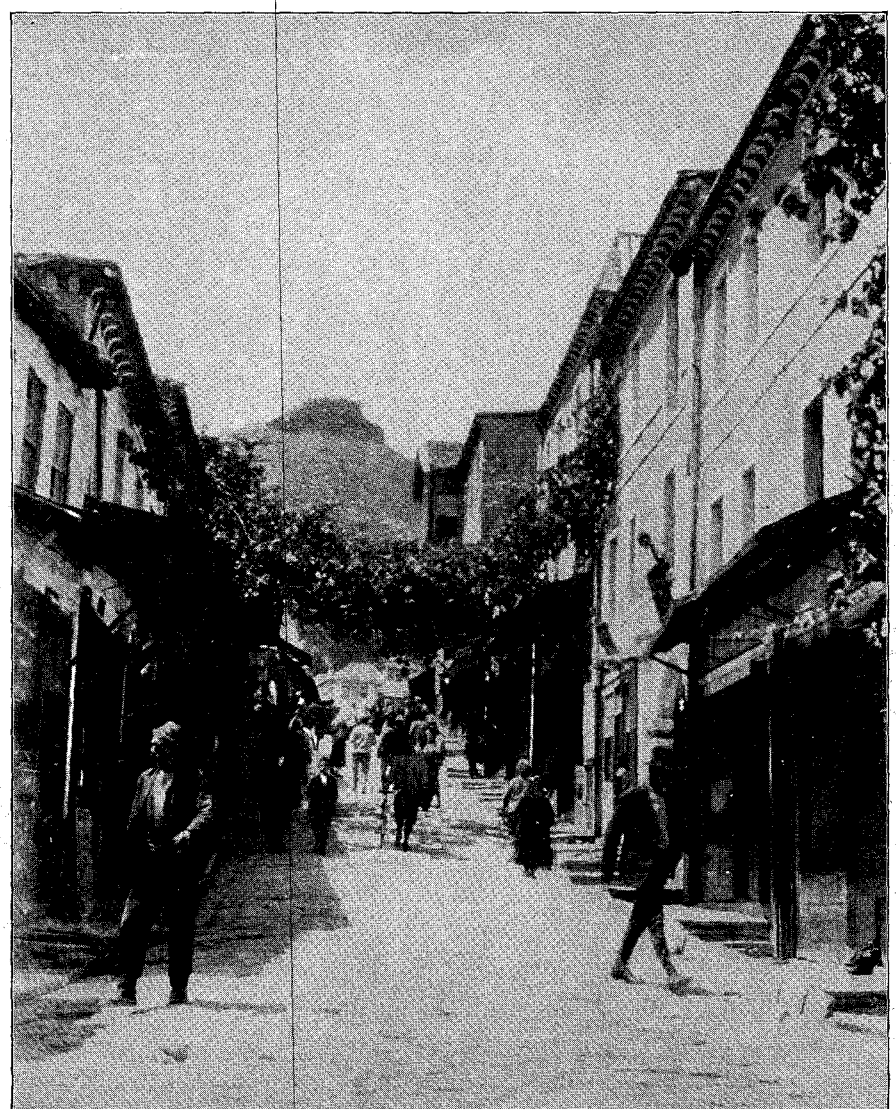
turies has acknowledged no master and, until the coming of the Italians, had known no law. Prior to the Italian occupation there was no government in Albania in the sense in which that word is generally used, there being, in fact, no civil government now, the tribal organization which takes its place being comparable to that which existed in Scotland under the Stuart Kings.

The term Albanian would probably pass unrecognized by the great majority of the inhabitants, who speak of themselves as *Skipêtars* and of their country as *Sccupnj*. They are, most ethnologists agree, probably the most ancient race in Europe, there being every reason to believe that they are the lineal descendants of those adventurous Aryans who, leaving the ancestral home on the shores of



Argirocastro, Albania.

Its streets, shaded by canopies of grape-vines and bordered by pale blue, bright pink, or yellow houses, with the picturesque costumes of its inhabitants, made me feel that I had intruded on the stage of a theatre during a musical-comedy performance.—Page 199.

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the Caspian, crossed the Caucasus and entered Europe in the earliest dawn of history. One of the tribes of this migrating host, straying into these lonely valleys, settled there with their flocks and herds, living the same life, speaking the same tongue, following the same customs as their Aryan ancestors, quite indifferent to the great changes which were taking place in the world without their mountain wall. Certain it is that Albania was already an ancient nation when Greek history began. Unlike the other primitive populations of the Balkan peninsula, who became in time either Hellenized, Latinized or Slavonicized, the Albanians have remained almost unaffected by foreign influences. It strikes me as a strange thing that the courage and determination with which this remarkable race has maintained itself in its mountain stronghold all down the ages, and the grim and unyielding front which it has shown to innumerable invaders, have evoked so little appreciation and admiration in the outside world. History contains no such epic as that of the Albanian national hero, George Castriota, better known as Scanderbeg, who, with his ill-armed mountaineers, overwhelmed twenty-three Ottoman armies, one after another.*

Picture, if you please, a country remarkably similar in its physical characteristics to the Blue Ridge region of our own South, with the same warm summers and the same brief, cold winters, peopled by the same poverty-stricken, illiterate, quarrelsome, suspicious, arms-bearing, feud-practising race of mountaineers, and you will have the best domestic parallel of Albania that I can give you. Though during the summer months extremely hot days are followed by bitterly cold nights, and though fever is prevalent along the coast and in certain of the valleys, Albania is, climatically speaking, "a white man's country." Its mountains are believed to contain iron, coal, gold, lead, and copper, but the internal condition of the country has made it quite impossible to investigate its mineral resources, much less to develop them. With the exception of Valona, which has been developed into a tolerably good harbor, there are no ports worthy of the name, Durazzo, Santi Quaranta, and San Giovanni di Medua being mere open roadsteads, almost unprotected from the sea winds. There are no railroads in Albania, and the indifference of the Turkish Government, the corruption of the local chiefs, and the blood-feuds in which the people are almost constantly engaged, have resulted in a total absence of good roads. This condition has been remedied by the Italians, however, who, in order to facilitate their military operations, constructed a system of highways very nearly equal to those they built in the Alps. Though the greater part of the country is a stranger to the plough, the small areas which are under cultivation produce excellent olive-oil, wine of a tolerable quality, a strong but moderately good tobacco, and considerable grain; Albania, in spite of its primitive agricultural methods, furnishing most of the corn supply of the Dalmatian coast.

Albania, so far as I am aware, is the only country where you can buy a wife on the instalment plan, just as you would buy a piano or an encyclopædia or a phonograph. It is quite true that there are plenty of countries where women can be purchased—in Circassia, for example, and in China, and in the Solomon Group—but in those places the prospective bridegroom is compelled to pay down the purchase price in cash, not being afforded the convenience of opening an account. In Albania, however, such things are better done, a partial payment on the purchase price of the girl being paid to her parents when the engagement takes place, after which she is no longer offered for sale, but is set aside, like an article on which a deposit has been made, until the final instalment has been paid, when she is delivered to her future husband.

Albania is likewise the only country that I know of where every one concerned becomes indignant if a murderer is sent to prison. The relatives of the dear departed resent it because they feel that the judge has cheated them out of their revenge, which they would probably obtain, were the murderer at large, by putting a knife or a pistol bullet between his shoulders. The murderer, of course, objects to the sentence both because he does not like imprisonment and because he believes that he could escape from the relatives of his victim were he given his freedom.

*Portions of this sketch of the Albanians are drawn from an article which I wrote some years ago for *The Independent*.—E. A. P.

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If he or his friends have any money, however, the affair is usually settled on a financial basis, the feud is called off, the murderer is pardoned, and every one concerned, save only the dead man, is as pleased and friendly as though nothing had ever happened to interrupt their friendly relations. A quaint people, the Albanians.

In order to develop the resources of the country and to transform its present poverty into prosperity, Italy has already inaugurated an extensive scheme of public works, which includes the reclamation of the marshes, the reforestation of the mountains, the reconstruction of the highways, the improvement of the ports, and the construction of a railway straight across Albania, from the coast at Durazzo to Monastir, in Serbian Macedonia, where it will connect with the line from Belgrade to Salonika. This railway will follow the route of one of the most important arteries of the Roman Empire, the Via Egnatia, that mighty military and commercial highway, a trans-Adriatic continuation of the Via Appia, which, starting from Dyracchium, the modern Durazzo, crossed the Cavaia plain to the Skumbi, climbed the slopes of the Candavian range, and traversing Macedonia and Thrace, ended at the Bosphorus, thus linking the capitals of the western and the eastern empires. We travelled this age-old highway, down which the four-horse chariots of the Cæsars had rumbled two thousand years ago, in another sort of chariot, with the power of twenty times four horses beneath its sloping hood. This will entitle us in future years to listen with the condescension of pioneers to the tales of the tourists who make the same trans-Balkan journey in a comfortable *wagon-lit*, with hot and cold running water and electric lights and a dining-car ahead. It is a great thing to have seen a country in the pioneer stage of its existence.

In that portion of Southern Albania known as North Epirus we motored for an entire day through a region dotted with what had been, apparently, fairly prosperous towns and villages but which are now heaps of fire-blackened ruins. This wholesale devastation, I learned to my astonishment, was the work of the Greeks, who, at about the time the Germans were horrifying the civilized world by their conduct in Belgium, were doing precisely the same thing, but on a far more extensive scale, in Albania. As a result of these atrocities, perpetrated by a so-called Christian and professedly civilized nation, upward of 200 Albanian towns and villages were destroyed by fire or dynamite. Though I have been unable to obtain any reliable figures, the consensus of opinion among the Albanians, the French and Italian officials, and the American missionaries and relief workers with whom I talked is that between 10,000 and 12,000 men, women, and children were shot, bayoneted or burned to death, at least double that number died from exposure and starvation, and an enormous number—I have heard the figure placed as high as 200,000—were rendered homeless. The number of women and girls who were outraged by the Greek soldiery is beyond computation. The stories which I heard of the treatment to which the Albanian women were subjected are so revolting as to be unprintable. We spent a night at Ljaskoviki (also spelled Gliascovichi, Leskovik and Liascovik), three-quarters of which had been destroyed. Out of a population which, I was told, originally numbered about 8,000, only 1,200 remain.

Though the great majority of the victims were Mohammedans, the outrages were not directly due to religious causes but were inspired by Greece's greed for territory. When, upon the erection of Albania into an independent kingdom in 1913, the Greeks were ordered by the Powers to withdraw from North Epirus, on which they had been steadily encroaching and which they had come to look upon as inalienably their own, there began a systematic series of outrages upon the civil population of the region for which a fitting parallel can be found only in the Turkish massacres in Armenia or the horrors of Bolshevik rule in Russia. In their determination to secure Southern Albania for themselves, the Greeks apparently adopted the policy followed with such success in Armenia by the Turks, who asserted cynically that "one cannot make a state without inhabitants." Compared to what the Greeks did in Albania in the spring and summer of 1914, the behavior of the Germans in Belgium was considerate and kind.

I do not think that the Greeks attempt

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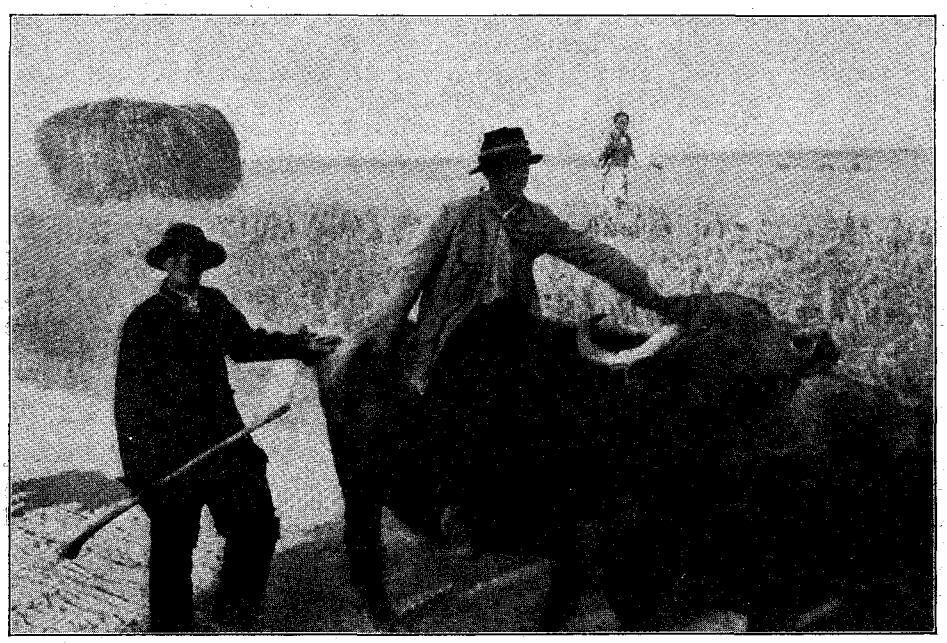
to deny these atrocities—the evidence is far too conclusive for that—but even as great a Greek as M. Venezelos justifies them on the ground that they were provoked by the Albanians. That the Albanians are a warlike and turbulent people their stoutest defenders must admit, but that is no justification for thousands of men being burned alive or shot, for the wholesale raping of women and young girls, and for children, many of them babies in arms, being clubbed to death or bayoneted. That such things as these could happen without arousing horror and condemnation throughout the civilized world is due to the fact that in the summer of 1914 the attention of the world was focussed on events in France and Belgium. I have no quarrel with the Greeks and nothing is further from my desire than to engage in what used to be known as "muck-raking," but I am reporting what I saw and heard in Albania because I believe that the American people ought to know it. Taken in conjunction with the behavior of the Greek troops in Smyrna in the spring of 1918, it should better enable us to form an opinion as to the moral fitness of the Greeks to be intrusted with mandates over backward peoples.

Though Albania is an Italian protectorate, the Albanians, in spite of all that Italy is doing toward the development of the country, do not want Italian protection. This is scarcely to be wondered at, however, in view of the attitude of another untutored people, the Egyptians, who, though they owe their amazing prosperity solely to British rule, would oust the British at the first opportunity which offered. Though the Italians are distrusted because the Albanians question their administrative ability and because they fear that they will attempt to denationalize them, the French are regarded with a hatred which I have seldom seen equalled. This is due, I imagine, to the belief that the French are allied with their hereditary enemies, the Greeks and the Serbs, and to France's iron-handed rule, which was exemplified when General Sarrail, commanding the army of the Orient, ordered the execution of the President of the short-lived Albanian Republic which was established at Koritza. As a



On the road to Monastir.

Macedonian peasants driving droves of buffalo, black, ungainly, broad-horned beasts, their elephant-like hides caked with yellow mud.

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matter of fact, the Albanians, though quite unfitted for independence, are violently opposed to being placed under the protection of any nation, unless it be the United States or England, in both of which they place implicit trust. I was astonished to learn that the few Americans who have penetrated Albania since the war—missionaries, Red Cross workers, and one or two investigators for the Peace Conference—have encouraged the natives in the belief that the United States would probably accept a mandate for Albania. Whether they did this in order to make themselves popular and thereby facilitate their missions, or because of an abysmal ignorance of American public sentiment, I do not know, but the fact remains that they have raised hopes in the breasts of thousands of Albanians which can never be realized. Everything considered, I think that the Albanians might do worse than to intrust their political future to the guidance of the Italians, who, in addition to having brought law, order, justice, and the beginnings of prosperity to a country which never had so much as a bowing acquaintance with any one of them before, seem to have the best interests of the people genuinely at heart.

Leaving Koritza, a clean, well-kept town of perhaps 10,000 people, which was occupied when we were there by a battalion of black troops from the French Sudan and some Moroccans, we went snorting up the Peristeri Range by an appallingly steep and narrow road, higher, higher, always higher, until, to paraphrase Kipling, we had

> "One wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin',
> An' one on the edge o' the Pit,
> An' a drop into nothin' beneath us
> As straight as a beggar could spit."

But at last, when I was beginning to wonder whether our wheels could find traction if the grade grew much steeper, we topped the summit of the pass and looked down on Macedonia. Below us the forested slopes of the mountains ran down, like the folds of a great green rug lying rumpled on an oaken floor, to meet the bare brown plains of that historic land where marched and fought the hosts of Philip of Macedon, and of Alexander, his son. There are few more splendid panoramas in the world; there is none over which history has cast so magic a spell, for this barren, dusty land has been the arena in which the races of eastern Europe have battled since history began. Within its borders are represented all the peoples who are disputing the reversion of the Turkish possessions in Europe. Macedonia might be described, indeed, as the very quintessence of the Near Eastern question.

With brakes a-squeal we slipped down the long, steep gradients to Florina, where Greek gendarmes in British sun-helmets and khaki lounged at the street-crossings and patronizingly waved us past. Thence north by the ancient highway which leads to Monastir, the parched and yellow fields on either side still littered with the débris of war—broken *camions* and wagons, shattered cannon, pyramids of ammunition-cases, vast quantities of barbed wire—and sprinkled with white crosses, thousands and thousands of them, marking the places where sleep the youths from Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Serbia, Canada, India, Australia, Africa, who fell in the Last Crusade.

Monastir is a filthy, ill-paved, characteristically Turkish town, which, before its decimation by the war, was credited with having some 60,000 inhabitants. Of these about one-half were Turks and one-quarter Greeks, the remaining quarter of the inhabitants being composed of Serbs, Jews, Albanians, and Bulgars. Those of its buildings which escaped the great conflagration which destroyed half the town were terribly shattered by the long series of bombardments, so that today the place looks like San Francisco after the earthquake and Baltimore after the fire. In the suburbs are immense supplies of war *matériel* of all sorts, mostly going to waste. I saw thousands of camions, ambulances, caissons, and wagons literally falling apart from neglect, and this in a country which is almost destitute of transport. Though the town was packed with Serbian troops, most of whom are sleeping and eating in the open, no attempt was being made, so far as I could see, to repair the shell-torn buildings, to clean the refuse-littered streets, or to afford the inhabitants even the most nominal police protection. The crack of rifles and revolvers is as frequent in the

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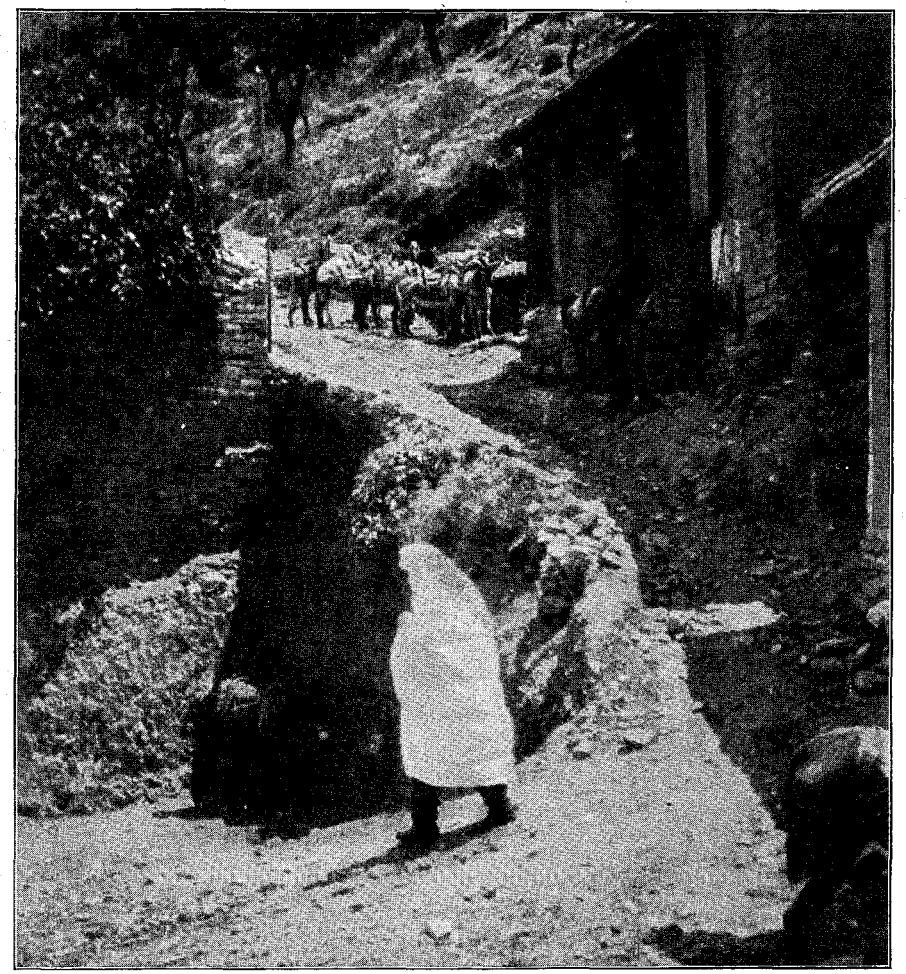

A hill-town in Albania.

White-cloaked Moslem women slip silently through the steep and narrow streets like sheeted ghosts.

streets of Monastir as the bang of bursting tires on Fifth Avenue. A Serbian sentry, on duty outside the house in which I was sleeping, suddenly loosed off a clip of cartridges in the street, for no reason in the world, it seemed, than because he liked to hear the noise! Dead bodies are found nearly every morning. Murders are so common that they do not provoke even passing comment. In the night there comes the sharp bark of an automatic or the shattering roar of a hand-grenade (which, since the war proved its efficacy, has become the most recherché weapon for private use in these regions), a clatter of feet, and a "Hello! Another killing." That is all. Life is the cheapest thing there is in the Balkans.

The only really clean place we found in Monastir was the American Red Cross Hospital, an extremely well-managed and efficient institution, which was under the direction of a young American woman, Dr. Frances Flood, who, with a single woman companion, Miss Jessup, pluckily remained at her post throughout the greater part of the war. The officers who during the war achieved rows of ribbons for having acted as messenger boys between the War Department and the foreign military missions in Washington, would feel a trifle embarrassed, I imagine, if they knew what this little American woman did to win *her* decorations.

It is in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty miles from Monastir to Sa-

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lonika across the Macedonian plain and the road is one of the very worst in Europe. Deep ruts, into which the car sometimes slipped almost to its hubs, and frequent gullies made driving, save at the most moderate speed, impossible, while, as many of the bridges were broken, and without signs to warn the traveller of their condition, we more than once barely saved ourselves from plunging through the gaping openings to disaster. The vast traffic of the fighting armies had ground the roads into yellow dust which rose in clouds as dense as a London fog, while the waves of heat from the sun-scorched plains beat against our faces like the blast from an open furnace door. Despite its abominable condition, the road was alive with traffic: droves of buffalo, black, ungainly, broad-horned beasts, their elephant-like hides caked with yellow mud; woolly waves of sheep and goats driven by wild mountain herdsmen in high fur caps and gaudy sashes; caravans of camels, swinging superciliously past on padded feet, laden with supplies for the interior or salvaged war material for the coast; clumsy carts, painted in strange designs and screaming colors, with great sharpened stakes which looked as though they were intended for purposes of torture, but whose real duty is to keep the top-heavy loads in place.

Though the slopes of the Rhodope and the Pindus are clothed with splendid forests, it is for the most part a flat and treeless land, dotted with clusters of filthy hovels made of sun-dried brick and with patches of discouraged-looking vegetation. As Macedonia (its inhabitants pronounce it as though the first syllable were *mack*) was once the granary of the East, I had expected to see illimitable fields of waving grain, but such fields as we did see were generally small and poor. Guarding them against the hovering swarms of blackbirds were many scarecrows, rigged out in the uniforms and topped by the helmets of the men whose bones bleach amid the grain. In Switzerland they make a very excellent red wine called *Schweizerblut*, because the grapes from which it is made are grown on soil reddened by the blood of the Swiss who fell on the battle-field of Morat. If blood makes fine wine, then the best wine in all the world should come from these Macedonian plains, for they have been soaked with blood since ever time began.

Our half-way town was Vodena, which seemed, after the heat and dust of the journey, like an oasis in the desert. Scores of streams, issuing from the steep slopes of the encircling hills, race through the town in a network of little canals and fling themselves from a cliff, in a series of superb cascades, into the wooded valley below. Philip of Macedon was born near Vodena, and there, in accordance with his wishes, he was buried. You can see the tomb, flanked by ever-burning candles, though you may not enter it, should you happen to pass that way. He chose his last resting-place well, did the great soldier, for the overarching boughs of ancient plane-trees turn the cobbled streets of the little town into leafy naves, the air is heavy with the scent of orange and oleander, and the place murmurs with the pleasant sound of plashing water.

Beyond Vodena the road improved for a time and we fled southward at greater speed, the telegraph-poles leaping at us out of the yellow dust-haze like the pikes of giant sentinels. At Alexander's Well, an ancient cistern built from marble blocks and filled with crystal-clear water, we paused to refill our boiling radiator, and paused again, a few miles farther on, at the wretched, mud-walled village which, according to local tradition, is the birthplace of the man who made himself master of three continents, changed the face of the world, and died at thirty-three.

Then south again, south again, across the seemingly illimitable plains, until, topping a range of bare brown hills, there lay spread before us the gleaming walls and minarets of that city where Paul preached to the Thessalonians. To the westward Olympus seemed to verify the assertions of the ancient Greeks that its summit touched the sky. To the east, outlined against the Ægean's blue, I could see the peninsula of Chalkis, with its three gaunt capes, Cassandra, Longos, and Athos, reaching toward Thrace, the Hellespont and Asia Minor, like the claw of a vulture stretched out to snatch the quarry which the eagles killed.

[The third of Mr. Powell's articles, "Will the Sick Man of Europe Recover?" will appear in the March number.]

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SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

II—MISCELLANEOUS (*Continued*)

CHARLES THOMAS NEWTON

THIS is not a name known far and wide, like the others I am recalling in the present pages; nor was its bearer in the full sense of the word a man of genius. That is to say he had not the intensity of being, the radiating fire of the spirit, which gives to the personality of genius its power to dominate and enthrall. But he had a character, and a very marked character, of his own: his actual achievement was a considerable one in the history of English, nay, of general Western culture, and in the absence of any full or formal biography it is right that some picture of him, as living as may be however brief, should be attempted by one who like myself enjoyed the honor of his regard and the advantage of his teaching. He was my senior by all but thirty years, and I first knew him when I came to London fresh from my Cambridge degree in 1867–68 and threw myself—among other studies which I did my best at the same time to master and to expound in popular reviews and journals—into the special study of classical archæology. Newton had then already been for seven years Keeper of the Department of Classical Antiquities at the British Museum. He had served in a subordinate post in the same institution for twelve years after his Oxford degree (1840–52), and then for a spell of seven years had held consular office in the Levant, first at Mytilene and then at Rhodes, being charged at the same time with representing the interests of the British Museum in Asiatic Turkey and the islands. With the strong backing of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our all-powerful ambassador at Constantinople ("the great Elchi") he had during the years of the Crimean war and those next following been able to carry out the most systematic and successful excavations which had ever been undertaken in those parts in search of Greek antiquities and inscriptions. He had been fitted above other men for the task by a natural instinct,—a natural affinity, one might almost put it, with the objects of his pursuit,—as well as by the most careful training and preparation. A fully equipped Oxford scholar from Shrewsbury and Christchurch, he possessed besides what it had been too much the habit and defect of English scholarship to lack, a strong and well-instructed love for the extant remains of Greek art; while the records of Greek public and private life preserved in lapidary inscriptions at all times interested him and exercised his faculties even more than those preserved in books.

Both these classes of material were capable of being augmented from hour to hour by investigation on the sites of ancient cities and burial-places, and to augment them by such means had been the passion of Newton's life. The result of his labors during those responsible years on the coasts and in the islands of the Levant had been to rescue for the study and admiration of the after world, and secure for the enrichment of his museum, all those remains of the renowned Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, the master-work of the second great school of Athenian sculptors and architects in the fourth century B. C., which lay buried under the buildings of the Turkish town of Budrum; the two noble colossal portrait figures, shattered but restorable, of Mausolos himself and his wife Artemisia; headless riders on great fragments of rearing horses; the unbroken head and forehand of another and huger horse standing with the bronze bit intact in its mouth; many mutilated great guardian lions; many exquisite frieze-fragments of fighting Amazon and Centaur and racing charioteer; beautifully wrought blocks of column,

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cornice, architrave, and capital,—Newton's work had been to rescue and secure these, besides such an unique and moving masterpiece of the antique genius as the seated statue of the sorrowing Demeter from Knidos, and the series of solemn semi-Egyptian seated figures from the great temple-avenue at Branchidæ, with many treasures more not here to be recounted. After his return from these labors and appointment as Keeper at the museum, Newton by his authority and influence, though no longer by explorations of his own conducting, continued on a great scale the enrichment of his department. Other researchers under his impulse and suggestion discovered and sent home precious remains from Ephesus, Priene, Cyrene, from Sicily and Cyprus: and concurrently with these gains a parsimonious treasury was induced to provide funds for the purchase one after another, of nearly all the chief collections formed by Continental amateurs and dealers; the Pourtalès collection; the Blacas collection; from the great Italian dealer Castellani several collections in succession, besides single acquisitions of any one of which was apt to be an event and an excitement in itself; as for instance that magnificent, all but uninjured, bronze colossal head of a goddess found in the farther parts of Armenia, which has been conjectured to have been broken from some famous work, or replica of a work, by Praxiteles, and which stands scarcely rivalled in its kind in any museum of the world.

I have said that Newton had the passion for these things; but in spite of his achievement the word seems hardly suitable to a man of his temperament. Stanch and even tender in kindness toward those he cared for and had learned to trust, he was of a reserved and rather austere habit in ordinary intercourse, and by experience and training had acquired a degree of caution and mistrustfulness with strangers which might easily have been mistaken for cynicism. As he moved about with a somewhat shuffling or flinching gait (for his feet did not in later years carry him very well) among the noble damaged marbles at the British Museum, the kinship between him and them seemed to strike obviously upon the eye. True, his tall figure was too spare for that of a rightly proportioned Hellenic god or demigod or sage, but his head was truly Olympian. The hair grew outward from the parting in rich and waving grizzled masses, to which corresponded a square grizzled beard somewhat roughly kempt: the brow was intent and deeply corrugated, the features severely handsome save for a broken nose, the result of a fall; but this seemed only to complete his facial likeness to a Greek Zeus injured and imperfectly restored. A great scholar and a great gentleman, he was in all companies a distinguished presence and in all the best was made welcome. His style, in conversation as in writing and lecturing, was marked by a certain old-fashioned dryness and dignity scarcely less telling in its way than the richer coloring of more expansive or more imaginative talkers; and in dealing with pretension whether social or intellectual he had a vein of irony the more effective for being kept scrupulously within the bounds of formal courtesy.

When I first knew him he was only lately beginning to come into the world again after an overwhelming sorrow which left its mark on all his after-life. At the close of his labors in the Levant he had been for a short while British consul at Rome, and had there met Ann Mary Severn, the daughter of Joseph Severn, the devoted painter-friend of Keats. This lady was herself an artist of truly sensitive hand and eye, and by all accounts a person of the utmost charm and sweetness. She and Newton were married in 1860 and lived a life of perfect harmony, she entering helpfully into all his interests and studies, until six years later she was suddenly carried away by an illness of a peculiarly painful and tragic character. He could never bring himself to speak of her afterward, but those who knew him best were conscious that his innermost thoughts were always of his lost happiness. Come into the world again, however, he did, and I used to meet him at many places besides the scene of his official duties in the museum; among others at the periodical dinners of the Dilettante, an ancient aristocratic and convivial society dating from the year 1732, which had in its day combined the habit of high

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carouse with much good work in antiquarian discovery and publication, and still kept up its reputation in the latter kind and some of its quaint rites and usages, though not its excesses, in the former.

Newton's discoveries in the 50's and his position at the museum afterward had placed him first by common consent among the working classical archæologists of his time in Europe. But that branch of study had since the days of Winckelmann been much more generally followed and understood among German scholars than among English; and after their triumph and the establishment of their empire in 1870 the Germans,—keen, to their credit be it said, in the pursuit and organization of every other science no less than of the sciences of conquest and spoliation,—were determined to take a practical lead in archæological research on classic ground. Their first great undertaking was the excavation, by arrangement with the Greek Government, of the site of the ancient temple and sacred enclosure of Zeus at Olympia, which had been tentatively scratched by the French under General Maison many years before. By the winter of 1874–75 this undertaking was in full swing. I was eager to visit and watch it, and with some difficulty persuaded Newton to meet me toward the end of March at Athens in order that we might arrange to travel thence to Olympia together. Some years had gone by since he had last been in the Levant. It was my own first visit to Greek soil. I shall not dwell on the incomparable thrill—for such it must be to every scholar not having a soul of putty—of my first sight of Athens and first days spent there, but shall only recall a few traits of my elder companion during our trip. Travel in Greece was then very different from what it is now. The isthmus of Corinth had not then been cut by a canal but had to be crossed by coach. There were no railways in the Peloponnese, and all travel was either by coasting steamer, or by carriage where there existed anything like a road, or else on horseback. The town nearest to the site of Olympia, from which the excavations were approached and supplied, was Pyrgos. Thither we had arranged to go by a coasting steamer from Corinth. We were pacing the shingle of the beach in readiness for the boat's early start when to my discomfiture a cold fit fell suddenly upon the spirits of my companion. He began conjuring up a vision of imaginary troubles and treacheries awaiting us on our projected trip, and actually proposed that we should give it up and go back to Athens. I knew him to have shown in the course of his career abundant coolness and resource in the presence of real danger, and guessed that there had come upon him in the morning chill a mood which is best explained by a passage in his book of "Travels and Discoveries," telling how he once surprised a Greek servant in the act of robbing him:—

"I have not seen so livid and hideous a complexion since the day when Timoleon Pericles Vlastò was detected stealing coins from the British Museum. This man came to me from Smyrna with an excellent character. He had most engaging manners, and was always thanking me for my goodness to him, and telling me that I was better than a father to him. I have little doubt that he would have cut my throat with the same pleasant smile on his face. People in England wonder how it is that, after a long residence in the East, Europeans become so suspicious, jealous, and generally cantankerous; but they forget that an Englishman in the Levant is doomed to pass his life surrounded by people who may be described by the ever-recurring phrase applied by Darius to his enemies in the Behistun inscription, 'And he was a liar.' The very air we breathe in Turkey is impregnated with lies."

It turned out not difficult, however, to talk him out of this momentary mood. We pursued our journey, were landed at Katacolo, the port of Pyrgos, rode to the village of Druva, where the German scientific expedition was installed, were hospitably received, and spent some days studying with intense interest the results of the excavations so far as they had then been carried. From the mere configuration of the ground, with the brook Kladeos, its course marked at that season by flowering Judas-trees, running at right angles into the broad shingle-bed of the Alpheios near the foot of the hill Kronion,

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it was easy enough to recognize the general plan of the site, the great common centre of ancient Greek Zeus-worship and of athletic and poetic contests and glories. It was not too difficult to reconstruct in the mind's eye the aspect of the walled and consecrated precinct of the Altis, dominant within whose boundaries had stood the great temple of the god, besides his open-air altar and the hundred other temples and altars of Olympia, together with the innumerable multitude of votive and memorial statues, a forest of bronze and marble, which had crowded the intervening spaces. Nay, looking out over the windings of the Alpheios, marked here by clouds of drifting dust and here by the shimmer of water, away to the gleaming level of the sea itself, it was hard not in your mind's eye to break the solitude of that sea-line, and to descry sails converging from the west, and throngs marshalling themselves beside the river-mouth, as when the sons of Hellas were wont to gather in their galleys for the great anniversary from every state of the mainland and every colony overseas. . . .

But the immediate daily fruits of the excavation were such as to leave little time for dreaming, and to raise in trained minds a hundred absorbing problems. Fragments of sculpture and architecture were coming up as thick as potatoes under the spade,—the flying Victory of Paionios, duly identified by its inscribed pedestal; many drums of the columns of the great temple lying regularly in rows as they had fallen outward; the sculptured figures, one after another and all more or less shattered, of the east pediment of the same temple. Some of these finds seemed to confirm, some very perplexingly to contradict, anticipations formed on the strength of ancient guide-books and histories. Naturally Newton had in his guarded way much to say and to suggest on these antiquarian problems as each presented itself to us, and naturally his words were received with respectful attention. But it is not these which after the lapse of four-and-forty years remain in my mind. What remains perversely and indelibly fixed there is a trifling little scene which occurred on our way back to Athens. Instead of taking boat again from Katacolo we drove from Pyrgos across the plain of Elis, by such rough, less than half-made apology for a road as then existed, as far as Patras, the chief port of Northern Peloponnese. About half-way we stopped for a meal at a little hostelry in the village of Ali Tchelebi, near the lakelet of the same name, then beautifully fringed with flowering oleander scrub. As we sat out after the meal we noticed a great hairy caterpillar some five inches long crawling perseveringly across the yard on some errand of its own. We were watching its progress with a mild interest when suddenly from a shed at one side a lean long-legged hen came scurrying after it with outstretched neck, and in another moment had with a greedy chuckle gobbled it up. The event tickled the cynical fibres in my old friend's nature, and in a rare vein of smiling, disillusioned worldly wisdom he fell to moralizing upon it as a symbol of the predatory scheme of life in general and human life in particular. As such he would often humorously return to it in talk during after years in London.

These were for Newton years of gradually declining strength, during which his services having tardily received the reward of a public honor, he continued for a while with usefulness and dignity his work both as Keeper at the museum and lecturer at the University of London. The last years before his death were spent in retirement and much needed rest; not without solace from the grateful affection of those of us who had known, under his guarded exterior a spirit the most zealous in research and teaching and a heart the best to be trusted in friendship.

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY

It was in Newton's company, in the month of February, 1881, that I had my only meeting with this remarkable survivor of the great days and great men of the opening century. To us of a later generation, or rather of several successive generations, Trelawny had become a personage legendary while he yet lived. In him, more than in any other single man, had been incarnated two of the main active impulses which were stirring in men's minds in the days of the romantic movement of 1790–1820: the impulse to social rebellion and the impulse to remote travel

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and adventure. The younger son of an old Cornish stock, endowed by nature with an ungovernable spirit and extraordinary bodily strength and hardihood, he had in boyhood been first expelled from school and then a runaway from the King's Navy; then a comrade and leader of privateers, scarcely to be distinguished from pirates, in the Eastern seas: then the associate of Shelley and Byron in Tuscany, and of Shelley in especial the ardent admirer and friend,—the man who last spoke to the poet in life and who snatched his heart out of the pyre which consumed his remains: then the companion of Byron on his expedition in aid of Greek liberty, and both before and after Byron's death the trusted lieutenant of the famous Greek chieftain Odysseus, a partisan at war equally with the Turk and with the provisional native government at Athens: the victim of an attempted assassination while left in charge of that chieftain's treasure in a cavern fortress on Mount Olympus: then, after his recovery and a few years spent in the Ionian Islands, settled as a man of leisure and letters at Florence, the most confidential friend of Shelley's widow and bent himself upon writing Shelley's life: then, when he was foiled in that hope, turning to weave the story of his own wild early life into a thrilling, inextricable, ultra-romantic blend of fact and fiction in his book "The Adventures of a Younger Son": next, a traveller again, performing unrecorded or vaguely recorded feats of strength and endurance in the wilder regions of America both North and South: then for some seasons a conspicuous member of London society, made much of by fashionable folk in spite—or perhaps because—of his scorn of social rules and conventions: then living alternately in the suburbs as something of a recluse and in South Wales as a country gentleman and hard-working practical farmer and gardener, but never for very long without some scandal attending his name, for of all laws the marriage laws were those he respected least: then for a second time an author, recounting his relations with Shelley and Byron and his experience in Greece with a masterly gift of human presentment and in a style much less tumultuous and overstrained than that of his earlier adventure book: and thereafter living on and on, for the most part in retirement in the country, until of his own memorable age he had become almost the last survivor, and an object of curiosity and pilgrimage to successions of younger men and women seeking in their minds or writings to reconstruct it.

Naturally I had always had the wish to see this veteran, and at the date I have mentioned the opportunity came. Newton and I were the guests for a winter week-end of our friends Captain and Lady Alice Gaisford in their Sussex home, distant about a mile from the cottage in the village of Sompting where Trelawny had then long been living. Our host, a brother Dilettante of Newton's and mine, was a son of the once famous Greek scholar and dean of Christ Church, Thomas Gaisford, and was himself a fine type of handsome, chivalrous, cultivated English gentleman. He was on terms of friendly regard and intercourse,—under some degree of protest, if I remember right, from Lady Alice,—with the old rebel his neighbor, and by previous arrangement walked over with us and introduced us. The house where Trelawny lived was a large cottage painted red and set back a little way on the left-hand side of the road, not far from the entrance to the village. The veteran received us in a small, old-fashioned room on the ground floor, where he sat in an arm-chair with a couple of black-and-tan terriers playing at his feet. I had been accustomed to hear much of his extraordinary vigor. He had always been of abstemious habits, and although past eighty-eight, and a water-drinker, and although he had still inside him one of the two bullets which had been lodged there by the assassin Fenton and his accomplice during the Greek war of liberation, he was nevertheless, it was said, so strong that he had only lately given up the habit of bathing in the sea in all seasons, and of warming himself on the coldest mornings, not at the fire, which he refused to have lighted before noon, but by the exercise of chopping wood. I was therefore somewhat surprised to perceive in him at first sight all the appearances of decrepitude. He scarcely moved himself in his chair on our entrance, but sat in a shrunken attitude, with his hands on his

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knees, speaking little, and as if he could only fix his attention by an effort. He wore an embroidered red cap, of the unbecoming shape in use in Byron's day, with a stiff projecting peak. His head thus appeared to no advantage; nevertheless in the ashen color of the face, the rough gray hair and beard and firmly modelled mouth set slightly awry, in the hard, clear, handsome aquiline profile (for the nose, though not long, was of marked aquiline shape), and in the masterful, scowling gray eye, there were traces of something both more distinguished and more formidable than is seen in Sir John Millais's well-known likeness of him, as an old seaman in his picture "The North-West Passage,"—a likeness with which the sitter himself was much dissatisfied.

The talk ran at first on commonplace matters and mutual acquaintances. In its course the downright old man denounced as "lies" the ordinary formulas of social politeness and solicitude. His voice was at first weak and muffled; at the same time his scorn of conventions seemed to declare itself in a certain bluntness and bluffness of utterance, and in tricks of pronunciation such as the sounding of "put" with the vowel short as in "shut." Was this ruggedness of speech and manner, I could not help asking myself, quite genuine and natural in a gentleman born, who, rough as had been his early experiences, had nevertheless lived familiarly among equals whenever he chose: or had it been at first wilfully adopted and become by degrees a second nature? By and by he began to rouse himself, and then his conversation became, at least at intervals, curiously impressive. His moral and social recklessness, his defiance of current opinions, his turbulent energy, his sure eye for character and his no less sure instinct for literature, all made themselves felt, along with the extraordinary interest of his experiences. From time to time he would rise, almost bound, up in his chair, with his eyes fastened on yours like a vice, and in tones of incredible power would roar what he had to say into your face. I never heard from human lungs a voice so energetic as that which burst from the old man in these explosions; explosions which subsided quickly, and in the intervals of which his accents were quiet and muffled as before. When the personal preliminaries were over we talked of current politics. It was the hour when the long negotiations between the British generals and administrators and the Boer leaders had failed, and the operations of the Transvaal war were in full swing. Trelawny defiantly declared his hope that the English would be beaten. "If I were a younger man," he shouted in a strong crescendo, "I would go and fight for the Boers—fight for the Boers—fight for the Boers."

There was seeming imminent at the same hour another war nearer home though not touching us so deeply. Greece had been pressing for the fulfilment by Turkey of those clauses of the Treaty of Berlin which handed over to her the provinces of Thessaly and Epirus. Turkish diplomacy had resisted by all the devices of obstinacy and cunning known to it; and the great Powers, each afraid of throwing Turkey into the arms of the other, had failed to insist, and striven, so far vainly, to effect a settlement by compromise. Greece was preparing for war, —and if war broke out, which side of the two, one of us asked, did Trelawny think would win? Who could tell? he said; the Greeks had never, for two thousand years, faced an enemy in the open field. All their successes in the war of liberation had been won in guerilla fighting: the Turkish squadrons used to march in column along the plains, when the Greek sharpshooters would line the hills and harass or destroy them without exposing themselves. I had lately been re-reading Trelawny's "Records of Shelley, Byron," etc., and this answer reminded me of one of its most striking passages, and showed me how entirely the old man was thinking in the light of his own experiences during the war of liberation some fifty-five years earlier. Here is the passage in question:—

"On our way to Corinth, we passed through the defiles of Dervenakia; our road was a mere mule-path for about two leagues, winding along in the bed of a brook, flanked by rugged precipices. In this gorge, and a more rugged path above it, a large Ottoman force, principally cavalry, had been stopped, in the previous

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autumn, by barricades of rocks and trees, and slaughtered like droves of cattle by the wild and exasperated Greeks. It was a perfect picture of the war, and told its own story; the sagacity of the nimble-footed Greeks, and the hopeless stupidity of the Turkish commanders, were palpable: detached from the heaps of dead, we saw the skeletons of some bold riders who had attempted to scale the acclivities, still astride the skeletons of their horses, and in the rear, as if in the attempt to back out of the fray, the bleached bones of the negroes' hands still holding the hair ropes attached to the skulls of their camels—death like sleep is a strange posture-master. There were grouped in a narrow space five thousand or more skeletons of men, horses, camels, and mules; vultures had eaten their flesh, and the sun had bleached their bones."

Continuing on the same subject, one of us asked, would not Mr. Trelawny like to go and fight for Greece now, as he had fought for her before? No, if after leaving Greece he had ever gone back there again he would without doubt have been assassinated. Why? For the sake of plunder; because he, and he alone, knew the caves and hiding-places where the chief Odysseus had deposited his treasure. Here again the veteran was evidently thinking in terms of his bygone experience. It was by the fabulous accounts of the wealth accumulated by Odysseus in his cavern that the Scotsman Fenton and his accomplice had been lured to their act of treachery. But granting Trelawny to be the only man possessing the secret of those hoards, in what way an assassin in later times could possibly have profited by his death was not apparent; neither did we press the point. Speaking of the actual attempt made on his life in 1825, Trelawny described how his Hungarian servant, standing on guard at the mouth of the cave, confronted and shot the would-be assassin Fenton, who was attempting to escape under the pretext that what had happened within was a dreadful accident. One of us, referring to the shot with which Fenton wounded Trelawny, not to that with which the Hungarian servant killed Fenton, asked if it had not been in the back, which as a matter of fact it was; whereupon Trelawny, misunderstanding the question and still thinking of the action of the Hungarian, rose with a roar and a flash, and shouted, "No, in the face, in the face."

Passing to the circumstances of Shelley's death in 1822, Trelawny, after showing us the scar where he had burned his hand in plucking the poet's heart out of the ashes, detailed at length his reasons for believing that the capsizing of Shelley's boat, the *Don Juan* (rechristened the *Ariel*), in the squall after she had left Leghorn Harbor, was due to foul play. He dwelt particularly on the circumstance that he had been himself prevented from putting out in company with his friends in Byron's schooner *The Bolivar* by warnings of the quarantine to which he would thereby make himself liable, addressed to him from the pier by men affecting to be custom-house officers but who turned out not to be custom-house officers after all. This belief that the *Ariel* had not gone down by accident in the squall but been deliberately run down, was one which had by degrees gained complete possession of Trelawny's mind, but is not shared by those who have inquired most carefully into the evidences.

Being then, as always, especially interested in all that concerns either Keats or Landor, I tried to lead the old man's thoughts toward the days (about 1828–30) when he was living at Florence in the intimacy of Keats's friend Charles Brown, and on friendly terms with Landor himself. Knowing that it was by a hint of Trelawny's that Brown had been induced to adopt a second Christian name, Armitage, so that he might be better distinguished from the general tribe of Browns, and that on the other hand it was by Brown's suggestion and permission that Trelawny had prefixed to many of the chapters of his "Adventures of a Younger Son" mottoes from Keats's poetry both published and unpublished, I had hoped to get from the old man a more living image of Brown's person and character than I had yet been able to form. I was very desirous also to learn how Trelawny had agreed with that other stiff-backed and strong-lunged type of haughty British independence and self-will, Walter Savage Landor, his senior by some two and twenty years. Would his talk, I

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further asked myself, yield me any side-light on his opinion of Landor's highly idealized and idyllic treatment, in one of the most beautiful of the "Imaginary Conversations," of his own, Trelawny's, relations as lover and husband with Tersitza, the girl-sister of the Greek chief Odysseus? But of Brown he had nothing to say; and concerning Landor,—"a remarkable man, a remarkable man," he repeated several times, but would not be drawn into further comment except in regard to the mistake Landor had made in overrating Southey. Some general remarks on poets and poetry ensuing, Trelawny declared his great admiration for William Blake, whose work, unread and ignored among the associates of his youth, had only in later years become known to him through the publication of Gilchrist's "Life" and Rossetti's reprints. He proceeded to recite standing, with the full force of his tremendous voice, some stanzas of the poem "London" from the "Songs of Experience":—

> "In every cry of every man,
> In every infant's cry of fear,
> In every voice, in every ban,
> The mind-forged manacles I hear,"—

and so forth.

By this time we had sat with our entertainer a long while; and I could see by the impatient demeanor of the two terriers that we had outstayed the hour at which they expected their master to take them out walking. When we rose to go he accompanied us into the hall. Newton, in shaking hands, congratulated him on looking so very well considering his age, and then turned to put on his coat: whereupon I could hear the old man, standing behind him, and conscious no doubt of his own fast declining health, growl to himself "'S'very well, s'very well'; that's the kind o' lies I was talking of: lies, lies, lies." His last words to us were nevertheless kindly. It did not need the notes, which on this single exceptional occasion I took at the time, to keep vivid in my mind the image of this hard-bitten, keen-visaged, bull-voiced, rich-memoried veteran as he stood grumbling, but not unfriendly, on his door-step. Scarcely more than six months later he died, and his remains were removed to Rome to be buried in the grave he had long ago secured for himself beside Shelley's. In like manner Joseph Severn, dying at Rome some thirteen months before, had after an interval of all but sixty years been laid to rest beside his own poet friend, Keats: and with the deaths of these two, Trelawny and Severn, the great romantic age seemed to many of us to have receded out of living touch and reach into a past newly intangible and remote.

VICTOR HUGO

With this chief poet and romance-writer of his nation and generation, this world-famous great master of the sublime and tender and (for the word must out) of the preposterous, it was my privilege to be allowed one or two private conversations within a few years of his return from exile and the calamities of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71. I used to be often in Paris in those days, and principally through my friend Phillippe Burty, the art-critic, had access to the most interesting circles in literature and politics. Burty was a man of exquisite perceptions and sensibilities, with a purring and coaxing softness of manner under which lay much genuine affectionateness as well as an enthusiastic and discriminating love of art: and not only these but a stanch courage, proved throughout the horrors of the siege and Commune and the tense political struggle which followed them. In the days of the reactionary Bordeaux Assembly and the *rêpublique militante* he was a warm adherent of the liberal causes and of their leaders, and was held in equal regard by the poet-seer Hugo and the fiery parliamentary champion Gambetta. Hence his recommendation secured me a welcome in the quarters where I most desired it. I had at his suggestion left at Victor Hugo's home a magazine article of mine reviewing Hugo's recently published poem, "l'Année Terrible." Though the great man could not well have read it (for his notions of the English language were as vague and weird as one would expect from the author of "L'Homme qui rit" and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer") he was polite enough to praise and thank me for it both in speech and writing. Accordingly in

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1873 or 1874 (I think it must have been in January, 1874) I was asked to some of his evening receptions in the Rue Clichy. He had just turned his seventieth year, and his strength of body and mind showed no sign of abatement; while his aureole as poet and prophet home from exile was still almost undimmed, the various phases of the coming anti-romantic reaction not having gained much strength till later. At these evening gatherings the ex-actress and ex-beauty Madame Drouet, the housemate and companion of all Hugo's later life even from before his wife's death, used to do the honors. The poet had a gracious and not too self-conscious patriarchal courtesy and cordiality of manner in receiving his guests; but I thought that their demeanor toward him was somewhat too submissive in homage, that the silence for which those nearest him gave sign when the master was about to speak was inconsistent with social ease; and from a couple of these evenings of formal reception I did not carry away a wholly pleasant impression. But on two other evenings it happened that Madame Drouet was ailing. The ordinary receptions were put off; but for some reason or by some means, I know not what, I was admitted, and on each occasion the poet came in from the patient's bedside, slippered and evidently anxious, and with a manner of the kindest courtesy gave me the best part of an hour to myself. I had wondered beforehand whether his talk would have in it much or any of that blend of grandiose idealist patriotism, optimism, and theism commingled which permeates so much of his work and reaches its climax in "l'Année Terrible." Some of the spirit of that poem I had lately been trying my best to interpret and condense in English. The reader knows the kind of strain:—

"Paris is the city of destiny and of the dawn, the seat of future and of light, the travailing mother of the To Be; she has loved much and suffered much; envied be her calamities; fair is her fate, for she bleeds for mankind, and her crown of thorns shall turn in the fulness of time to an undying aureole in the sight of the nations. . . . I believe in God the Spirit of Justice, who is one with the Ideal, Conscience, Liberty; who is the Soul of our soul, the vast Unknown behind all religions, the highest Right, the universal Law, the supreme Immovable, the dazzling incomprehensible All. And I believe in Paris, which is the city of God, the champion of Justice, the seat of Conscience, the martyr of Liberty, the lamp of Reason, the inextinguishable hearth of the Soul. . . . When Paris founders, faith turns to doubt; zero is the sum of things; the goal of our journeying is naught. But once more—no; the heart beats high again; the city shall survive, shall mew her mighty youth; creation shall not prove a mockery; the pillar of light shall not be a gibbet of shame; there shall not be poison in the fields, the woods, the flowers; history shall not be a frantic and furious chaos of fatalities; the world shall not be a dismal indictment against its Maker; comets shall not need to wring their hair. *I* to doubt the issue! *I* to deny the human progress which is the pivot of the vast movement of the welded universe! *I*, the watcher for the day-spring, to despond because the night is long! Nay, I have done my duty: I suffer and am glad: I march on, knowing that naught of all is false, knowing that my hope is sure, and steadfast is the firmament. And I bid ye hope with me, all ye that love and are cast down; and I bear ye witness that the unknown Being who scatters abroad splendors, flowers, universes, and takes no count; who pours forth stars, winds, and seasons as from ever-open granaries; who gives forth everlastingly to sky-piercing mountains and dyke-devouring seas the gifts of azure and lightning and daylight and the sky; who floods space with the torrents of light, life, and love—I bear ye witness that He who dieth not and passeth not away, who spread the book of the world which priests mis-spell, who gave beauty for the vesture of the Absolute, who is real despite of doubt and true despite of tales—I bear ye witness that He, the Eternal, the Infinite, is not as a riddle having no key."

Ideas much to this effect, though of course in a lower key, did in point of fact fall from him in those evenings' talks, both the semi-public and the private. Nor much less like one's preconceived expectation was his mention of his proposed

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title (never in point of fact used) for a new volume of poetry to come;—"Les Colères Justes." When I ventured to wonder whether the author of "Les Châtiments," the lifelong fulminator against kings and priests and conquerors and oppressors, and all the cruelties and tyrannies and treacheries of the world, could have left many things that deserved his anger still unscourged, he assured me yes, there remained plenty, and descending to a lower scale began to talk scathingly, first of the reactionary Assembly of Bordeaux, and next of some of the errors and blunders of the military defense of Paris. General Trochu ("Participe passé du verbe trop choir," as by a ponderous enough pun he has somewhere called him) came in for a full share of contempt: and then the poet went on to dilate on a scheme of defense that should and would have been tried had he had his way. What should have been done, he declared, was to send up a vast number of captive balloons from the beleaguered city to the greatest height possible above the Prussian lines: platforms should have been swung in the air from between pairs or groups of such balloons; and from those platforms the best scientific chemists of the city should have poured down deadly corrosive compounds upon the enemy's lines which should have caused his hosts to burn up and shrivel and be no more.

The progress of lethal invention in the last fifty years has so far outstripped the dream of the poet-prophet as to make his imagined expedient sound primitive and futile enough; yet his manner and language in describing it combined, I remember, the apocalyptic with the familiar in a style which seemed impressive enough to his hearer at the time.

But on both evenings one special subject was uppermost in his talk and evidently in his mind, and that was the contrast between himself and the last great world-poet and sage before him, Goethe, in the matter of patriotism. A feeling of rivalry against Goethe, a jealousy of Goethe's fame, was never far,—so I have since heard from those who knew him best,—from Victor Hugo's mind. For much in the historic and romantic past of Germany he had (as a fine section in "l'Année Terrible" abundantly shows) a generous admiration; nor had his furious and well-justified hatred of nineteenth-century Prussia and her rulers extinguished it. But for Goethe, who in his view was a German without being a German patriot, he had no toleration. His quarrel with him was not for being too much, but for being too little, of a German. Love of humanity, he vowed, which did not begin at home was worth nothing. Cosmopolitan good-will was a fine thing, but to love one's own country best was the essential virtue of man. That while Germany lay trampled under the heel of Napoleon Bonaparte, Goethe should have gone as a guest to the camp of the conqueror at Erfurt was for him a sin unpardonable. Dilating on it and comparing his own frame of mind on such matters, he wound up by saying, with his hand at his heart, "Moi, je regarde Goethe comme Jeanne d'Arc aurait regardé Messaline." I have ever since carried with me the memory of this typical Hugonian pronouncement, and of the full, soft, authoritative and serenely unchallengeable tone in which he uttered it.

The master lived and wrote for some fifteen years after that date; and naturally I had from time to time work to do and friends to see in Paris; but for I know not what reason, or for none, I failed to seek his hospitality again. I wonder whether his appeased spirit may now be hovering over his beloved city, confirmed in all his transcendental faiths and foresights by the retribution, outdoing his own direst imprecations and most exulting prophecies, which in the fulness of time has overtaken her victorious enemies of the Year Terrible.

GAMBETTA

In old days I used to be careless about the keeping of letters, even from the most interesting correspondents, and the letter from the great French patriot and statesman which I print below most likely owes its preservation to the fact that I gave it, soon after it was written, to a friend for her collection of autographs. A recent renewed sight of it has brought back to my memory some incidents of the acquaintance, not intimate but cordial and by me much prized, which I had with the writer in the mid 'seventies of the last century. Those were the years,

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as every one knows, during which Gambetta waged and won, against the two extremes of monarchical or imperialist reaction on the one side and ultraradical *intransigeance* on the other, his fiercely arduous, long-fluctuating, up-hill fight for the establishment of a sane and moderate republic in France. It was in the winter of 1873–4 that I first met him, going by appointment to call on him at his modest quarters in the rue Montaigne. I had till then never seen him either in the tribune or elsewhere. From his reputation as the most impassioned of combatant political orators and leaders—or, as his enemies had it, the wildest of demagogues,—I had expected to find in him a typical, high-strung, restlessly excitable and volatile son of the South. It was therefore with some surprise that I found, instead, a substantial rubicund person, occupying solidly the middle of a broad settee, who welcomed me with quiet geniality and proceeded at once to discuss gravely a question which was then deeply agitating France, that of the freedom of the press. Within the previous six or eight months Gambetta had fought two tremendous battles in the Chamber on this subject, one after the suppression of the *Corsaire* newspaper, the other after a special gagging law introduced and passed by the reactionary government in July. But in his own rooms and to his English visitor he talked of these matters without heat or rhetoric, as though for the moment his interest in them were historical and abstract. He referred much and particularly to Milton's famous "Areopagitica" (or "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing)" as known to him in Châteaubriand's translation. Thence the talk passed to divers matters of non-political literature and of art, including the English school of painting as he had just been studying it in a recent exhibition at Brussels; and I came away realizing what I had not at all known when I went in, that here was a man who, intense as might be the strain thrown on the energies and resources of his being by the daily strife of politics, had also outside of politics a richly furnished mind and interests unusually keen and varied. For the next four years or more I seldom passed any time in Paris without seeking opportunity to know him better. Once or twice I heard him speak in public debate at Versailles, once or twice at semi-private political gatherings of his supporters. More often, that is perhaps four or five times, I saw him in the character of host at his own breakfast-table, and about as many times as chief guest at the evening parties of that most zealous and cordial of political entertainers, Madame Edmond Adam.

At Versailles, looking down from the gallery on to the floor of the Chamber and watching him shoulder his way, genially and at the same time commandingly, among the crowd of his supporters, taking one by the arm, leaning upon the shoulder of the next, addressing one after another with a different persuasiveness or impressiveness or familiarity of gesture and accost, I am not sure but that I have been more impressed with the sense of born, instinctive leadership in him thus conveyed than even by the overwhelming power shown by him in set orations from the tribune. For the latter kind of exhibition report had pretty fully prepared one. It was great, but it was not unexpected, to observe how he would begin hoarsely and heavily; how the hostile majority would at first interrupt and challenge and seek to silence him with bitter gibes and taunts; how presently that mass of a man would take fire and seem to be all enkindled and transformed, how the great head and mane of hair would be flung back, the hand be thrust forth in sweeping, dominating gestures of denunciation or command, the voice roll out rich and clear in thundering periods of prophecy or argument or appeal or menace, till the ranks of his enemies would seem visibly to quiver before the storm like a field of corn before the gale.

As to its actual matter, the speech of his which I remember as striking me most was at some sort of private political or press gathering (can it have been of the staff of the *République Française?*). When toasts were in progress some one rose and volunteered a proposal to drink to the Universal Republic. Gambetta would not have it at any price. He leapt to his feet and shouted, "Qui donc entends-je parler de la république universelle? N'avons-nous pas assez de peine à fonder notre république à nous?" And he went on to insist how it was the para-

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mount duty and need of Frenchmen to sink their own differences, to found their own republic firmly, and in so doing to avoid above all things bringing fresh dangers on themselves by interfering with the politics of their neighbors. To enforce these two joint contentions had become, with experience and responsibility, the master motive of Gambetta's political life. History provides scarcely a stronger instance of the way in which time's teachings, to quote Shakespeare,

> "Divert strong minds to the course of altering things,"

than the transformation of Gambetta within a couple of years from a furiously impetuous preacher of revenge against Germany into an inculcator, even more impassioned and reiterant yet, of France's need to live on terms of peace and respect with all her neighbors, her late despoiler included, until such time as she should be herself again. The wisdom and statesmanship as well as the moral courage of this change of course in Gambetta have come, in most minds, to be beyond question now; but at the time the change was the cause of much calumnious bitterness on the part of his enemies and of painful estrangement from some of his friends. But of this more anon.

At Gambetta's breakfasts in the rue Montaigne, and afterward in the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, politics were of course always in the air, and from time to time one of his special lieutenants, de Freycinet or Spuller or Challemel-Lacour or Ranc, might be noticed going up to the head of the table for a confidential word aside with the chief. But the social atmosphere was almost as much literary and artistic as political. Both by taste and knowledge Gambetta could hold his own well and eloquently upon such subjects. He had in youth been both a greedy reader and a careful note-taker, and his memory was vigorous and well stored. In modern literature he loved both the great classics and the great romantics, but had little appetite for the then new and aggressive school of realists. One of the best dissections of Zola and his work I ever heard was at Gambetta's table. It was one of the guests, if I remember aright, and not the chief himself, who struck me as hitting the nail precisely on the head when he declared that Zola was under a mere delusion in imagining himself a realist; that he was in truth a perverted ultraromantic, the essential note of whose work was the *lyrisme effrêné* with which he emphasized and piled up and exaggerated the squalid and loathsome. Among the habitual guests at these breakfasts, and one of the host's most intimate and trusted friends, was the famous actor Coquelin, whom I knew independently. I have a lively recollection of a day when, after the meal was over and cigarettes lighted, Coquelin, seated straddlewise and talking over the back of his chair, held forth on the manner in which, if he had the chance, he would wish to play the part of Alceste in Molière's "Misanthrope." "On peut être distingué quand on veut," he interjected of himself, with a gesture meant to indicate as much: but the idea that such a part could fit him only showed that an artist incomparable within his range, and brilliantly intelligent to boot, could be very imperfectly conscious of his own physical limitations. He did, I believe, attempt the part afterward in England (did he also in America?) but never at the Comédie Française.

At the salon of Madame Adam in the Boulevard Poissonière Gambetta's special gift and steadfast purpose of closing cleavages in his party, of bringing and keeping together the divers dissentient and mutually suspicious groups which it included, were seconded to admiration by the sagacious and single-minded goodwill of the host, and still more by the social charm and tact of his wife, a woman as cultivated as she was handsome and gracious. There too the atmosphere, though mainly political, was literary and artistic as well. My own chief passport to the lady's notice and hospitality had been my interest in Greek art and literature. I was grateful to her for the opportunities her invitations gave me of watching her at her woman's work of putting one after the other into good humor now some fossilized doctrinaire of the Left Centre, now some fiery young ultraradical from the south, and now some moody waverer between several camps, and so predisposing all manner of discordant male tempers to yield to the

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persuasions and arguments by which the chief should induce them to sink differences and work together. But she had her own unsubduable and passionately impatient emotions of patriotism, and could not prevent *La Revanche* from being the continual cry not only of her heart but of her tongue. After a while Gambetta's policy of never letting the word be uttered, however deeply the mind might cherish the purpose, wore out and alienated this headstrong feminine spirit. His reasoned conviction was that France was bound to live on terms of respect and international courtesy, if not amity, with Germany until time should bring her strength and opportunity to stand up on equal terms and demand restitution of the lost provinces or compensation for them. She crudely and blindly denounced this policy as "Bismarckism," and not only their political co-operation but their friendship, despite loyal efforts on both parts to preserve it, came to an end. This happened within a year or two after her husband's death in 1877; and by 1879 she was devoting her whole energies to the foundation and conduct of a great literary enterprise of her own, the *Nouvelle Revue*.

Here is a document, hitherto unpublished, which may serve to illustrate that attitude of Gambetta toward Germany and the *Revanche* which was one of the chief causes of estrangement between this friend and himself. To account for its existence I must explain that when I was in Greece in 1876 the German minister there was Herr von Radowitz (the Monsieur de R. of the letter), a brilliant and still young diplomatist who had been until lately Bismarck's secretary and stood especially high in the great Chancellor's favor. He and I saw much of each other at Athens, and were companions on several excursions and for the time being great friends. He having to depart for Berlin and I for London about the same time, we had agreed to come away together by one of the Austrian Lloyd mail-boats proceeding round Cape Malea to Trieste. An invitation to dinner for both of us at the English Legation coming for the night on which we should have started, we decided to change our plans, stay for the dinner, which we knew was bound to be pleasant, and travel from Athens to Corinth and via Patras, a short cut which would enable us to reach Corfu before the arrival of the Austrian mail-boat and be picked up there by her. Carrying out this plan, we came to Corfu accordingly, and after a few hours' rest went down to the harbor for the mail-steamer at the hour when she was due. The hour passed and she did not appear; and then another hour and another and another, until late in the afternoon there came the news that she had been in collision with an English cargo ship at three o'clock in the morning and gone down like a stone with absolutely every soul on board. Thus we two had had as narrow an escape for our lives as was possible to have without the least touch or thrill of adventure in it. Inasmuch as the change of plan which had brought it about was of my proposal, Herr von Radowitz, and afterward his family, chose to look upon me as having saved his life, and made much of me accordingly when I went to carry out some studies at Berlin the next year. Talking incidentally of Gambetta and of his position and aims in France, von Radowitz said how very highly his moderation and good sense were coming to be appreciated in Germany. I have never been a meddler in politics; but this time, fancying from my friend's manner that his words were meant to be repeated, I wrote to Gambetta and quoted them. It was one of the busiest and most trying moments of Gambetta's whole career, but he took the trouble to answer me with his own hand, saying how much he valued such an expression of opinion, and how one of his main objects was and would be that France should convince her neighbors beyond the Rhine of her own stability and moderation:—

"Mon cher Monsieur Colvin,

"Je vous suis extrêmement reconnaissant de la lettre si intéressante que vous avez bien voulu m'écrire. J'avais depuis déjà longtemps le pressentiment très vif qu'au delà des Vosges on savait voir et juger sainement et notre conduite et notre sincérité. Mais rien ne pouvait plus opportunément me confirmer dans mes espérances et mes vues que les déclarations si nettes et si fermes de votre éminent interlocuteur.

"Toutefois je dois dire, pour ne rien

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laisser dans l'ombre, qu'il me faut toute la confiance légitime que m'inspire le bon sens de mon pays, pour ne pas trembler devant les conséquences possibles de la monstrueuse aventure du 16 Mai. Heureusement nous vaincrons et alors il sera donné aux hommes de bonne volonté, animés de sages idées libérales et progressives, de donner à tous ceux qui au delà de nos frontières observent l'évolution de la France, des preuves et des gages de leur politique de paix et de modération au dedans et au dehors. Veuillez croire à mes sentiments dévoués,

LEON GAMBETTA
35, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,
Paris, 11 Oct., 1877."

In writing to Gambetta as I did I had not at all realized the extent to which he was making it his own duty and business to inform himself at first hand of the state of political and military affairs in Germany. In his reply he naturally does not give me the least hint of the fact, which has since come out, that he had actually himself, barely a month before the date of my letter, spent a fortnight incognito in the enemy's country observing and studying these matters for himself.* His reference in the second paragraph to the pending crisis in France relates of course to the consequences of Marshal MacMahon's action, on the 16th of the previous May, in arbitrarily dismissing the ministry of Jules Simon and forming, in the teeth of Republican majorities both in Chamber and Senate, a ministry of violent reaction under de Broglie and Fourtou. Differences among the various reactionary parties, and perhaps some bed-rock strain of soldierly honesty in the Marshal himself, had saved France from the military *coup d'état* and attempt at monarchical restoration which had been generally expected to follow. The Chamber had been legally dissolved and elections for a new Chamber held. The declaration of the result, so decisive for the whole future history of France, was due on October 14, only three days after the date of Gambetta's letter to me printed above. A large although diminished Republican majority was in fact returned, confirming Gambetta's prophetic threat that the Marshal would have either to submit or resign (*se soumettre ou se démettre*). He first submitted to the extent of appointing a ministry from the Left Centre and Left, and about a year later resigned. By this time Gambetta had become in all men's eyes incontestably the chief personage in France. But wisely or unwisely, he did not think the time ripe for him to assume the office of Chief of the State. First as president of the budget commission, then for nearly two years as president of the Chamber, then for a short while as prime minister, then as president of the army commission, he continued to be involved in incessant struggles on behalf of the domestic and foreign policies he thought wise. Meanwhile every kind of rancorous jealousy and ingratitude was unchained in endeavors by his enemies and false friends to blacken him in the sight of France as a would-be dictator; and the worst of the obloquy thus aroused was only beginning to pass away when death overtook him (December 31, 1882).

During those last four years I was much less in France than previously, and saw little of him. Indeed I cannot remember that I ever spoke with him after he had become president of the Chamber; or shared his hospitality under its new, more sumptuous and ceremonious conditions at the Palais Bourbon. Certainly I never saw nor suspected—but in this I was practically at one with all except the very nearest of his intimates—the existence of the tie which had been through all those strenuous years the governing fact and secret inspiration of his life. Since one of his friends* has made public the story of his relations with Mademoiselle Léonie Leon, and the determined self-abnegation which kept that devoted woman from consenting, until almost the very end, openly to share his life, the new halo of a great romantic passion has been added to Gambetta's ever-growing fame as a statesman.

* The circumstances of this tour are fully related by Gambetta in a letter to Madame Adam dated September 20th and published in the sixth volume of her "Souvenirs" ("Nos Amitiés Politiques avant l'abandon de la Revanche," Paris, 1908, pp. 388–393). In the course of the next year, 1878, pourparlers for a formal and public meeting of Gambetta and Bismarck were set on foot, but afterward broken off by Gambetta lest such a meeting should be misinterpreted.

* Francis Laur, "Le Cœur de Gambetta," Paris, 1907.

[The third part of Sir Sidney Colvin's Recollections will appear in the March number.]

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"Shall we go take a little walk?"—Page 226.

A STRONG ARM

By Jane Grey Potter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. R. WEED

I HAD launched out, determined to be a useful citizen and act as man to man among human beings, quite without sex-consciousness. My father, after opposing my determination for a while, had finally given way, and, like an angel, had allowed me to leave the family nest and to take a secretarial job—also a couple of rooms in town.

A friend of mine in one of the big hospitals had long been urging me to sing in the wards for the patients. I had heard of women volunteers who had won for themselves halos—in their own eyes—by stroking fevered brows "for the twenty-fifth time," and when finally on my first afternoon off I arranged to spend an hour singing at the hospital, I took a wicked delight in choosing for my "repertoire" everything as far as possible from a Rock-of-Ages effect.

In the women's medical ward I sang some darky songs—beams and smiles. In the men's medical I sang the latest ragtime snatch—clapping and cheers. In the men's surgical I gave them more "rag," and ended with a whistling-song—frantic applause, beating on the floor with crutches, whoops, shouts—in short, a riot!

The hospital missionary chuckled. "Your idea was evidently a success," she said, as she accompanied me toward the entrance.

As we passed along the corridor, the door of a private room stood ajar and a man's dark head against the pillow caught my eye. I stopped short, looked in in surprise, and continued looking. In a moment he turned restlessly and saw me. I heard "Anne!" as he sat straight up. I walked into the room. It was Mac Dean.

"What are you doing here?" I said impulsively.

"Anne! was that you I heard singing? Suppose that door hadn't been open!"

I turned to the missionary. "May I have a few minutes' talk with him?" I

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asked, nodding toward the bed. "He's an old friend of my family"—I felt my cheeks warm a little under the significant look from the patient.

"I'll ask the nurse," said the missionary. "I think she'll let you." And she went out, leaving us alone.

"Anne, you're as mean as a little boy," spoke up the patient. "You love to make people suffer. But it's becoming to you!" He looked at me steadily, drawing one knee up under his chin and clasping it round, quilt and all.

"I'm not, and I don't," said I hastily, "as far as the first part of your remarks are concerned. Mac, you're thirty years old and you ought to be reasonable, but you're ill, so I suppose you're not."

"I'm not ill," he answered quickly. "I slipped on the squash-court at the club yesterday playing a game with Bill Jarvis. I sprang a ligament in my knee. They

A man's dark head against the pillow caught my eye.—Page 224.

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have to push it around every day so I'm here till they get through."

"I don't know Bill Jarvis. But I'm sorry he put you in a hospital."

"I suppose you're trying out your scheme, dear plucky one?"

"Yes, I am, and it's working beautifully. It all depends on the women. I knew it did," I said triumphantly.

He looked at me a bit sadly. "And you're not lonely?"

"Well," I admitted, "there are days I'd love to go to a baseball game with you like two cronies—but, Mac, I could never make you behave."

"Will you let me try it?" he asked eagerly. "When this confounded knee gets straight?"

I shook a finger at him. "Remember the decree," I admonished.

"Oh, hang the decree!" he said softly. "Anne, will you marry me?"

"There! you see," cried I. "I can never trust you!" and I got up. "I'm going. Good-by."

"Good-by," he said quietly. "It isn't my fault, you know. I didn't make you so sweet and then put diabolical ideas into your little noddle to torture men with." He laughed a little, half soberly, too. "Man to man—you can't do it!"

"Good-by," I said again. "I can!" and I walked out in my most dignified manner, but with a sinking sort of feeling inside of me. Thank goodness nobody can see inside!

I took up my little bundle of music, bade my adieux to the cordial and most enthusiastic missionary, and departed.

My one afternoon off had been eventful. When would I have another? After two weeks of steady work from nine to five-thirty with a hasty snatch for luncheon, I began to think the only disability of the working system was its monotony. If the world, now, should just knock off one day in the middle of the week, besides Sunday, how much better things would go!

The long shadows of an October day found me leaving the office with a quick tread and wending my way out to a certain favorite bench in the park. Here there was always a procession of interesting-looking persons, strolling or sitting or stopping to watch the schoolboys' sports which were usually in full swing on the acres of greensward. I found much enjoyment in fitting the casual comers into imaginary backgrounds.

As I approached the bench to which I had come to feel a proprietary right, I saw that it was occupied. A young man was sitting on one end of it. Should I take the other end? Why not? I took it.

The boys were having a snappy football practice.

I looked squarely at the young man on the bench. He was clean-shaven, light-haired—a decent-looking chap. Why shouldn't I fit him into a real background instead of an imaginary one? What keeps a girl from opening a conversation with a casual man, just as with a casual woman, if she choose to, except the crust of century-old convention?

In my turned-down black sailor hat, my flat-heeled shoes, my tailored serge, I felt that I looked discreet. Surely a discreet-looking person might open a conversation with impunity. I broke through the crust.

"Those boys seem to be getting their money's worth," I volunteered.

"Do you like football?" he asked, turning round to me with enthusiasm.

"Yes."

A man drove by us crouched behind the wheel of a low car built for speed.

I glanced after him. "He looks as if he meant business."

"He does," he replied. "He's one of the champion racers. He can drive a car at a hundred per—and that's some speed. I'm a chauffeur and I know."

We were both silent a few minutes, having apparently nothing further to say.

"Now isn't this a lark," I meditated. "A man—a chauffeur and myself conversing together on a park bench, and not a grain of anything between us more than between two men."

Then he spoilt it. He edged toward me. "Shall we go take a little walk?"

I glanced at him sharply. He was smiling with what I should call a fatuous smile. I got up.

"No, thank you," I remarked dryly and walked quickly away. He did not follow.

I returned to my little apartment in a baffled mood. "Pride goeth before a fall," I thought with a laugh as I got out the chafing-dish and began to cook my oysters. But there's nothing the matter with my theory. I'll prove it yet."

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Drawn by C. R. Weed.

In pounded the winning run and the crowd went mad.—Page 228.

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I took the picture of my father from its place on the bureau. "You think I'm clean wrong—and so does Mac Dean. Well, we shall see."

Two days afterward the town fell into the fever of the World's Series.

Everything was agog. Our office was utterly unable to keep its mind on business. By three in the afternoon the demoralization was complete. Everybody from the chiefs down to the office-boy faded away.

Catching the fever, I made my way down the street toward the bulletin-board where the game was being "played." Men, men, men, not a woman in sight. I was a "fan"—why shouldn't I join the crowd if I wanted to?

I found myself wedged into a rabble hundreds strong, watching intently the runners, the batters, the fielders, which to the initiated go flashing about the board as vividly as they do on the diamond.

The eighth inning—the score even—excitement ran high. A stocky man in a brown suit quietly elbowed a place for me on the curb. I murmured my thanks.

The crowd was evidently anxious. One man on second. I glanced at the batting-order. Two men on bases. The next men up were our weakest! The man beside me groaned.

"Wait for a pinch-hitter," I said.

"Good girl," he laughed. And that moment the numerals shifted and the next man up was the most famous slugger on the team!

There was a twinkle on the board—a row of flashes—and a shout from the crowd as we all saw the batter knock one man to third and land himself on second.

There was a lull—some dispute over the umpire's decision. My stocky friend and I discussed the prospects of a victory, also of the weather, for gathering clouds threatened a shower. He seemed a good sport.

"You're a real fan, aren't you?" he said. "Do you go to all the games here?"

"Well, I go whenever I can."

"Your watch has stopped," he said. His eyes were evidently not glued to the board.

I wound my watch rather hurriedly. The game went on.

Another moment and there was a flash of lightning and a flash on the board. A hit!—in pounded the winning run and the crowd went mad. The skies echoed the thunder of their roars.

I walked quickly up the avenue toward home. A few drops began to fall. I had had a thrilling hour, had joined a crowd of men-fans and had been treated like one. "Satisfactory," I thought. "Why don't more women do it?"

A voice sounded at my ear. "Say, little girl, wouldn't you like to go get a glass of beer?"

I turned. It was my stocky friend.

"No!" I thundered.

"But why not?" he urged.

"Because!" I shouted back as the rain began to pelt down.

He took hold of my elbow in a friendly way. "It's going to be wet," he said amiably.

My eye fell on a passing automobile which seemed to linger near the curb as if seeking a customer. I dashed out to it. The driver, muffled in mackintosh and hood, leaned out.

"Quick!—I'll hire you!" I said, and gave him my address.

Off we flew. The stocky man stood staring through slanting lines of rain.

As we slipped along the shining streets, I touched the driver's sleeve. The man was not going the direct route.

He turned about. There was something vaguely familiar in the curve of his shoulder. He pulled down the mackintosh collar from about his ears and laughed. It was the chauffeur of the park bench. His eyes were twinkling wickedly.

"Oh," I said, remembering the end of our conversation of a few days before. "It's you! But you're not going to my street the right way. To the left——"

"I'll turn up here," he answered, and swung the car directly to the right.

Was the man deaf? "I said the *left*," I repeated.

"Why shouldn't we take a little spin? The shower's over—look!" The sky was breaking in the west.

"But I *hired* you to take me home."

"Well, I won't charge you. You wouldn't take a walk with me the other day—so we might take a little drive now instead." Again that wicked twinkle.

If I had had a stamping place for my

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feet, I would have stamped with anger. "You're not a chauffeur. You're a bandit! Take me where I told you," I insisted. "Do you want me to jump out?"

He speeded the car. "Yes—jump out at the place I'll show you and we'll have some chicken and waffles."

We were racing out toward the river. The sun had burst through the clouds in a final wave of glory, and had gone down as it were, cheering.

A vision of the stocky man and the glass of beer swam before me. "Out of the frying-pan," I ruminated.

I gazed steadfastly at the speedometer. It was nearing thirty-five when the chug of a motor-cycle sounded in our ears—a blur of blue flashed by us and our car slowed down and came to a stop before the insistent arm of a policeman.

"Confound it," said my bandit.

Leaving me in the car he went to one side of the road where he and the policeman talked with some heat. The request was made that my presence be not required if it came to a court and a fine. The policeman was obdurate. He had bagged his game. As witness, or *particeps criminis*, I knew not which, I must stay by.

We trailed back into town and were haled into the nearest police-court. I took a seat in the back of the Star Chamber. The magistrate heard the case. Justice put the price of liberty at forty-five dollars! The bandit drew a long face and withdrew to an outer room to telephone. I kept my seat—and also my own counsel.

In a few minutes my rash acquaintance came back with the information that the forty-five dollars was on the way. He seemed to have no further interest in me. He walked to the back of the room and sat down apparently much crestfallen, on the extreme end of the bench I occupied. Thus we sat in silence.

This affair was ceasing to be either fun or funny if it ever had been. My theory seemed to have a monkey-wrench in its gear—it was growing late—and I was frightfully hungry.

"Thank goodness it was an arrest and not an accident," I thought. "Nobody need ever know—" I had reached that point when there was a sound of footsteps outside and the door opened upon Mac Dean.

He cast a glance at the figure at the other end of the bench, then came straight to me. He did not seem at all surprised at my being there. "Anne, how are you?" he said, with the old beam in his eye that I had run away from.

"Oh, Mac!" I began weakly.

"Wait!" he said and walked across the room to the bandit.

I gasped. "What do you mean?" I said. But he only laughed.

"Come along and we'll fix this up." The bandit grinned and the two of them went up to the magistrate's desk, talked with the motor-policeman—a roll of bills was handed over to the magistrate, something was entered by him in a big book—the case was dismissed.

I watched the proceedings stupidly. Where had Mac Dean come from? And what was he doing paying wild men's fines?

Then to my consternation, Mac, after a moment's talk with the bandit, took him chummily by the arm and led him toward me.

"Anne," he said. "You may not think it, but this man is really a good, safe driver."

"I'm not looking for a chauffeur, thank you," I replied.

"But chauffeurs are looking for you," he said wickedly. "Anne, this is my friend Bill Jarvis."

"Bill Jarvis!" I echoed, looking into the bandit's now sheepish face. "Bill Jarvis! The man who put you in the hospital! Then you're not a bandit! I —what!" I collapsed.

He held out his hand with a twinkle that recalled the park bench. "I really ought to beg your pardon, Miss Gordon, but Mac——"

"That's right," interrupted Mac. "It's time you two were introduced. Shake hands on it and be friends."

I felt my hand grasped strongly.

"Now, Anne," said Mac, "if you're as ravenous as I am, we'll have some supper. My runabout's outside."

We went down the police-court steps to the waiting automobiles.

"Good-by, Bill," said Mac. "Sorry you can't join us."

But I intervened. "Mr. Jarvis, I'd like to explain——"

"So would I, but Mac won't let me,"

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Mac helped me out of the car, then came close, and put his arms about me.—Page 231.

he laughed. We shook hands again, he jumped in his car and was off.

I gave my shoulders a little shake. "Mac Dean, my safest plan is to *walk* home."

"Dear little Anne," he said. "It's supper now. What shall it be?"

"Oh! Oh! chicken and waffles!" I answered, and got into the car obediently.

When we were purring along in the cool starlight, I leaned around Mac's big shoulder and looked in his face.

"You put Bill Jarvis up to picking me up—and then to *kidnapping* me—why?"

He chuckled. "I wanted you to come a cropper on that little theory of man to man. That day after I saw you in the hospital I made a plan. I had a talk with Bill Jarvis and got him to stick by your office in the afternoons and follow you around. He found your bench—and then you up and ran away!"

"Because he didn't play fair," I returned hotly. "I talked common sense with him and then he began to—philander."

"Anne, we all do—that's why your scheme won't work."

"Did you 'plant' that man at the baseball board, too?" I demanded.

He grew serious. "No!" he exclaimed. "What man? Tell me!"

I told him. "And it would serve you right," I finished, "if I were drinking beer à deux this minute in a chop suey joint!"

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"Oh, times! Oh, customs!" he groaned.

For a few minutes we rolled along in silence.

"What weapon has a girl, then?" I burst out. "Just silence?"

"Somebody's strong arm," he answered primitively.

We drew into the shadows of the trees outside the driveway of a club-house. Lights twinkling behind it showed deep porches where late diners could still be seen at small tables.

Mac helped me out of the car, then came close, and put his arms about me. "Anne, will you be my wife? I love you."

I tried to say something but he kissed me and patted my hair and I found myself trembling.

"Mac, if I weren't so *hungry*——"

"Anne—blessed girl! Chicken and waffles! Come." As we started toward the club-house he said joyfully, "We'll have old Bill Jarvis for best man."

"And the hospital missionary for maid of honor!" I replied.

THE BEREAVED

By Louis Untermeyer

RICH in your grief, I watch you go
Wearing the perfume and the pomp of woe;
Deprived of nothing half so much
As of the things you will not see or touch.
Your pale and half-transparent thought
Is, even in its simple strictures, caught
By all the platitudes of pride
And self-indulgence that you cannot hide.
You have bereaved yourself of many things
Besides the bird-like, childish joy that sings
Within your spirit, that which loves
Whatever runs and leaps or merely moves. . . .
Forget this self-inflicted hurt
And find yourself in all the sharp, alert
Business of living. Join once more
The human stream that surges past your door.
Go, leave your books and live again
In the miraculous, laughing world of men.
See how this shop-girl's hunger thrills
With romance walking on the painted hills;
Or watch her dull and wooden boy
Burn with a livelier fire than levelled Troy.
For you a thousand points of light
Pierce through the funeral draperies of night;
For you, Time scorns its cenotaph
And in your blood all ages leap and laugh.
For you the sun goes riding by
Over the flaming ridges of the sky,
And every swift, adventuring day
Jeers at your dark, ridiculous display.
Let these things have you till you grow
Ashamed of your denial, and you go,
Shedding your truant airs, like one
Who finds, instead of death and life undone,
Only the promise of a thing begun.

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THE PANJORUM BUCKET

By Armistead C. Gordon
Author of "Ommirandy," "Pharzy," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER BIGGS

THE old man came around the corner of the smoke-house. He walked slowly as though in contemplation, leaning on his crook-handled walking-stick and carrying in his left hand a small, covered tin bucket.

It was in a summer-time of Mr. Sinjinn's visit at Kingsmill, when Tiberius was in the flower of his precocious and prank-playing boyhood. The August sunlight was radiant, and dew-spangled morning-glories of varied hues decked the tall corn in the river low grounds whose silk had turned brittle and brown as the ears lengthened and whose tassels were gray with silver bloom.

In the kitchen Ommirandy and the Adnys, Eva and Ary, were exchanging pleasantries with Philadelphia, in anticipation of the morning's meal. The hour was nine, and Uncle Jonas had timed his visit to accord with the return, on the big "waiter," to the kitchen, from the Great House, of the remnants left from the "white folks'" breakfast.

Ommirandy and Delphy had been discussing the frustrated efforts of a turkey-hen to enter the room through an open window, which had been met by hostile demonstrations from the cook.

"She tryin' fur ter git in here ter make a nes' in dat hominy-mortar," said Delphy. "Dat what she projickin' arfter. I been notice all my life dat a turkey ruther lay in a mortar dan anywhar's else on de plantation."

The desired goal of the clumsy fowl was a huge log, set on end, with a deep excavation in its upper part, wherein it had been the wont of more than one generation of cooks at Kingsmill to crack, with the wooden pestle which lay on the shelf near it, the corn that furnished the family's "big hominy." The housewives of the old mansion would have deemed something lacking on the winter's breakfast-table without the "big hominy," fried to a crisp, as a companion dish to the brown and savory sausages, which both Old Mars' and young Mars' Jeems always demanded.

"She gwi git dar yit," said Ommirandy, "ef you don't shet her out. She p'int'ly pugnishious."

"'Mornin', ladies all," said Uncle Jonas, entering with great deliberation and with an assumption of unusual dignity. He walked across the kitchen floor and proceeded to hang his hat and stick upon their accustomed nail. Then he seated himself in a chair by the open window.

The old woman eyed him with a look of suspicion, which grew into malevolence, as, without waiting to learn what the company had been talking about, he broke into the conversation.

"I been thinkin', ez I come along, 'bout dat man which de vest'ymen o' Christ Church dey collected him ter be de preacher de year arfter de s'render. I done furgit his name; but he was some kin ter Mars' Paul Burrell, down de ribber. He didn' stay mo'n a few mont's."

"He gen'ully full o' hisse'f when he busts in like dat," said the old woman in a low voice to Delphy. "You wudden see young Mars' Jeems ur Mr. Sinjinn carry on dat-a-way, when ladies wuz talkin'."

Uncle Jonas had deposited the covered tin bucket on the floor in front of his chair, and was now guarding it with a jealous foot on each side.

"What you got in dat bucket, Jonas?" queried Ommirandy, with visible impatience of his incipient reminiscences. "You look like you 'feared somebody gwi' take it 'way f'om you."

He pretended not to hear her.

"Dat preacher useter buy his butter fur his wife an' chilluns, which he possess'

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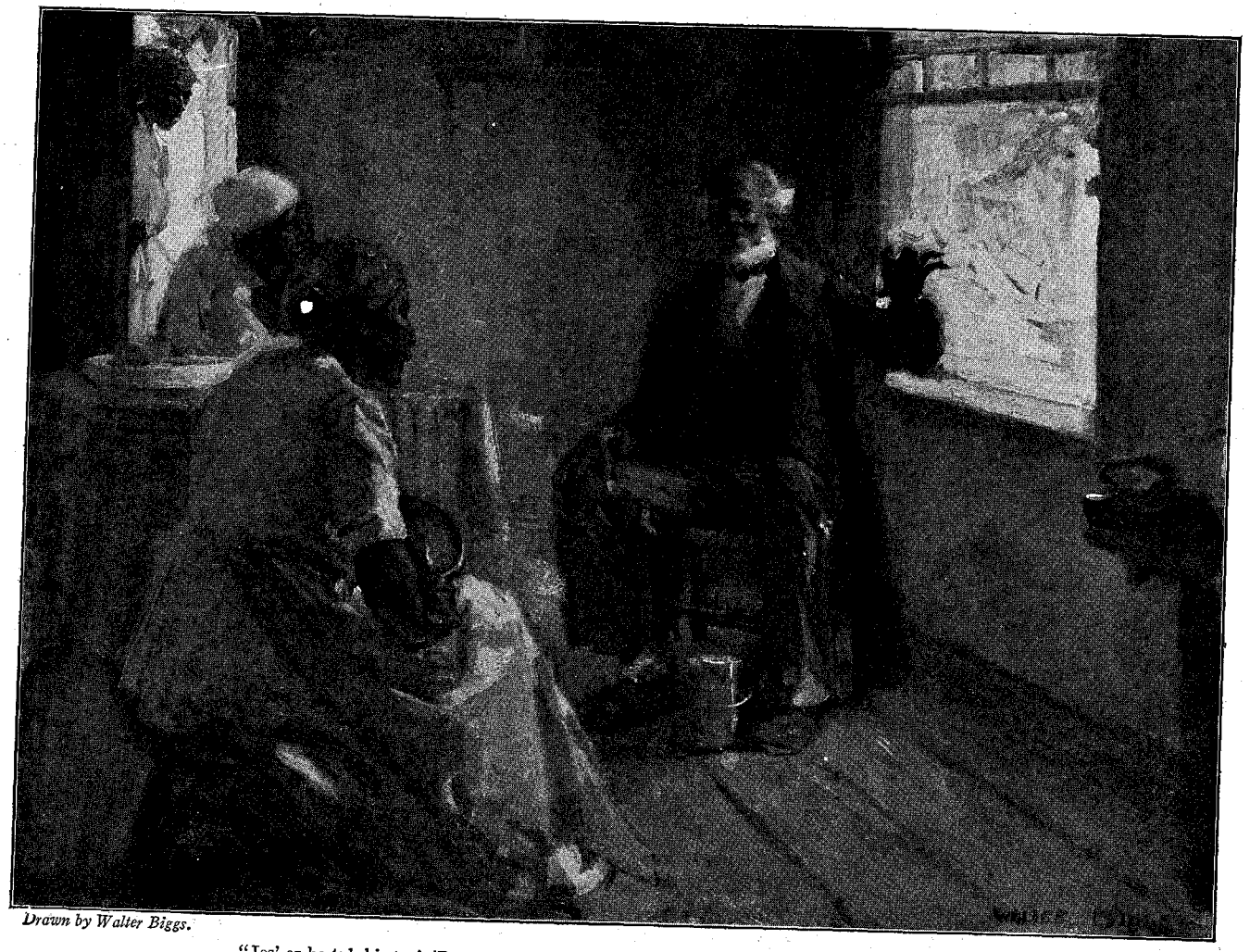

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Jes' ez he tuk his tex', 'Rasmus come, an' stopped right plum' in de front do'."—Page 234.

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six o' seben uv' 'em; an' he got it f'om his cousin Paul. He done come out o' de War purty hard up, Mars' Paul is, which he sells him de butter, jes' like we-all is done; an' he got ter sell anything he kin off'n his plantashun fur ter make his buckle an' tongue meet. What *wuz* dat preacher name', Sister M'randy?"

The old woman glowered at him and made no reply.

"Dem vest'ymen didn' pay de man his 'lowance ez peart ez dey mought 'a' done, ef dey been had plenty o' money in dem days, which dey didn' have it; an' de preacher was 'bleedge fur ter wait on 'em fur ter git his celery; an' sometime his cousin Paul had ter wait on him fur ter git his sheer uv it, too."

"Celery!" ejaculated Ommirandy scornfully. "Celery! Ise knowed niggers dat deir folks belong' in dis fam'bly fur hunnerds o' years, an' been wait on ladies an' gent'mun, dat keeps a-talkin' Gumbo-nigger talk all dey life like dey jes' come out o' Affigy."

The patriarch paid no attention to the caustic criticism.

"Some folks acks like dey deef an' dum'," whispered Delphy to the old woman.

"He deef when he wanter be," she replied audibly. "I ain't nuver seed him dum' yit. Mis' Nancy say he got de gif' o' de gab."

"One Sunday," continued Uncle Jonas, "which it was in de summer-time, like dis is, whence de do's an' de winders o' de church was all open like dese is, de preacher he tuk'n went up in de pilput, dressed up in his black nightgown, fur ter preach de gospil ter de cong'egashun. I been hear Mars' Jeems tell Mr. Sinjinn 'bout it, bein' ez how Mr. Sinjinn ain't come here in dem days, de year arfter de War. De preacher is done got one o' de Old Town niggers, which Mars' Jeems done loant him ter him, fur ter wuk his gyarden an' do fur him; an' dat speshul Sunday mornin' he done sont dis here 'Rasmus nigger over ter his cousin Paul, 'fo' breakfus', fur de day's butter. 'Rasmus nuver did have no sense, nohow. Dar dey all wuz, de ladies an' de gent'muns all wid dey Sunday furbelows on, an' de preacher in his righteous robes up dar, ready fur ter preach ter 'em.

"Jes' ez he tuk his tex', 'Rasmus come, an' stopped right plum' in de front do'. De preacher didn' see him. He tuk his tex', an' he look' aroun', an' he say: 'Fus' Depistle o' de 'postle ter de Corinthicums, seben' chapter, twenty-nine' verse.' Den he stop, an' he gaze' down at his paper, which he got it dar on de pilput befo' him, fur ter read off'n it. De ladies was a-fannin' deyselves, an' de gent'muns, which dey ain't yit got ready fur ter go ter sleep, was lookin' out de winders. All de time dis here 'Rasmus was stan'in' dar in de do', waitin' fur ter put in his mouf, which he done so."

Delphy and the Adnys listened attentively while the old man talked. Ommirandy, with scornful face, affected a contemptuous indifference.

"'What did Paul say?' de preacher axed 'em, arfter he done gi'n out de tex', which he was wukin' up ter it. 'What did Paul say?' Den an' dar dat 'Rasmus call out, so evvybody in de church could hear him: 'Mars' Paul say you ain't gwi' git no mo' butter ontwel you pays him fur dat what you already done got.'

"When Mars' Jeems tell Mr. Sinjinn dat tale, which Mr. Sinjinn don't larf out loud much, he larf out loud when he heerd it. Den he ax Mars' Jeems fur ter fetch de dominoes."

"Jonas," said Ommirandy, yawning and regarding the bucket which the old man continued to keep between his feet, "what dat you got in dat tin bucket?"

"Is you-all uver been notice' 'bout pigs, how much sense dey's got?" he queried, looking around at the assemblage.

Delphy, who, with sleeves rolled up, was stirring the batter in a big yellow bowl with blue stripes around the top of it, preparatory to making the corn dodgers which were intended to supplement the remnants of the Great House breakfast, glanced at Ommirandy and whispered to Evadne, who sat next to her:

"He better quit his foolishness. He gwi' git hisse'f inter trouble pres'n'y. She done ax him two times what he got in dat bucket, an' dat's enough."

No one made reply to Uncle Jonas's query.

"I always is knowed dat hawgs could smell de win', an' tell when a thunder-

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storm is comin'," he continued, "but dat ain't all. Hawgs an' pigs kin onderstan' what folks sez ter 'em."

Ommirandy maintained an ominous silence, with a face like a graven image.

"Little while ago, whence I come up f'om Ole Town wid dis here bucket," he continued, "I heerd a mighty gruntin' an' a-squealin' gwine on behime me, jes' ez I turned inter de yard. I tuk'n look back, an' dat little red-spotty pig o' Janey's is done crope thoo a crack in de pen an' been foll'in' me up de main road. I done leety-moty got ter de smoke-house, an' I didn' want no pig runnin' roun' in dis Kingsmill yard arfter me. So I turn 'roun', I did, an' I looks at de pig. Whence de pig see me stop an' look at him, de pig stop an' look at me.

"I sez ter de pig: 'Pig, ain't you got good sense?'

"Dat pig done quit holl'in' jes' ez soon ez I turn' 'roun' an' sez dem words ter him.

"I sez ter de pig: 'Pig, don't you know you ain't got no biz'ness up here in dis here Gre't House yard? Mars' Jeems ketch you up here, 'way f'om yo' quarters, an' he gwi' w'ar you out!'

"I ain't mo'n say dem words ter de pig, whence dat pig turn' right 'roun' an' run back down de road, wid his tail quirled up like a bow-knot, jes' ez dum' ez a sheep. He nuver eben grunt'. Dat pig done smack back at Janey's 'fo' now."

"Lor', Unc' Jonas," said Delphy, "de pig was foll'in' you fur ter fine out what you got in dat bucket. Dat what de matter wid de pig."

"Well, den," said the old man, with a malicious chuckle, "he ain't done foun' it out yit; an' dey's some dat ain't pigs dat w'u'd like fur ter know what's in dar, an' *dey* don't know it yit."

He paused and regarded the bucket. Then he turned it around with his feet.

"Dis here is a Panjorum bucket," he said significantly.

Mingled curiosity and apprehension took possession of the Adnys, who tittered, holding their heads down, with open hands before their faces, and peered between their fingers at Ommirandy.

Wrath sat throned on the old woman's rugged features.

"What sort o' bucket is dat what you mention, Unc' Jonas?" ventured Delphy, deferentially.

As she spoke, she deposited in swift succession a series of "scratch-backs" in the spider on the hearth, with the iron spoon from the yellow bowl of corn-meal batter.

"I gwi' tell you 'bout it, Sister Philadelphy," he replied, crossing his knees and assuming an air of mysterious importance. "Ole Mars' been tell me 'bout it 'fo' de War."

Ommirandy sniffed. During most of his monologue, he had kept his face averted from hers. Now he threw his head back, after a fashion that he had when he felt especially complacent, and fixed his gaze on the kitchen ceiling.

"'Way back yonder, Ole Mars' say, 'long 'bout de time whence his white folks fus' come ter Kingsmill, which it was hunnerds an' hunnerds o' years ago, dar was one cullud 'oman lived somewhars here on dis ribber, which her name was Panjorum. Ole Mars' is been 'splain ter me, whence he tell me 'bout her, jes' adzackly which plantashun 'twas dat de 'oman live on—somewhars down below de Cote-House, I disremembrance now whar it was. But she live dar, an' dat was de 'oman's name. Her daddy was a cunjer-man, which all de folks on de ribber, white an' black, rich an' po', high an' low, dey come an' gi'n de 'oman evvy kind o' present an' gif' in de worl' whence she was a baby. Dey was skeered not ter, 'long uv her daddy, 'scusin' he mought put de cunjer on ter 'em. De nigger-wimmen, which dey didn' have no fine gif's fur ter give her, fotch her bowls uv cush-cush; but she like' dat, 'case you-all knows dey ain't nothin' dat nigger-babies loves better'n cush-cush."

"An' white chillun, too," commented Philadelphia, listening with keen interest, as she raked some live coals out of the fireplace with the long-handled shovel, and adjusted them under the spider. "Dat dey duz."

"Well, sir," continued Uncle Jonas, still exploring the kitchen-ceiling, "dat Panjorum 'oman's gran'-daddy, what live down to'des Richmon', tuk'n sont her his gif', whence all de t'others was sendin' their'n. He was a cunjer-man, likewise an' also; an' he sont his gran'-chile a

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present, which Ole Mars' say it always is been knowed sense den, down ter dis here day, by de name an' entitle uv de Panjorum-box, beca'se dat was de name uv de cullud 'oman, which her gran'-pa sont it ter her. Whence he sont her dat box, he say she ain't got ter open de box, under no circumspicion, ontwel he come, an' dat he gwi' be along in a few weeks, an' den dey all is gwine ter fine out what is in de Panjorum-box whence he come. An' dey was sump'n' in dat box, too, Ise here fur ter tell you!"

He withdrew his gaze from the ceiling and looked from Delphy to the Adnys with an expression of triumph at the visible impression made by his story of the mysterious box.

Ommirandy arose.

"I ain' got no time fur ter listen ter all dis here foolishness, an' jaw," she said. "Mis' Nancy want me. Delphy, you jes' set my breakfas' ter one side dar on de table. I gwi' come back later an' git it when dey's mo' room an' smaller talk in dis kitchen."

Uncle Jonas smiled significantly as she departed, and went on with his story.

"Dat Panjorum 'oman, bein' ez how she warn't nothin' but a baby, she cudden open de box, which her gran'-pa had done sont it ter her. 'Co'se she cudden. But her ma, she boun' fur ter fine out what in dat box. She jes' ez full o' cur'osity ez a dawg is o' fleas. She jes' 'bleedge ter. Ole Mars' say de Panjorum 'oman's mammy tuk'n open de box, fur ter see what gwi' come out'n it; an' a whole raft o' bugs an' varmints come out'n it, which it made de chile's pa, dat was de cunjer-man, so mad wid her, dat he den an' dar turn' her inter a baboon. Ole Mars' say dey tell him dat she look jes' ez much like a baboon ez one o' dese big gu-rillas which you sees 'em at de circus."

"What was dem things dat come out o' de Panjorum-box, Unc' Jonas?" queried Delphy in an awed undertone.

"You better git dem dodgers out o' dat spider," said the old man. "Dey's burnin'."

Delphy rescued the "scratch-backs," and set his breakfast for him on the long deal table. The others awaited Ommirandy's return.

"When duz she say she comin' back?" he asked superciliously, as he took his pipe and tobacco-poke from his coat-pocket. After he had filled the pipe, he scooped up a coal with his fingers from the embers, and laid it on the bowl of the pipe.

There was no reply to his question. He leaned back in his chair with the contented air of one who has eaten his fill, and puffed forth volumes of smoke.

Delphy and Evadne and Ariadne were all excited by Uncle Jonas's rendition of the ancient story of Pandora's Box to learn what manner of things had come out of it; but they were afraid to question him further.

"Dat tale Ole Mars' been tell me 'bout de Panjorum-box remine me o' dis here bucket, and what I got in it; an' dis here bucket remine me o' dat little red-spotty pig foll'in' me up here; an' dat little pig an' dis here bucket furdermo' remines me uv some pigs an' some buckets, befo' de War," he said reminiscently, between the puffs of smoke. "Dat thing tickle' Ole Mars' pow'ful, arfter he done got over it."

The women listened with mingled feelings of eagerness and reluctance. They were half-resentful at his lingering in the kitchen and keeping them from their breakfast with Ommirandy, who they knew would not return from the Great House until she saw him go out of the yard. At the same time they were keenly desirous of learning what the mysterious creatures were which had come out of the Panjorum-box, when it was opened; and they also felt a characteristic curiosity to hear the story of the pigs and the buckets that had "tickled Ole Mars'."

"What was de tale 'bout de pigs an' de buckets, Unc' Jonas?" inquired Evadne, as the old man sat silently smoking. "Ain't you gwi' tell us?"

"Bein' ez how you axes fur it, Sister Philadelphy," he said, addressing the cook and ignoring Evadne, "I gwi' tell it ter you-all, marm."

He paused and pondered, as though searching his memory.

"Befo' de War, Ole Mars' had a steer-driver, which his name was Pheeschun. I reck'n you remembrance him, sister Philadelphy?"

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Delphy recalled Hephaestion as a little, old, squat, bow-legged negro, with a very black face and very long arms, whom she always associated with his yoke of oxen and creaking cart, that in her childhood she had often seen him driving to and from the Wharf.

"Dat I duz, Unc' Jonas," she replied, as she removed the plate and cup from which he had eaten to the end of the kitchen-table. "Dat I duz. An' Buck an' Brack—'pears ter me like I kin hear Unc' Pheeschun talkin' ter dem two steers dis minute. 'Gee! Haw! Whoa! Come here, Buck! Whoa! Come here, Brack!' Dat de way he make 'em go de way he want 'em."

She imitated the ox-driver's commands in a deep voice. Uncle Jonas was delighted.

"I been hear Ole Mars' say, arfter dis thing happen, which I gwi' tell you-all 'bout it, dat Pheeschun mus' be some kin ter de Panjorum 'oman. He look' so much like her. He was samer'n a baboon hisse'f, dat little ole nigger wuz. Ole Mars' purchas' dem two steers f'om a man down de ribber, endurin' o' de days whence dar was dem two Presi*dents* in de country, name' Buck and Brack, 'fo' de War, an' Ole Mars' name' 'em dat."

An odd clucking chuckle came through the open window.

"What dat?" queried the old man suspiciously, listening as if to catch its repetition. He arose and looked out of the window.

"Dat de ole bob-tail turkey-hen," responded Delphy, pouring some water into the kettle on the hearth. "She always tryin' ter git in here thoo dat winder, fur ter make a nes' in de hominy-mortar."

"Dat don't soun' ter me like no turkey-hen," he said. "Dat soun' ter me like Tibe."

"Dar she now!" replied the cook.

The turkey-hen flew up to the window-sill, and was immediately shooed off by Delphy, with a flaunt of her big checked-gingham apron.

Uncle Jonas resumed his seat.

"Dat turkey comin' in here 'mines me o' de piece o' po'try Ole Mars' useter tell, 'bout Mr. Hopkinses gell, Scuddy McGee Hopkins, which she live' up in de pines beyant Christ Church," he said, forgetting for the moment Hephaestion and the oxen. "She was one freckle-face', stroppin' big white gell, which Mis' useter buy berries f'om her—huckles, and straws, an' jews, an' blacks—in dem days; an' a Orrishman what live' down at de Cote-House useter be a-co'tin' uv Scuddy McGee. Ole Mars' made up dat piece o' po'try 'bout 'em hisse'f, whence de man tuk'n run off an' lef' her. Ole Mars' say:

"'Far'well! far'well ter dee, Hopkinses' daughter,
Dus wobble McGuire ter Scuddy McGee:
'Nary turkey are lay in a hominy-mortar
A specklerer egg dan dee!'"

The kitchen company laughed in chorus.

"But I comin' back ter Pheeschun," he continued. "One time de dairy-'oman here at Kingsmill, in dem days befo' de War, tuk sick wid de feber, an' dey warn't nobody on de place dat knowed how ter milk de cows, 'scusin' Pheeschun. De cows was in de pastur'-fiel', an' in de nex' fiel' was a passel o' big hawgs, which dey was all de time a-rootin' an' a-trampoosin' all over de place. Dem hawgs gi'n Ole Mars' a heap o' trubble, wid bustin' thoo de fences an' gittin' inter de gyarden an' inter de corn-fiel'. He jes' cudden keep 'em up, nohow. Dey went evvywhars, an' he wudden put no rings in dey snoots, nuther, like some o' de gent'muns on de ribber duz. Ole Mars' say: 'Damn 'em! Let 'em root!'

"Dar was some seben ur eight cows in dat pastur'-fiel', which Pheeschun had ter milk 'em dat time; an' Pheeschun, he went out dar in de fiel' whar dem cows was, an' he was loaded down wid tin buckets on bofe his arms. Dem cows gi'n a slew o' milk, an' it tuk six ur seben o' dem buckets fur ter hole de milk. De buckets was dese here straight up-an'-down gallon-buckets, wid wire han'les ter 'em.

"Well, sir, dat Pheeschun went inter de pastur'-fiel', an' he walk up ter de fus' cow, an' he milk' her. Den he sot dat bucket down on de groun', full o' milk, an' he lef' it dar. He went up ter de nex' cow, over yonder, an' he milk her, an' he sot dat bucket down on de groun', whar he milk de cow, an' he lef' it dar. He was

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gwine ter go roun' arfter he done milk all de cows, an' gether up his buckets o' milk, an' tote 'em ter de dairy.

"Den he went up ter de nex' cow, an' he milk her, an' sot down dat bucket. He went up ter de nex' cow, but she didn' full up de bucket; so he tuk it along, wid de t'other empty buckets, 'twel he come ter de lars' cow, 'way off yonder in de fiel'. He been settin' down buckets, full o' milk, all over dat fiel', evvy which way, soon ez he milk 'em full; an' dar dey was, like water-million hills, all over de pastur'-fiel'. 'Bout de time he milk dat lars' cow, 'way over yonder, an' was strippin' uv her, he hear a curisome racket behime him, an' he turn' 'roun' an' look. Den an' dar he see a sight. Six ur seben o' dem hawgs in de nex' fiel' done bus' thoo de fence, an' git in dar whar de cows was, an' been foll'in' Pheeschun up, an' drinkin' all de milk out o' de buckets, which he been sot 'em, evvy which way, over de pastur'-fiel'. Dey jes' been 'bout finish' dey drinks, dem hawgs is, whence Pheeschun was strippin' dat lars' cow; an' dey been so greedy fur ter git all de milk dat was in de bottom o' dem buckets, an' not leave none, dat dey git dey heads wedged inter dem up-an'-down buckets, so ez dey cudden git 'em out. Evvy one o' dem hawgs done 'tack dem sebral buckets 'bout de same time, an' done finish up dey drinks tergedder, an' done git dey heads wedge' tight in de buckets. Whence Pheeschun done strip de cow, de hawgs begin ter git skeered, 'long o' havin' dey heads stuck in dem buckets, an' cudden git 'em out, an here dey comes an' here dey goes, bline ez bull-bats, all over de fiel', 'mongst de cows, in an' out, an' evvywhar, all wid de tin buckets on dey heads. Dey try fur ter squeal, like hawgs duz when dey gits kotch betwix' de fence-rails, ur under a gate, ur anywhars. But dem hawgs cudden squeal much, 'long o' dey moufs bein' fasten' up in de buckets, an' dey cudden see whar dey was gwine, 'long o' de buckets over dey eyes. Dey jes' cudden do nothin' but run; an' when Pheeschun turn roun' an' look at 'em, dey was runnin' some, dem hawgs was.

"Ole Mars' done come down ter de pastur'-fiel', a-sa'nterin' along, 'bout dat time, fur ter see how Pheeschun gittin' on wid de milkin', whence de dairy-'oman was laid up. He git dar jes' 'bout de time Pheeschun turn 'roun' an' see de hawgs. Ole Mars' say he been seed hawgs carry-on befo' dat, but he ain't nuver see no hawgs ack like dem hawgs was doin'. He say 'twas de damndes' curiouses' fuss dey was makin' inside o' dem tin buckets he uver been listen ter, an' dat he ain't nuver see no hawgs run like dem hawgs run. De hawgs was dat skeered when dey fine dey cudden git deyse'ves ontangled f'om out o' dem buckets, dey done got plum' crazy.

"When Pheeschun see dem hawgs in dat fix, an' see Ole Mars' stop dar in de fiel', a-lookin' at 'em, he sot down de lars' bucket, which he been milkin' in it, an' tuk out arfter one o' de hawgs fur ter chase him, an' git de bucket 'way f'om him. No sooner said dan done. 'Bout de time he sot dat lars' bucket down, here come another new hawg thoo de fence, dat ain't got none o' de milk yit. He knowed sump'n' was gwine on, so he runs up an' gits his head inter dat lars' one o' de tin-buckets, which de bucket sticks on ter dat hawg likewise. De cows sees dem hawgs runnin' 'roun' in de 'mongst uv 'em, an' dey dunno what ter make uv it. So dey h'ists dey tails up in de a'r, an' starts ter tarin' roun' de pastur'-fiel' samer'n de hawgs. Dar dey was, wid de cows a-rampagin' 'roun', an' Pheeschun chasin' de one hawg an' all de hawgs carryin'-on like dey tryin' ter break dey necks, an' Ole Mars' stan'in' up dar in de 'mongst uv 'em, cussin' Pheeschun an' de hawgs an' de cows.

"O' co'se dem hawgs wid de buckets over dey faces, which dey cudden git 'em off, was jes' ez bline ez moles. Dey cudden see whar dey was gwine. All dey knowed was, dey was gwine somewhars, an' dey was tryin' dey bes' ter git dar quick. Den de hawg Pheeschun was a-chasin', whence he hear somebody runnin' arfter him, an' dunno whar he was gwine, he tuk'n' t'ar, straight ez a buckshot, cross de pastur'-fiel', right to'des whar Ole Mars' was stan'in' up dar cussin' uv 'em, an' he hit Ole Mars' wid de tin-bucket like somebody done flung a rock at him. Ole Mars' drapped, samer'n he been shot; an' down come de hawg on top o' him, an' down come Pheeschun, which he was a-chasin' uv de hawg, on top

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o' Ole Mars' an' de hawg, an' dey all roll over dar on de green-sod tergedder. De hawg, he unquirled hisse'f, de quickes' uv' 'em, an' start ter runnin' harder'n uver; an' den Pheeschun riz, an' den Ole Mars' riz. Ole Mars' hat is done flew 'way over yonder, an' his side-whiskers an' his jaws was puffed out like a bull-toad when you stirs him up wid a stick.

"'You damn black roscal!' Ole Mars' say ter Pheeschun. 'What de debble you chase dat hawg inter me fur, sir?'

"'Fo' Gord, Ole Mars',' Pheeschun say, 'I ain't been chase de hawg inter you. De hawg chase hisse'f.'

"Ole Mars' say: 'Dey ain't no nigger uver been wolloped on dis here plantation yit, but I got a mine ter wollop you dis minute.'

"Ole Mars' tell Mis' whence he git back ter de Gre't House, dat he ain't nuver sell none o' de Kingsmill niggers yit, nuther he nur his pa, nur his antcestors, but he got a damn seer'ous notion ter sell dat little bow-leg steer-cart driver. But he ain't nuver solt him. Nor, sir. Ole Mars' furgive Pheeschun an' de hawg, like a gent'mun. He kep' Pheeschun, an' kilt de hawg de foll'in' Chris'mus. He eat some o' dat hawg fur his Chris'mus breakfas'."

"How did dey git de buckets off'n de hawgs, Unc' Jonas?" queried Delphy, forgetful of her own delayed breakfast in her absorbed interest in the old man's story.

He laughed gleefully at the success of his narrative.

"Lord, honey," he replied. "It tuk mighty nigh all de niggers on de plantashun fur ter ketch dem hawgs dat day. Dey bus' back thoo de fence, an' run up an' down on de ribber bank, an' back'ards an' forruds, an' one uv 'em fall in de ribber an' got drownded wid de bucket on him. Mo'n dat, de cows was dat skeered-up, 'long o' de way dem hawgs ack, dey didn' let down no mo' milk fur two milkin's, whence Pheeschun went back dar fur ter milk 'em agin. An' furdermo', Ole Mars' walk' lame, wid his shins all skint up, fur mo'n a week, whar de hawg done hit him wid de tin-bucket. Ef he had'n been a gent'mun, Ole Mars' wud ha' solt Pheeschun, but he nuver eben hired him out."

Again the singular chuckle was audible from without the window.

The old man arose deliberately, took down his hat and walking-stick from the nail, and apparently oblivious of the bucket which he had been nursing between his feet, said:

"Y'-all don't 'pear ter know de diff'unce 'twix' a turkey-hen an' Tibe. I gwi' git him!"

He went out of the kitchen, and a few moments afterward Ommirandy, watching from the back porch of the Great House, saw him re-enter the door alone.

"Dem niggers been havin' high jinks in de kitchen dis mornin'," said the old woman to Mis' Nancy, when she returned from her breakfast. "Yas'm, dey sutny is."

Her face wore an unusual expression of pleasure; and Mis' Nancy asked:

"What was going on, Mirandy?"

"Dat ole scound'el, Jonas, been dar, a-gwine on wid some o' his yarns. He always got sump'n' ur 'nuther ter tell dem twin gells 'bout sump'n' Ole Mars' been tell him befo' de War. Ef you was ter listen ter Jonas, you gwi' think Ole Mars' is tole him evvything he knowed. Dis mornin' he come up ter de kitchen f'om Ole Town 'bout breakfus' time. Dat is gennully de time he gits here, summer mornin's, fur ter git sump'n' ter eat, an' fur ter hear hisse'f talk. He been tellin' 'em 'bout de time Pheeschun milk' de cows, an' let de pigs git all de milk. Ise heerd Ole Mars' tell Mis' dat tale many's de time, an' I done tell it ter Delphy long ago. But Eva-Adny an' Ary-Adny ain't nuver heerd it befo'; an' all Jonas axes is ter show-off 'fo' dem two gells. Befo' he tells 'em dis tale, he tells 'em another one, 'bout what he call a Panjorum-bucket. When he come, he fotch a quart-bucket along wid him, an' he made a great 'miration 'bout it, an' look' like he thought I wanted ter fine out what was in de bucket. I got w'ared out wid his foolishness, an' quit. Dat howcome I was late gittin' my breakfas'."

She was industriously dusting the room with a feather duster, while she discoursed:

"He got Delphy an' dem gells pow'ful wukked up 'bout what was in his Pan-

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jorum-bucket, while I was dar; an' arfter I lef', Delphy say he tole 'em dis tale 'bout de hawgs gittin' de milk. Whilst he was talkin', he gits a notion inter his old punkin-skull dat Tibe is outside de kitchen, listenin' by de winder. He goes out ter look fur him, but Tibe ain't in sight. Den he begins agin about his Panjorum-bucket, dat he fotch up f'om Ole Town, dat was settin' dar on de kitchen-flo' betwix' his legs, an' he gits dem niggers pow'ful keyed-up fur ter fine out what wuz in it. Delphy say, Eva-Adny want ter take de top off'n de bucket whilst Jonas was outside huntin' Tibe, but she wuz 'feared fur ter try it, 'long o' de tale he been tell 'bout de cunjer-man's wife what open de Panjorum-box he been tellin' 'bout. So dey waits 'twel he come back, an' den dey gits arfter him agin fur ter fine out what's in de bucket. You know Delphy's got a 'quirin' turn o' mine, Mis' Nancy. She always want to know evvything dat's gwine on."

Mis' Nancy smiled.

"Dey kep' on arfter Jonas 'bout de bucket, 'twel he tell Delphy ter take de top off, an' let 'em see fur deyse'ves what was in it. But dey wuz all skeered ter open it, 'long o' dat tale he done tole 'em 'bout what happen ter de 'oman dat open de Panjorum-box. Den he say dat ef dey was 'feared ter open de bucket, he warn't. So he takes his Panjorum-bucket off'n de kitchen flo', an' sets it up on de table like it was sump'n' turrible, an' dey all gethers 'roun' an' cranes dey necks fur ter see what gwi' come out uv it.

"Jonas warn't lookin' fur nuthin' ter come out o' dat bucket, Mis' Nancy. He thought he was jes' foolin' dem niggers. But sump'n' come!"

She chuckled to think of it.

"What?" queried Mis' Nancy, with interest.

"A hawnet," she replied. "Soon ez he tuk de top off de bucket, de hawnet sailed out o' de Panjorum-bucket, an' hit Jonas under de eye. Delphy ax' me ef we didn' hear him holler smack up here ter de Gre't House. Delphy say dat yaller-jacket ain't mo'n hit him when his eye swolt up bigger'n a goose-egg; an' when he goes out de kitchen, arfter she done put some cole water on it, he look like he been mixed up in a fight."

"Poor old man!" said Mis' Nancy. "I'm sorry."

"Po' ole nuthin'!" ejaculated the old woman. "I'se p'int'ly glad it happen'. Dat what he git fur bein' so biggity an' pomponious. Delphy say she lay he ain't gwi' come back up here fur no breakfas', nur supper nuther, 'twel dat eye o' his'n open up. He done walk home ter Ole Town by de sight o' one eye, dis day!"

"How in the world did the hornet happen to be in the bucket, Mirandy?" queried Mis' Nancy.

"He didn' happen ter be," she replied. "Tibe put him in dar! Delphy say Tibe come in, when his gran'-pa done lef' wid his bunged-up eye, an' say he seen de bucket at Janey's arfter Jonas done fix it up fur ter fetch it up here, an' Jonas was gwine ter give it ter you. So Tibe takes out o' de bucket what his gran'-pa done put in it, an' den he full de Panjorum-bucket harf full o' san', so it weigh 'bout de same, an' he put in de hawnet. Gord knows how he got him in dar, but he done so."

"For me?" asked Mis' Nancy. "Why, what on earth could Jonas have had in the bucket for me?"

"Butty-beans," said the old woman, with a grim smile, as she went on dusting.

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LEADER OF MEN

By Robert Gordon Anderson

"Roosevelt is dead." Why should that line
  Strike to my heart as if it told
The death of some close kin of mine,
  Father or brother, friend of old?

I never saw him face to face—
  Just once some fourteen years ago
Outside the crowded meeting place,
  When he addressed the overflow,

The fearless eyes, the firm-set chin,
  A man who loved the nobler fight—
The short swift gestures driving in
  The things he knew were just and right;

A newer, deeper reverence
  For things that never can grow old;
Judgments so filled with common sense
  Fools did not realize their gold.

And things which statesmen scorn to preach,—
  The love of children, home and wife;
Old-fashioned laws yet ones whose breach
  May sap the proudest nation's life.

So with his passing now it seems
  The old, old order too is dead,
The new with all its restless dreams,
  Revolt and chaos lowers ahead.

Th' oncoming storm in rage assaults
  The rocks that bulwarked all our past.
And yet that age with all its faults
  Held things to which we must hold fast.

The outworn temples we thought good,
  False gods may well be overthrown—
The broad foundations where he stood
  We still will cherish as our own.

"Roosevelt is dead." Our leader gone!
  To-day there stands his vacant chair
Not in that island home alone—
  By myriad firesides everywhere.

He loved us! Swift our torches light
  With the bright fire his courage gives.
We shall not falter in the fight—
  Roosevelt is dead. His spirit lives!

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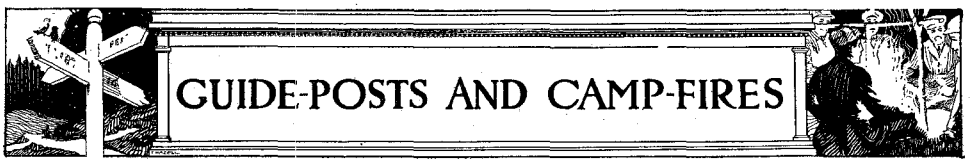

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ON A CERTAIN INSULARITY OF ISLANDERS

[THE SECOND OF TWELVE PAPERS]

THIS curious quality of human nature first attracted my notice some forty years ago, when I went to work in Newport, an ancient little city (from the American point of view) situate on the island of Rhode Island, in the State of Rhode Island.

There, in the centre of Touro Park, stands the round stone tower which the romanticists revere as a relic of the discovery of America by the Norsemen centuries before Columbus sailed, and which the factualists regard as the remains of a windmill built in the seventeenth century to grind Indian corn.

But you are mistaken if you suppose that a mere archæological dispute like this made any difference in the insular feeling of the native Newporters.

Was the tower built by Lief the Viking when he founded his colony of Vinland? That only shows how well the old adventurer "knew his way about," when he picked out the island of Rhode Island as the most beautiful and salubrious spot in a whole new world,—an island abundant in the wild fox-grapes with which Nature fills her loving-cup for man, and blessed with a douce climate in which the Gulf Stream tempers alike the rigors of winter and the ardors of summer to an enjoyable though relaxing suavity.

Was the tower erected by a prudent and prosperous English colonist to triturate his maize in the days of Roger Williams? That only illustrates the well-known fact that the corn-meal, of Rhode Island,—white, minutely granular, and highly nutritious,—was, and still is the finest on earth, and positively the only cereal fit for the making of the succulent Johnny-cake, unexcelled among the foods of mankind.

I found the insularity of these islanders absolutely correct about the superiority of their corn-meal; also about the supremacy of the Rhode Island turkey as a "*pièce de résistance*" in a banquet.

But I found much more than this. Rhode Island was not, as I in my Knickerbocker ignorance had supposed, a fraction of New England, supine between Massachusetts and Connecticut. It was an independent and sovereign, though diminutive, State. It had its own traditions and its own ideals, inherited from the Founder, that best of Puritans,—who held that the freedom of his own conscience implied an equal liberty for others.

The magic names of Massachusetts,—Adams, Endicott, Quincy, Cabot, Lodge, Hallowell, Hancock, and so on,—carried no spell with them in Rhode Island. There Arnold, Greene, Coggeshall, Coddington, Clarke, Easton, Vernon, Buffum, Hammett, Sheffield, and so on,—forgive me if I forget a few,—were the names of insular renown. Their inheritors, no matter whether they were now engaged in commerce, carpentry, or agriculture, or living quietly on diminished estates in gambrel-roofed houses, belonged to the first families.

The old retired sea-captains,—portly, ruddy men, who had a trace of profanity in their speech even when they argued for the orthodox religion,—formed a class of their own. Like Ulysses they could say:

"Much have I seen and known: cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments."

But unlike that insatiable old wanderer, they preferred the climate of their own sea-girt isle to any other in the world. Its ways and manners, councils and traditions, contented them to the core. They had sailed abroad, come home to

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the best, and settled down. They were conserved conservatives.

This was the atmosphere and spirit of the old town, with its narrow streets, gambrel roofs, house-doors opening directly upon the side-walk, square chimneys, and small-paned windows. The new Newport, which was at that time just beginning to expand its million-dollar "cottages" along the Cliffs, and to display its expensive and much-divorced social luxuriance along the misnamed Bellevue Avenue, made little impression on the real islanders. They regarded it mainly as a "passing show," and incidentally as an opportunity of increased gains from real estate and retail trade.

I recall an observation made by my father when he was walking with me and one of my Newport deacons on the Avenue. Gilded youths passed us in gorgeous equipages, and were pointed out and identified. That was so-and-so, or such-a-one, who had married this-or-the-other millionaire's daughter. "Well," said my governor, smiling under his brown beard, "I think this part of Newport ought to be called 'Son-in-Law City.'" The remark passed into a proverb in the old town.

They were pleasant people to live and work with, those native Newporters and the folks who had settled in with them. Their self-content, not being bumptious, sweetened their ways and made them easy-going. Many friends I found among them: a gentle, lame bookseller, who knew both men and books; a schoolmaster whose latinity was as admirable as his natural wit; a cabinet-maker whose hand-wrought furniture was without a flaw; a shoemaker whose soles were as honest as his soul; a retired gentleman whose chief luxuries were good literature, good music, and good talk; and most of all, my predecessor in the pastorate, the old Dominie, learned and humorous, a famous story-teller, whose favorite doctrine was that the first of the virtues is humility,—of which he had plenty and was very proud.

In fact the insularity of the place, as I grew to comprehend it, gave me sincere pleasure. The only point on which it irked me was that these island-people seemed to know little and care less about the distinguished position in American history of *my own particular island*,—Long Island, with its famous metropolis of Brooklyn, then a large New England village, which has since been absorbed into the cosmopolis of New York. This indifference to the claims of Brooklyn chafed me a bit; but I accepted it with the generous superiority of youth. So I had four happy years in Newport.

The next time I had occasion to consider the true meaning of insularity was when I began to make acquaintance with the island of Great Britain, including its local divisions of England, Scotland and Wales. Here is a wonderful bit of "land surrounded by water," situate off the western coast of Europe, which has a more distinct individuality and has exercised a more powerful influence on the history of the modern world than any country of the continent.

Now what do you find in contact with the Briton, social, intellectual, political, as the basis of his thought and feeling? The conviction that his island is central and superior, and that his own way of looking at things and of doing things is the right way.

"Every Englishman," wrote Novalis in a spirit of German mockery, "is an island." Yes, beloved philosopher; but at least he is separate from the mainland of Prussia; and he regards the surrounding sea not merely as his protection, but also as his means of communication with the rest of the world. He is the most widely travelled of provincials. But he never forgets where he came from.

The Englishman is that member of the human family who regards his personal habits as sacred rites. His morning tub accompanies him into Thibet. His afternoon tea is a function in India. His pale ale is placarded on the Pyramids.

The thing that an American notices on first meeting an Englishman, at home or abroad, is his high coast-line. If you pass that chalk cliff, you discover the richness, fertility, hospitality of the island. Nowhere do you feel more a foreigner (except for the language) than on your new arrival in England; and nowhere more at home, when you have lived through the first shocks into a friendly intimacy.

The notable social quality of England is the distinction between classes and the simplicity within them. George Wash-

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ington would have understood this better than we do. But even now it is disappearing a little as the House of Lords is periodically enlarged from the ranks of brewers and makers of newspapers and of soap. All honors to them! But they are still expected to conform in manners, to say nothing of religion, if they wish to find their place in the blessed British insularity.

Often in England have I met with frankness, bluffness, even brusqueness; but only twice with rudeness. Once it was from a duchess of plebeian birth; which was not astonishing. The other time it was from a shrivelled curator in a university library; which gave me a shiver of surprise.

But since then, what courtesy and hospitality have I found in English and Scotch houses, and the most ancient of British universities, gray home of the golden dream! What friendly and fruitful talk in mellow voices, cheered by sound wine around an open fire! What intimate understanding of the best meaning of culture! What sincere disregard of the pratings of publicity! What good fellowship, based on the ideals of fine literature and fair morals, shown in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and their followers!

The only difficulty I had was to persuade some of those modern Englishmen that the supposed Americanism, "I guess," was a direct inheritance from Spenser and Shakespeare; and that our pronunciation of "been" to rhyme with "bin," and our habit of saying "different from" instead of "different to" had good old English authority behind them. My friends were delightfully insular, but they did not go far enough back in the history of their *insula*. Finally I gave up the persuasion and settled down comfortably with my "Americanisms."

I had many opportunities to observe the course of the American Rhodes Scholars in Oxford. It appeared to divide itself into three periods. First, *irritation*, when they rebelled against English customs. Second, *imitation*, when they vainly endeavored to acquire an Oxford accent and manner. Third (but this only for the finest of them), *assimilation*, when they took in the best of English culture and sweetened their inborn, inbred Americanism with it.

Emerson wrote in 1856: "I am afraid that English nature is so rank and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with any other. The world is not wide enough for two."

Hawthorne, a little later, wrote: "An American is not apt to love the English people as a whole, on whatever length of acquaintance. I fancy that they would value our regard, and even reciprocate it in their ungracious way, if we could give it to them in spite of all rebuffs; but they are beset by a curious and inevitable infelicity, which compels them, as it were, to keep up what they consider a wholesome bitterness of feeling between themselves and all other nationalities, especially that of America."

These were comments marked by asperity more than by urbanity. But it must be remembered that they were made about the period of our Civil War, which was not precisely the golden age of Anglo-American relations. I think the earlier remarks of Irving and the later observations of Lowell were more to the point.

The English took unfavorable criticisms from this side of the water ill, yet with far less perturbation and indignation than we Americans showed at the caustic caricatures of Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens. We knew that some of our people were rude and crude; but why tell us so rudely and crudely? We were furiously angry and we let the world know it. The English may have been equally vexed, but they made less fuss about it, perhaps because of their more perfect insularity.

The man whose good opinion of himself is solid can afford to be imperturbable. It is when vanity is insecure that it grows touchy.

Is not English the only great language in which the pronoun of the first person singular is capitalized? How monumentally imposing is that upper case "I"! If a writer is egoistic the capitals stretch across his page like a colonnade. When he writes "we" he descends to the lower case. But this orthographic solipsism, mark you, is shared by Americans, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders,—all who use the English tongue. It is therefore not to be set down to insularity, but to individualism,—a stark, ineradicable, valuable quality of these various folks whose thoughts and feelings have been nourished by the same language.

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It comes to its philosophic climax in the Yankee Emerson who held the infinity and sufficiency of the private man, and declared, "I wish to say what I think and feel to-day, with the proviso that perhaps to-morrow I shall contradict it all." No Briton, not even Carlyle, could beat that.

It is all very well to have confidence in yourself, but when it passes into contempt for the rest of mankind it becomes a different matter. Plato said: "Self-will is a companion of solitude."

There are some men who consider comment on the faults of others equivalent to an exhibition of their own virtues. Self-complacency of that kind is seldom shared by the neighbors.

Once in a while a Briton, otherwise of good disposition and temperament, falls into that extravagance of insularity. Sidney Smith gave an illustration of it when he wrote in 1820, "Who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?"

Well, at that very time, a noted English poet, Thomas Campbell, had read the poems of Philip Freneau of New Jersey closely enough to steal a fine verse from one of them,—

"The hunter and the deer, a shade,"—

and embody it in his own poem *O'Connor's Child*. At that very time Lamb was praising the *Journal* of the American Quaker, John Woolman; and Walter Scott was admiring Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*. At that very time an American painter, Benjamin West of Philadelphia, was, and had been for twenty-seven years, president of the Royal Academy in London. Nay, it is reported that Sidney Smith himself jocosely threatened to disinherit his daughter if she did not like the writings of Benjamin Franklin. So you see his supercilious comment in the *Review* was of the nature of an aberration.

Something of the same nature I noted in Matthew Arnold, the apostle of sweetness and light, when he visited this country some thirty odd years ago. A genial Scotch-American, a *bon-vivant* of the old school, made a feast for him, at which there was excellent company and delicate fare, including, of course, canvas-back ducks, done to a turn,—just twenty minutes,—and a small bottle with each bird. The distinguished guest looked at his plate, seemed at a loss, and then leaning across the table said to an American bishop in a tone rather more audible than he used in his lectures: "Bishop, how is it that you *nevah* know how to cook birds in your country?" The bishop blushed, and confessed that he could not quite explain it.

It was what the French call "*une gaffe*," of course: but it was not ill-natured, and therefore not really rude. Who would not pardon a little thing like that to the man who had written *Essays in Criticism*, and *Sohrab and Rustem*, and *Rugby Chapel*, and all the rest of Arnold's fine and noble works?

The truth is there is a mental and moral kinship between Great Britain and America which makes little differences in manners and occasional infelicities seem of small account. We have the same classics in literature, from the English Bible down. We have been nourished on the same conceptions of self-reliance and fair-play, individual liberty and social order. We have the same respect for practical efficiency, though I think the British lay more stress on solidity, the Americans on rapidity, of work. We feel the same aversion to autocracy and disgust with lawlessness. We like to deal with hard facts; but

"We live by admiration, hope, and love."

We resemble each other enough in great things, and differ enough in small, to make a mutual understanding easy, profitable, and durable,—provided we do not suffer the petty politicians to spoil it by frivolous pranks.

Who can doubt that this good understanding has been increasing and deepening through the hundred and five years of peace between Britain and America? We have had disputes, but they have been settled by the method of reason and justice. A thousand ties of grateful friendship have been woven between British and American homes. The best book on the American Commonwealth has been written by Viscount Bryce, a North Briton; and the best book on the British Constitution by President Lowell of Harvard. Of course there are still things in American humor which the average Brit-

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isher does not catch until the next day, and things in British humor which the average Yankee hardly ever gets. But upon the whole we have learned to "swap jokes" with reciprocal enjoyment. Since the common experience of our soldiers in the great war, fighting side by side in the same cause with France, we have learned that the British are not "a nation of shopkeepers," and they have learned that the Americans are not "a tribe of dollar-worshippers."

Yes, I think they even understand what we mean when we join heartily with them in singing *God Save the King* but refrain from *Rule Britannia* on the ground that "the tune is unfamiliar."

But there is no reserve nor coolness in our love and admiration for their sea-girt home where our forefathers once lived,—

"A right little, tight little island."

No wonder they are proud of it. From Land's End to John O'Groat's House, from the white cliffs of the Channel to the black crags of Devon and Wales, from the broads of Lincolnshire to the firths and sounds of Argyle and Ross, from the rolling Downs to the misty Highlands, Earth has nothing better in the way of an island,—

"A precious stone set in the silver sea."

How varied, how rich, how abundant! It is full of shrines and monuments, yet not crammed with them. The sober splendor of the cathedrals, the sense of solid power in the cities, the opulent verdure and bloom of the countryside, the air of permanence and security alike in castle and cottage, the long intimacy and fresh vigor with which Nature responds to the touch of man,—all these things steal upon your heart quietly and irresistibly and make you feel that Great Britain is the most wonderful country in the world next to your own.

Ireland also is an island,—a very beautiful one,—and it has its own insularity. In fact it has two insularities, one to the north, and one to the south. When they are harmonized to desire the same thing it will be a fine day for the Green Isle.

There is a very pretty illustration both of the defects and of the virtues of insularity, in a precious old book. It seems that a certain vessel was wrecked long ago on an island called Malta. The ship was acting, in a way, as a government transport, for she carried a prisoner of state, named Paul, with his military guard. Now their *Guide-post* was marked "Rome." But by reason of the present rain and the cold they had urgent need of a *Camp-fire*. This the islanders kindled, Paul helping them. As he was laying sticks on the flame, a little poison-snake sprang out and fastened on his hand. Whereupon the islanders concluded that he was a murderer pursued by the divine Nemesis. But when he shook off the deadly worm and felt no harm, they promptly changed their minds and said that he was a god. These superstitions and extreme judgments belong to the dangerous side of insularity. But the good side came out when the islanders took the castaways into comfortable winter quarters, entertained them hospitably for three months, and loaded them with useful gifts at their departure.

I have been struck of late by the multitude of unsuspected islands in the world. Regions supposed to be continental turn out to be surrounded by water. Princeton, New Jersey, where I live, is discovered to have an insular quality, being enclosed by two rivers, a canal, and the Atlantic Ocean. The completion of the Panama Canal places the United States on an island. Rather a large one, it is true, but perhaps the subtle influence of this geographical circumstance may have had something to do with a recent acute attack of insularity in the Senate.

In fact, reader, you can make an island out of almost anything, if you wish to. An exclusive creed, an arbitrary taste, a political dogmatism, a closed mind, a dislike for children and dogs, yes, even a passion for musk as a personal perfume, will serve well enough to cut you off from other people if that is what you wish. But that is certainly the wrong kind of insularity. You might as well be cast away on an uninhabited atoll.

The best islanders, it seems to me, are those who live on their islands not as hermits, nor as pirates, but as good and hospitable neighbors; pleased with their own, trying to improve it, and keeping up communications with the rest of the archipelago.

There is a vital difference between insularity and isolation.

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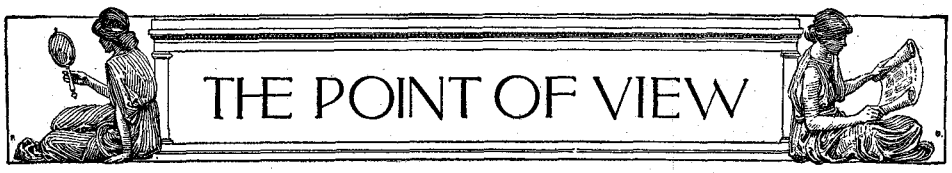

IT seems to be the fashion just now to argue about Chicago. She is become a sort of symbol—a rallying-point and a bone of contention. More and more, since Moody first pictured her, sitting

> "—at the northwest gates,
> With restless violent hands and casual tongue
> Molding her mighty fates,"

down to these days, when her chief singer has changed her gender and celebrated her as the "city of the big shoulders," she has come to be thought of as the typical American city. And she wears serenely, it must be admitted, the ambiguous crown of glory and opprobrium which appertains to that distinction. Yesterday she smiled at the accusation that she is "the idiot-child of cities"; to-day, at somebody's modest intimation that she is the potential artistic centre of the English-speaking world.

The One City

It is far from my purpose to attempt to put Chicago in her place among the cities of the earth. Most of them are familiar only to my dreams. My only excuse for testifying is that my testimony is of a special kind. Thoreau truly says that a man "can attend but one funeral in his life"; and, in the same sense, I say that a man can see but one city. Chicago is my one. Perhaps, if you should go there looking for it, you could no more find *my* Chicago than I can find Zretazoola, the city of Sombelene—"Zretazoola of the climbing ways"—or that other city of Thalanna on the edge of the desert, at whose gates Aoob and Bel-Narb sit and argue as to whether cities are lovelier at dusk or at daybreak. For my Chicago existed only in the eye and brain of a young pilgrim who had but just set out; and who stopped there—mostly in a little high room with one window—during the last two or three years of the century that died before the present one was born.

To begin with, no other city has ever had for me so mighty a voice. Since then, when I have come from my quiet places into these howling bedlams, I have always been able to see Bottom's body below the lion's head, and to realize that the great sham-monster had no especial grudge against me. But this that greeted me when I was first precipitated into Chicago was the real lion roaring. The whole incredible outburst of menacing thunder was provoked precisely by my insignificant intrusion. It is curious how we come to love the roar of cities—those of us, at least, who have the cast of mind that can love modern cities at all. For, although the sophisticated urban soul may smile, there is no doubt that for the traveller from the villages or the open places, the natural first effect of the city is terror. The only question is, Will he run away, or stay and conquer? A certain number of timorous souls always hurry through their errands and scuttle incontinently back to safety; some, of stubborner fibre, not caring for that sort of conquest, withdraw with dignity; but the others feel that first thrill of terror as a challenge, and rise with a strange exhilaration to meet it. It is they who are the true, unreasoning lovers of cities. And in learning to love this splendid, savage something at the heart of cities they feel as if they were learning to play a great organ, or to direct a tremendous orchestra. Let him who chooses be content, hereafter, with his oaten quill, or his flute, or his mere village string-quartette: this is a mightier music, calling for more masterful hands!

It was thus that that young dreamer came to feel the thrill of down-town Chicago, and to acquire a taste for that peculiarly profound and energizing solitude which is to be found at the core of such maelstroms. A city is not the place for a really gregarious person; a village is his right habitat. With all due allowance for their mitigating and even endearing qualities, villages are the slums of the mind. For the human spirit, they are the congested districts. The city is the place to build your ivory tower. There, veiled by the smoke of your neighbor's nocturnal lamp or grimy foundry, it will be invisible, if so you choose to have it: as remote as a lighthouse on a rock-bound coast. But in a village your ivory tower is the most conspicuous feature of the landscape; they come from miles around to bring you rope-ladders, and to hold your

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skirts aside for you while you clamber down.

There was a certain down-town corner in Chicago to which, for years afterward, my thoughts used to return with homesick longing—a gray, cold, roaring, forbidding corner, for which no sane person, one would think, could have the dimmest hankering. Overhead, the elevated pounded and bellowed; below, the cable-car jerked and clanged, and hour after hour, at wailing intervals, came the whistle of the traffic policeman, that stolid conductor of the city's thundering music. But there was a flower-stand on the corner where they sold—always, it seems to me now—rose-colored carnations. I have only to close my eyes and I can see them again, in all their glowing, softly-dazzling splendor against the grayness; and I can smell the spice of them upon the tingling, acrid air. Life itself was like that to a young dreamer—flame and ashes, beauty and terror, cold steel and soft blossom—without gradations, wholly lacking in the neutral tones that grow visible to life-adapted eyes. And that corner came to epitomize just that naked intensity of experience—like a sword in the gray sheath of a stern young solitude that had the leisure to taste it to the full.

But that is only one Chicago; the other lies along the shore of the lake. The lake is the secret of Chicago, of that Chicago which is spiritual and not industrial. He who would find her soul must look for it at the bottom of her lake, where, swaying among the white pebbles, the future dreams and sings. Not even New York, mistress of the sea-ways that she is, is so possessed by her waters as Chicago—or at least not in the same way. New York is a latter-day barbarian princess sitting upon a cliff, watching with bright eyes the coming and going of her ships; speculating upon their cargoes, bidding welcome and farewell to her numberless guests. She misses half the mystery of her great waters, because she keeps them so busy; they are always bringing her something, or taking something else away to be refilled. But Chicago is a young prairie wife, dreaming some mighty fate for her unborn hopes: behind her an ocean of wheat and corn and blue lupine, and at her doorstep this boundless, ever-changing wonder. Chicago's lake has all the brooding vastness of the sea. Much traffic it brings her, doubtless; but from the bit of her shore where she bargains and barters with it, it stretches miles away on either side, thundering at her doors, whispering at her feet, a challenge, a solace, a self-chained freedom, a familiar mystery. It differentiates Michigan Avenue from Riverside Drive; the one looks down upon a river of Time, sparkling with jewelled Hours; the other feels Infinity at its elbow, and scarcely dares to look. It redeems the populousness of parks; if you will only go close, and listen, it will vindicate your right to have lofty and lonely thoughts, though all the world chatter. Below the Convent of La Rabida, among the rocks, you may dream yourself undisturbed back into the Spain of Columbus, or to the "little island shaped like the new moon"; for few have any desire to disturb your solitude, spraying their dresses and scuffing their shoes. You may sit on the rocks with your friend of twenty years (as I did), and reread the poems you loved together in your aching youth; and no one will be any more curious than the gulls are, or the white sail so far out that it looks like a phantom, or the sombre lady who has stopped her limousine in front of the convent on the drive far above your head to stare out over the dim vastness, motionless.

But there is still another Chicago—not far from the lake, it is true, and borrowing a touch of glamour from the sense of its nearness. This is a city of the mind; a capital, as it were, of that one ultimate kingdom. It is our present fashion to denounce our colleges and universities as strongholds of sloth and superstition, and to belabor with scornful epithets all who foregather therein. Perhaps; but I speak now not as a duly anxious citizen of this our strenuous age of reconstruction, but as a young dreamer who fell in love with a city twenty years ago. For its core was a city of the mind: a shimmering, bodiless, ineffable thing whose outward symbol was a spacious group of dear gray walls and red roofs and quiet towers. All about it there were wide white streets and many vacant lots, crossed, village-fashion, by diagonal paths and graced by flowering weeds; and there were buildings with innumerable little rooms and high windows, where numberless souls, some young, some older, but all poor, lived like strange, unsocial bees in their close-set honey-cells. Sometimes the bees were drones, doubtless, and sometimes the honey was bitter—but ah, that bitter honey of youth!

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And snow was a mark of my city. Its beauty was a novelty to me—ecstatic, shivering Southron that I was; I was never used to the wonder of it. I shall never forget how I ploughed my way to vespers one afternoon through piling drifts, and was so exhausted by the unexpected effort that I could scarcely plough my way home again—though the way was short.

Yet I loved the snow; and when, after so many years, I went back to visit that distant place, and found the snow was come also, it seemed most fitting. All through the intervening years I had seen that city through the veil the heart draws about its loved and unforgotten things; and now, when I actually once more walked the cloisters, and looked out of the oriel windows, I was not to see it in its mere everyday aspect, but through the incredible beauty of the snow. So gray and dim was the air, that at four o'clock the lights came on, long pencils of misty gold; and then one searched out looming shadows, and knew them for the familiar walls in their remembered places. Helped by the snow-muffled chimes that told where the towers were. . . . It was as lovely as memory, real to the heart as only dreams are real. Not often is a return so fortunate.

A Soliloquy on Sorting

HAVE any of us forgotten those far-off springtimes when we, small eager people in pinafore or kilts, observed the adults of our household, as they hauled forth the winter's accumulation from the closets, and laboriously discarded, rearranged, retied, and returned it to the soapy-smelling shelves? In our memories the fragrance of soap mingles with the fragrance of violets, both connoting April. The call of spring is so subtly compounded of energy and enervation that it seems strange that it is always the energy that prevails, making April the date for house-cleaning. Perhaps we share with Nature her instinct to clear away the winter's clutter, retaining only so much as may be needed in the new life of spring, throwing aside all that might impede the pushing of fresh blade and blossom. There is in us more of vegetable impulse than we recognize, and they are sadly desiccated mortals whose spirits do not bourgeon immortally in every spring, and who do not, with the spirit's stirring, feel once more the need to sift and rearrange all the body's stored impedimenta, food-supplies and furniture, books and clothes, fripperies and fineries. How eagerly, when we were tiny, we used to watch for those riches of rubbish, discarded by our elders, with which we might ourselves begin to store and sort and stow away! Comic and crude our childish standard of selection and arrangement, to which each little budding personality held the clew. Imitative as baby beavers we thrilled to our first sorting, instinctively aware that the classification of the treasures earth flings us is the sole enduring imprint the evanescent self can leave upon its surroundings.

The zest of life is in its successive sortings as we travel from decade to decade, from place to place, from faith to faith. Life is an endless battle against clutter. No sooner do we get through one job of assortment than some unobserved mounting heap of something else challenges our sense of order and analysis. Most of us, at any given moment, are conscious of a pile of something somewhere in our lives that needs sorting—it may be a mass of old books or old boots, or merely old motives. There is hardly any peace of mind so deep as that one experiences just after one has satisfactorily sorted something. Yet always inexorably, insidiously, a fresh inchoate pile is mounting somewhere on our spirit's premises, demanding arrangement.

True there are people who evade the burden by never pausing long enough on any experience to discover where it belongs in the soul's store of noble and less noble. Such people move from apartment to apartment, all ready furnished, all without closets, all too public to afford any privacy for personal hoards. But somehow those others are more interesting whose spirits have cubby holes containing bags and boxes quaintly labelled perhaps, but inviting. These never outgrow the childish ardor for examining the trinkets others throw aside, as being perhaps for their own humbler selves significant. These long for room enough and leisure enough to overhaul life's fleeting opinions, its flashing visions, and arrange them into ordered piles, for useful application. Some of us long for an old-fashioned garret, such as our fathers possessed both in their heads and in their houses, where crowding conglomerate impressions may be safely stored until we have time to arrange them, and where, after such selection, we may keep our neatly

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ticketed solutions for handy reference. By means of garrets the wisdom of our ancestors was preserved, mellow with experience, rich with romance. Like a child bent on adventure one might steal "up attic" and live for a while in one's grandfather's soul, all quick with life beneath the dust and cobwebs.

Perhaps those old garrets were musty, or perhaps, on the other hand, they held inviolate the aroma of tradition. Perhaps modern homes and modern heads, empty of storage room, are more sanitary, or perhaps they are more barren than those of our fathers, but certain it is that in this present there is small provision for storing or for sorting. We fight for mere breathing space as events piling up too fast for all our efforts to appraise them, encroach from every corner upon our serenity. Shall we be utterly swamped while we struggle to formulate an ordered creed and conduct from out this chaos? Yet there is stimulus and sting in the effort to master whatever portion of contemporary clutter to-day invades even the humblest home. After a long winter of discontent social forces stir in some strange springtime of hope, and we must sift and sort and throw away all accumulation that would retard even the shyest blossom of aspiration, must retain whatever may give vitality to even the faintest blade of human progress. We must up, each one of us, and at our spring sorting. The effect may leave us beaten and breathless, but better that than not to have tried to understand.

Perhaps life is meant to be merely a lesson in sorting. Perhaps we are set down before our variegated experiences as children are put to a task of selecting colored threads from a heap. The threads are as worthless as our transient opinions, but the color perception gained is an asset for all the child's life to come. Perhaps the pedagogical purpose that overwhelms us continually with new knowledge, new experience, new sensation, is to make our spirit's eyes sharp, our spirit's selection deft and sure, in order that we may recognize unerringly whatsoever things are lovely when we move hence to that new abode where is being stored all earth's evanescent loveliness for our eternal enjoyment. There are some who have conceived heaven as a supernal attic where we may forever delight in reviewing and revaluing all the garnered treasures of earth. He had but scant time for any mortal hoarding, that finely discriminating young poet who wrote:

"Still may time hold some golden space
Where I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face,
And count and touch and turn them o'er,
Musing upon them; as a mother, who
Has watched her children all the rich day through
Sits quiet-handed, in the fading light,
When children sleep, ere night."

There is homely wisdom in that phrase, "putting one's house in order," as euphemism of preparation for our final flitting. Putting our house in order means that we shall leave no clutter for others to sort, that for our successor our memory shall be an orderly place where he may enter and ponder our arrangement, that arrangement being the only enduring impress the human soul may make upon its transitory possessions. Perhaps we shall have travelled far from our babyhood's springtime when we watched the grown-ups sorting the winter's accumulation, our eagerness all a-tiptoe to secure some rubbish to dominate with our own ownership and arrangement. On some quiet day securely stored in the future, we shall be called to do our last sorting; however faint our hands and dull our eyes, we shall rally once more to springtime energy, overhaul our cramped closets, discard the unessential, pack away, neatly labelled, the piles that we deem of abiding value. Yet even on that last day, we shall not know securely whether our standards of selection are the true ones. Have we not so many times thought we had discovered the final verities, only to recatalogue on another day, tossing past treasures on the trash-pile, or running to the ash-heap to reclaim some prize our earlier stupidity had repudiated? Yet we never lost the lifelong zest of arrangement. Only those people outgrow the delight of sorting whose spirits have forgotten all April bourgeoning. We know that even in our last spring sorting we shall be but fallible in our selection. Not even then shall we know what it were best to take with us. Mercifully, we need not decide, for the celestial escort, having gently blindfolded our eyes the more securely to lead us over, will look at our little piles with divine amusement at our crude baby valuations, and then will select, better than mortal wisdom could, those earthly treasures best fitted to keep a little child, in a strange new house, from being homesick.

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THE FIELD OF ART

INMAN'S PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH

By Esther Cloudman Dunn

THE portrait of William Wordsworth which hangs in the library of the University of Pennsylvania stands among the real beginnings of an intellectual union between England and America which has done much for the fortunes of both countries. It was painted by Henry Inman, the foremost American portrait-painter of his time, at Rydal Mount, the home of the Laureate and England's most venerated literary shrine. Wordsworth sat for the portrait at the request of his friend, Professor Henry Reed, of the University of Pennsylvania, who had sent Inman on a special mission to England to paint the picture.

Henry Inman.

The relations between Professor Reed and the great English poet had been marked by a sincere admiration and faithful discipleship on the part of Reed, and by a cordial appreciation on the part of Wordsworth, who realized that the spiritual influence of his poetry was being fostered and disseminated in this country by the efforts of his friend. No other American scholar had, up to that time, so keenly appreciated the practical significance of Wordsworth's poetry in human affairs and the effect it was to have upon the lives of the English-speaking nations. Professor Reed, in his splendid enthusiasm for the spreading of the Wordsworthian philosophy in this country, was not content with the publication under his own able editorship of an American edition of Wordsworth's poems (1837) and his own interpretation of the poet's genius in his classroom; but he desired, also, that the poet's features should have an American interpretation at the hands of one of the country's most capable and famous artists. Thus it came about that Henry Inman made the long journey overseas to Rydal in 1844, where he was an honored guest of the venerable poet, studying his every mood and movement, and painting a living portrait which stands as one of the truest presentments of Wordsworth as he was.

The particular quality of truth in this portrait is, if we are to trust the judgment of those who knew the poet, its photographic accuracy. One might romance a bit and imagine that a kind of directness which is essentially American aided the artist in making this accurate likeness which contrasts so clearly with such a conception as Haydon's portrait of "Wordsworth Upon Helvellyn." One might go further and claim that the so-called "poetical" quality of Haydon's portrait was beyond the simplicity of American concept and manner. Be the cause what it may, in the realistic likeness of the portrait lies its peculiar value. Mr. Ellis Yarnall, who knew the poet and who was also very familiar with the portrait, says: "The other portraits are more or less *conventional*—while the true man, Wordsworth as he was, as he lived and moved among the sons of men—not perhaps the ideal poet, but the somewhat rustic dweller among the hills—speaks in the picture. To my mind its simplicity is its

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charm." If one needs a more authoritative word, it comes in a letter from Mrs. Wordsworth to an American friend: "I can have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion, and (what is of more value) to my feelings, the portrait of my husband is the best likeness that has been taken of him."

In spite of this emphasis upon the reality of the likeness, we have to remember that Inman's subject was a poet, and that by one of those nice adjustments of nature which rarely occur, he looked a poet. The peculiar quality of his eyes has been often remarked. "The light," says De Quincey, "which resides in them is at no time a superficial light, but under favorable accidents, it is the light which seems to come from unfathomed depths: in fact, it is more truly entitled to be held, 'The light that never was on land or sea'—a light radiating from some far spiritual world, than any the most idealizing that ever yet a painter's hand created." It is a matter of interest in this connection to find that all contemporary criticism of Inman's art as a portrait-painter praises his skill in reproducing the eye. "Perhaps we have never had a painter who could paint a better eye than Inman—few so well," says one critic. "They are all looking at you more than you at them." While in this portrait of Wordsworth the pose prevents us from getting the direct glance of the eyes, there is about them a piercing yet mellow light, the forward-looking gleam of a benevolent sage and prophet. One might, indeed, apply to Inman's portrait the lines which Mrs. Browning wrote upon seeing Haydon's picture of the poet atop Helvellyn:

> No portrait this with academic air,
> This is the poet and his poetry.

The story of the circumstances out of which the artist made his visit to Rydal Mount in 1844 throws a pleasant light upon the American academic and literary life of that time. Professor Reed was no common figure. He was a scholar of parts, who had the vision to turn his attainments to meet the peculiar demands of the American intellectual interests of his day. We needed transmitters of the Old World culture. In response to this need he took upon himself, in addition to the regular duties of a professorship in English rhetoric and literature, several series of extra-curricula lectures for the benefit of the interested public of Philadelphia. In 1844 he was delivering such a course in one of the college halls upon "English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson." His interest in the cultivation of literary taste continued through the next decade in open lectures on the various periods and phases of English literature.

But he did something more specific than this for the dissemination of English letters and literary traditions in America. Before 1837 he had published a little volume of "Poems from the Poetical Works of William Wordsworth," and in that year he offered to the American public a handsome royal octavo volume of "The Poetical Works." It was a lovely piece of book-making and brought him quick and full recognition from the great poet who he revered so much. Wordsworth immediately upon receipt of a copy from Reed, wrote him from London with a warmth and a kind of stiff grace which are not frequently found in his letters. He pays a tribute to the book itself: "The book, which has been shown to several persons of taste, Mr. Rogers in particular, is allowed to be by far the handsomest specimen in printing in double columns which they have seen." The idea of an edition of his poems being printed across the seas in America brought a particular satisfaction to the poet, who in his early days had looked to this country as a sort of El Dorado, and might well have shared the dreams of Coleridge and his group, who had contemplated the establishment of a new Utopia upon the banks of the Susquehanna.

With this volume and Reed's introduction through it to Wordsworth began a long friendship between the American professor and the English poet, which was continued until the poet's death in 1850. During all that time Reed's duties kept him in this country, but some of his friends who, through him, had come to know the great bard of Rydal Mount, brought back to him most friendly personal accounts. Reed's own opportunity to go to England came four years after the poet's death; but the real warmth with which he was received and entertained by Mrs. Wordsworth and by various members of the families of Wordsworth, Arnold, and Coleridge, must have made him very happy, and must have assured him of the high esteem in which he had been held by Wordsworth himself. The

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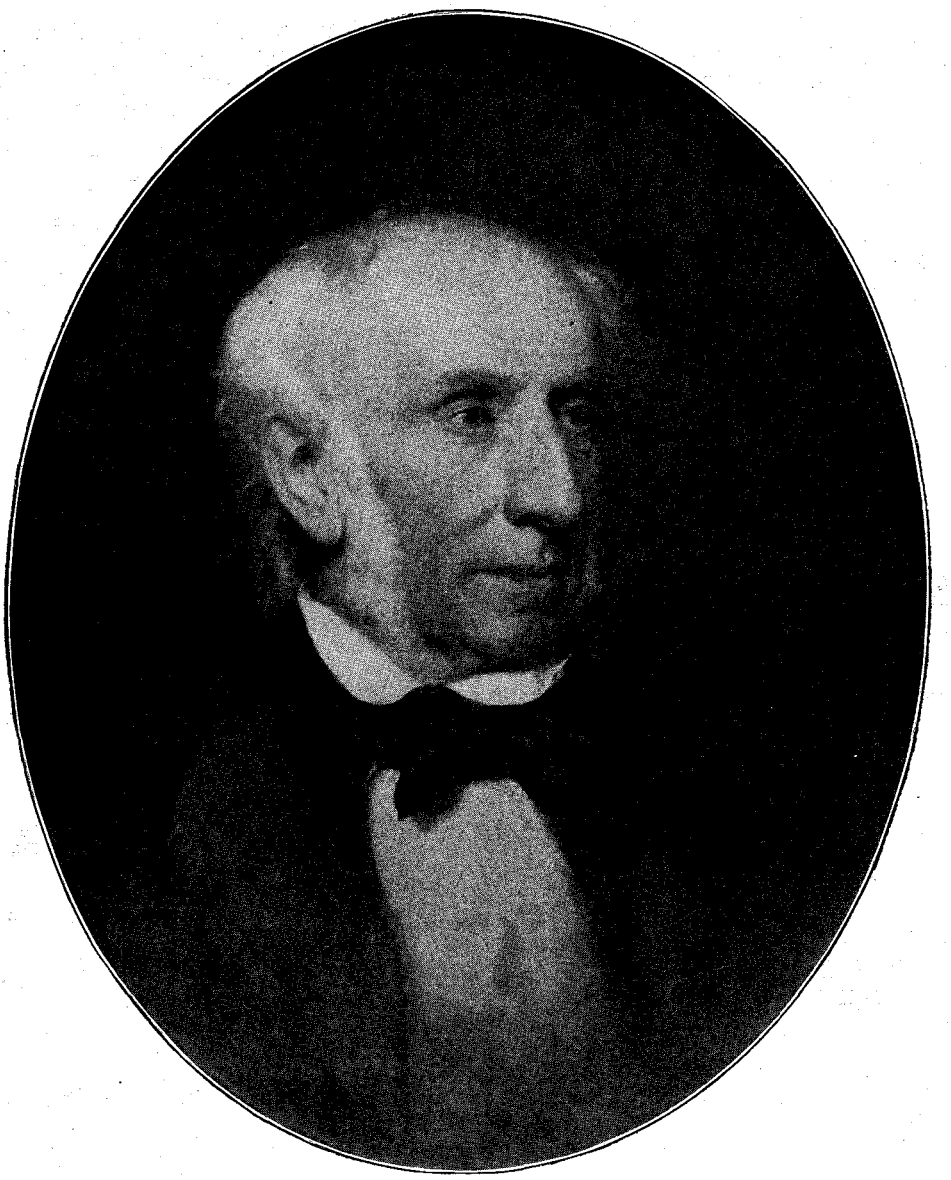

The Inman portrait of Wordsworth.

correspondence between Reed and Wordsworth is full of significant facts for the history of Wordsworth's poems and for the state of English letters over here and of American letters in England at that time. Some of Wordsworth's later poems were written on American subjects at Reed's suggestion. But more important than any of these specific things is the fact that through their sympathetic correspondence there was being established a transatlantic interchange of national and literary ideals which did much for the mutual understanding of intellectual life in both countries.

I have dwelt thus much on the story of the friendship between Reed and Wordsworth by way of showing how an American professor came to know him so well that in 1844 he could presume to send over a portrait painter and ask that he be allowed to

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stay at Rydal Mount and have the poet sit for him.

Inman was a typical product of the new world in many ways. His parents had been settlers in the Mohawk Valley, and the boy had grown up in the midst of the privations and the keennesses of pioneer life. According to the picturesque tradition which surrounded this American prodigy, he was taken to New York at the age of thirteen and brought to Jarvis's studio. The great man, upon seeing the star-destined stripling, is reported to have exclaimed: "By heavens, the very head of a painter!" Whether this story is true or not, we do not need to inquire; but as early as 1834 the young artist had opened a studio in New York and was achieving considerable fame as a portrait-painter. Lester, who published a little book about American artists in 1846, the year of Inman's death, gives an interesting account of the share his personal charm had in the success of his portraiture. "The frank and winning address of Inman, united to conversational powers of a rare order, always gave him an advantage with sitters, which he used with the happiest effect. He rarely failed to beguile them with his talk of the consciousness that they were sitting for a portrait, when he would seize upon the most natural and characteristic expression of the countenance from which he had thus banished the formality and restraint." This pleasing account of his personality is gratifying. It was important for us that persons who went to England in such a capacity as his should represent the best American type. He was appreciated, if we are to believe the testimony of Wordsworth and the household of Rydal Mount.

Henry Reed.

Inman's letter to Reed, written to him from New York immediately after his return to America, gives a pleasant glimpse of the stay at Rydal Mount. "On a fine morning (I think it was the 20th of August, 1844) I made my first visit to Rydal Mount. . . . Mr. Wordsworth received me with unaffected courtesy, and my first close and technical observation of him did not fail to note the peculiarly genial smile which lights up a face full of intelligence and good nature. I took sittings of him nearly every day, and in the presence of Mrs. Wordsworth and his daughter and son. . . . It was delightful to mark the sympathy that seemed to bind the aged poet and his wife together. . . . She sat close at his side when the sittings were taken, and the good old man frequently in the course of a conversation mainly addressed to myself, turned to her with an affectionate inquiry for her opinion respecting the sentiment he had just expressed, and listened with interest for her replies." In addition to the intimate picture of the household that this letter gives us, there is in it an indirect suggestion of the happy circumstances under which the portrait was made and of the kindly way in which the American artist was treated.

In regard to the satisfaction of the sitter and his family with the portrait, Inman writes: "When the picture was finished he said all that should satisfy my anxious desire for a successful termination to my labors. His wife, son, and daughter all expressed their approval of my work. He told me he had sat twenty-seven times to various artists, and that my picture was the best likeness of them all." There might have been in this statement merely the conventionally polite remarks of the Wordsworths to a foreign artist, but their letters to Reed in regard to the matter show that their statements were entirely sincere. Mrs. Wordsworth, writing to Reed in the autumn following the summer sittings at Rydal, praises the portrait most warmly. "I am happy on this occasion to congratulate you and Mrs. Reed upon the possession of so valuable a treasure. At the same time I must

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Inman's study of Wordsworth's residence from which a painting was later made.

express the obligation I feel to the painter for having produced so faithful a record. To this testimony I may add that my daughter and her younger brother (the elder is abroad and has not seen it) are as much satisfied with the portrait of their father as I am."

To that devotee of Wordsworth, whose admiration has led to the painstaking labor of editing the poems, and who had thought so much of the value of the Wordsworth tradition in America that he had sent an American artist to paint the portrait, this must have been a very gratifying letter; and through it the American professor and the English Laureate were coming closer together.

The matter did not end there. Over a year later, in September, 1845, Wordsworth was writing Reed again about the portrait. "This reminds me of Mr. Inman and a promise which he made that he would send us a copy of your portrait of myself. I say a promise, though it scarcely amounted to that absolutely, but it was little short of it. Do you think he could find time to act upon his own wish in this matter? I feel interested in it on Mrs. Wordsworth's account, who reckons that portrait much the best, both as to likeness and execution, of all that have been made of me, and she is an excellent judge. In adverting to this subject I, of course, presume that you would have no objection to the picture being copied, if the artist were inclined to do it." The Reeds were not slow in complying with this wish. A replica was made by Inman and sent as a gift from Reed to Wordsworth. When James T. Fields was at Rydal Mount in 1847 he noticed the copy and says that Wordsworth "seemed to regard it with veneration as we stood before it." It was on this same visit of Fields to Wordsworth that his host asked kindly after Inman and his daughter. "The painter's daughter," says Fields, "who accompanied her father, made a marked impression on Wordsworth, and both he and his wife joined in the question, 'Are all the girls in America as pretty as she?' I thought it an honor Mary Inman might well be proud of to be so complimented by the old bard."

All the friendly little incidents of that visit of Inman to Rydal Mount are interesting. We like to know that Wordsworth is reported to have pronounced him "the most decided man of genius he has ever seen from America." We like to think that his daughter's pretty self and graceful manners had made a good impression upon the family of the poet. While Inman was there he made some sketches, one of Rydal Falls, which

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was listed in a catalogue of Inman's New York exhibition and is now in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania. The notice of another sketch, one of Rydal Water, is accompanied in the catalogue by a quotation from one of Inman's letters: "Mr. Wordsworth pointed out the view and went with me when I made the sketch." It is pleasant to picture the old Laureate and the young painter, sent by a zealous professor from a western land, strolling about the grounds of Rydal Mount together. If we need proof of the charm of Inman's personality we have it in these amiable expeditions. "The poet accompanied me twice," he says in a letter to Reed, "on my sketching excursions, and indicated various points of view which seemed favorable as subjects for the pencil."

There was pleasant talk between them on these sketching tours. Reed, in a little note to his American edition of the "Memoirs of Wordsworth," records the story of one of these conversations. "During one of his days at Rydal Mount," says Reed, "Inman's eye (sensitive to delicately beautiful appearances of nature) caught the fine effect of light and shade produced by sunshine and the glancing shadows of leaves upon the lawn. He remarked it to Mr. W. who repeated the lines he had composed on the same phenomenon—the stanzas beginning:

> This lawn a carpet all alive
> With shadows flung from leaves—

Mr. Inman indicated the poem to me by his recollection of one phrase which appeared to have impressed itself by its poetic beauty deeply on his fancy: 'a press of sunshine' was, he said, an expression which still clung to his memory." Apparently Reed located the poem from this phrase and then sent it to Inman. Inman wrote in reply to Reed: "The poem you quote is the one I heard as breathed from the lips of the venerable poet, while the same quivering sunshine that first inspired his Muse with these fine reflections, played in restless lustre over his cheeks and temples."

One of the most tangible memorials of these pleasant sketching tours of the Laureate and his American artist, is a pen-and-ink drawing of the house made from an advantageous place in the garden. The hospitable roof-tree and snuggling chimney-pots and the long row of windows with their sunny southern exposure, rise from a mass of luxuriant English shrubbery. This precious memento of the English tour was brought home by Inman to Reed and is still in the possession of his descendants. It is inscribed with the name of H. Inman and underneath the sketch, in a fine hand (probably Inman's) is the title and date: "Residence of Mr. Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Sept. 1844." There is about this bit of paper, with its painstakingly fine strokes and its faded brown ink, a romantic charm; for it is more than probable that the picturesque old bard sat by as the sketch was made, and I have no doubt that "the shadows flung from" the leaves of venerable trees quivered across the page as Inman drew. There flashed across his mind, perhaps, a sense of the divergence, and, at the same time, of the similarity between America, with its pioneer flavor, and this English house and garden where lived a poet-laureate to a queen.

The story of this little sketch was not to end with its making. The year after his visit to England, Inman, again in America, painted from this pen-and-ink drawing a landscape which is now in the University of Pennsylvania. Perhaps a warm reminiscence of that sunny morning at Rydal led him to introduce into this copy of the sketch two small figures—"one of the poet and the other of the painter making his sketch." He has introduced color into the garden borders, scarlet blossoms, poppies perhaps, as he remembered them in his mind's eye, burning in the sunlight of that September day. If we are to believe Reed, this happy memory was the last thing to which Inman was to give permanence on canvas. He had been ill and was destined to be cut off in mid-career. In a foot-note in the American edition of Bishop Wordsworth's "Memoirs" of the poet in a very unobtrusive place and in very small type, Reed inserts this brief statement: "After painting the two small figures in the foreground—one of the poet and the other of the painter making his sketch—Inman retired (as he said to a friend) to his chamber to die." It was, no doubt, his pleasure to commemorate in these last days an episode that may well have seemed to him one of the most rewarding experiences in his career and in his life.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 5.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

UNCERTAINTIES OF THE NEW YEAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IN the very considerable number of individual forecasts of the financial and economic outlook for 1920, published at the beginning of the new year, there was striking unanimity of judgment on two or three considerations, and unusual conflict or uncertainty on the rest. That industrial activity in the United States cannot continue throughout the present year at the pace of 1919, and, in particular, that the prodigious expansion of our export trade, out of all proportion to our imports, cannot possibly be repeated—on these points, opinion of experienced financial experts was in full agreement.

Forecasts of the New Year

It agreed also on the facts that Europe's industrial recuperation will proceed this year at a far more rapid rate than in the first year after Germany's surrender; that continuance of our own prosperity is bound up intimately with this foreign recovery, and that therefore, quite as much in the interest of our own economic security and welfare as in that of Europe, the United States will be compelled, from its own overflowing wealth, to grant credit facilities with the utmost liberality to foreign countries. But beyond these three conclusions, opinion among the prophets of the coming year diverged almost irreconcilably.

No unanimity appeared in regard to the probable movement of prices and the cost of living; against a respectable body of opinion which predicted inevitable reduction, there were equally weighty prophecies of even a further rise. Such hopes as were expressed regarding the attitude of labor—and the general drift of sentiment was not unhopeful—were qualified by cautious reservation. Being Americans, the financiers and business men who gave their judgment, based it largely upon their faith in the United States on general principles. But most of them admitted that the course which events should take in such unprecedented experiments as the solution of the present railway problem, with its relation to the welfare of fiduciary institutions and of the whole investing community, was bound to affect the general situation profoundly.

The attitude of perplexity and uncertainty was not at all unnatural. Experience and observation are usually safe guides to judgment of the future. Even inferences from experience depend, however, on the assumption that certain principles, and the relation of cause and effect in the application of them, will operate in the future as in the past. There is no reason to suppose that they will not. But the tremendous force of the recent political and economic upheaval has swept away so many landmarks, has affected so deeply even the people's way of thinking on such questions, that it is far more difficult for even the keenest mind to be sure how the old-time principles apply to the phenomena of to-day.

The Present and the Past

The situation is crowded with anomalies. Politically, we have a Europe whose map is even now not clearly determined; the relation between whose constituent states has for more than a year been neither that of peace nor that of war; whose governments are in half a dozen instances admittedly experimental; one of whose provinces has been constitutionally governed by a pianist and musical composer, another unconstitutionally by a decadent poet. With this we have an American situation in which the traditional party of political expansion has been made to struggle for

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political isolation; in which the nation that intervened to end the war is refusing to ratify the peace; in which the party that expects to carry the Presidential election is breaking into factions while the other party is a unit, and in which groups of men and women seemingly in possession of their faculties as regards other things in life, are holding up Russia's Bolshevik despotism as a form of government superior to that set forth in the United States Constitution.

Economic Paradox of the Day

ECONOMICALLY, we are confronted with the storehouses of one continent crowded with food and fuel while the people of another continent are starving and freezing. While the wheat crop of 1919 in the United States has sold, by the Agricultural Department's estimate and wholly apart from the government's guarantee, for $2,000,000,000 as against a maximum of $670,000,000 for any crop before the war, our farmers have reduced their planting of winter wheat from the last crop's fifty million acres to thirty-eight millions—the smaller figure being much less than in any year since the war began. Every community, our own included, is watching a social reversal in which the income of ordinary laborers, indifferently skilled, runs beyond the average income of teachers, clergymen, and a great mass of professional men.

We have seen prices pushed to exorbitant heights with the result of actually stimulating purchases of the highest-priced goods; and, in the field of housing, a situation in which not only have rents advanced unconscionably but in which the well-to-do tenant, if he has relinquished an existing lease, is not unlikely to find himself without the prospect of a home. In the markets themselves, one encounters such bewildering paradoxes as United States bonds selling at a price which, with the interest rate, will net 5 per cent to the investor, and bonds of the British government, on the same basis of calculation, yielding 7½ per cent. While the price of silver bullion has risen with the price of other things, its own advance has had curiously bewildering consequences; the market value of the metal in our silver dollar, which was only 45¾ cents in 1894, having risen this year to 103 cents. In Europe, the result of the rise has been disappearance even of small silver coin into the export market, and only by prohibiting export of silver save under governmental license, and by gradually melting up our silver dollars under governmental auspices, has a similar result, so far as the dollar is concerned, been prevented in this country.

Back of all stands the amazing depreciation of New York exchange rates on the European markets—a depreciation without precedent in history; yet, in the face of that phenomenon, such a balance of trade against the United States in its trade with Asia and South America, and such movement of their exchange markets against us, that we have had to export $300,000,000 gold. It is not strange that, in the face of this jumble of financial and political paradox, even the wisest economist should hesitate to make precise deductions as to the economic future.

Two Questions of Economic Dispute

IN due course, all of us will discover what the real and abiding principle is, which underlies these confusing movements of the day. It will be found, as always, through holding fast to ascertained facts and refusing to be led aside by theories which construct the facts to suit the ideas of those who hold them. There are two outstanding questions which have greatly bewildered the public mind during the past year, which are certain to occupy it constantly during the coming year, and regarding which very general ignorance and misconception prevail. I am referring, first, to the prevalent idea regarding the American paper currency—in its relation to the gold standard, in the matter of rising prices and to the whole problem of expansion and contraction, —and, second, to the question which is commonly stated as the "bankruptcy of Europe."

The general public's view of our currency is natural enough. Seeing by the official figures that the amount of Federal Reserve notes in circulation, of which there were none at all when the war began,

(Continued on page 51, *following*)

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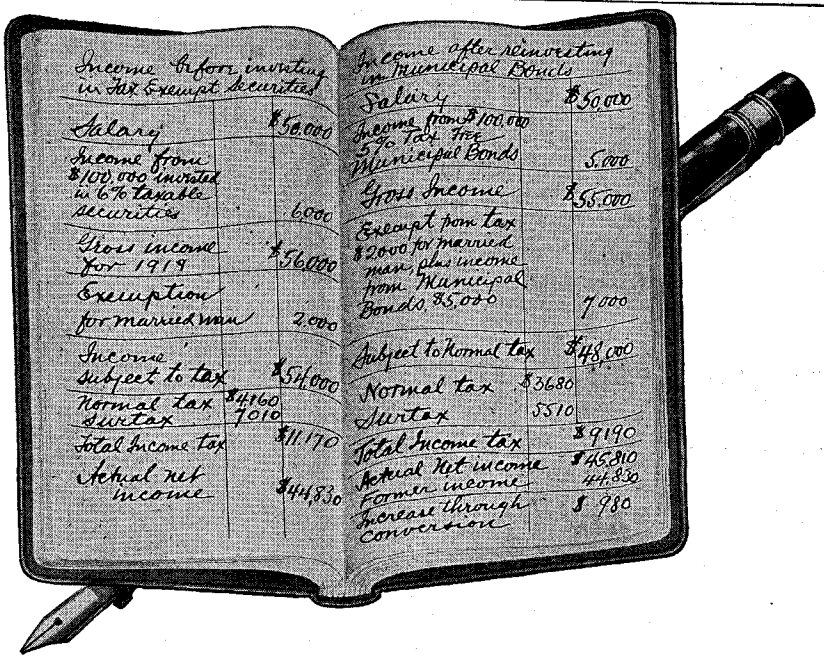
Income before investing in Tax Exempt Securities
Salary $50,000
Income from $100,000 invested in 6% taxable securities 6,000
Gross income for 1919 $56,000
Exemption for married man 2,000
Income subject to tax $54,000
Normal tax $4760
Surtax 7010
Total Income tax $11,170
Actual net income $44,830
Income after reinvesting in Municipal Bonds
Salary $50,000
Income from $100,000 5% Tax Free Municipal Bonds 5,000
Gross Income $55,000
Exempt from tax $2000 for married man plus income from Municipal Bonds $5,000 7,000
Subject to Normal tax $48,000
Normal tax $3680
Surtax 5510
Total Income tax $9190
Actual Net income $45,810
Former income 44,830
Increase through conversion $ 980

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 51)

prodigious paper money issues of those governments, during and since the war. Yet there has been no gold premium in Germany, Russia, or Austria.

In the case even of the United States, it has lately become a familiar turn of speech to say that "the dollar has been cut in two." Certainly a dollar of income in 1919 would buy scarcely half what it bought in 1914. When the enormous issues of paper currency were combined with so greatly reduced a purchasing power, nothing seemed more conclusive to the every-day observer than the assertion that the United States had now cut loose from the gold standard, that the new paper issues were depreciated in terms of gold, and that prices and cost of living had gone up primarily because of such depreciation.

IF these three conclusions are correct, then they have a very intimate bearing on the kind of problem which is ahead of the United States; especially on the question, when and how we can get our circulating money back to the pre-war standard of value. But it so happens that

(Financial Situation, continued on page 55)

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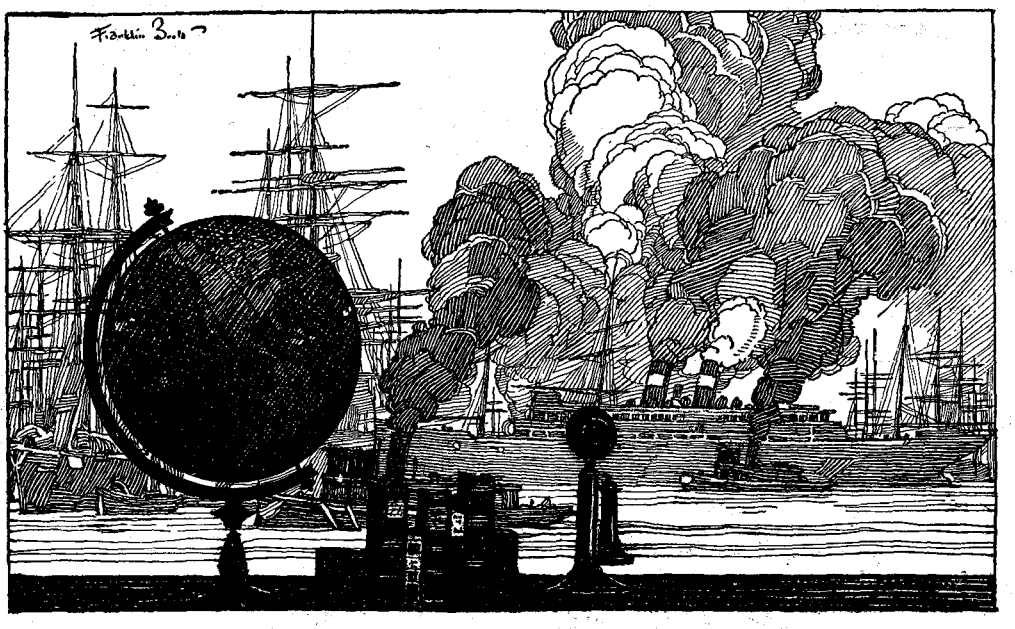

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

(Continued from page 258)

had risen to $2,685,000,000 at the end of 1918, and stood at $3,057,000,000 at the end of last December, the inference seemed unavoidable that we are living in exactly such an era of paper inflation and forced currency issues on our own account as prevailed in the Civil War. That no premium was bid for gold—the means by which depreciation of United States legal tender notes was measured between 1862 and the resumption of specie payments—did not seem to affect the conclusion. Nobody questioned the present actual depreciation of Russian, German, and Austrian currencies, or the fact that it resulted from the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 53)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 53)

every one of these plausible inferences is wrong; that all of them are at variance with perfectly well-known facts and figures, and that the economic problem of the future, including reduction of the currency now outstanding, will be solved in this country during the coming years on wholly different lines from those on which were solved the currency problem left by our Civil War. These are assertions which will, no doubt, surprise many readers. They amount to saying that our paper currency is to-day at par with gold and redeemable in gold; that it is not in any sense depreciated, and that the rise in prices is not a result of the admittedly huge increase in the issue of such currency. What is the proof?

Our Paper Currency and "Inflation"

If a paper currency is freely redeemable in and exchangeable for gold, then it naturally cannot be depreciated below gold value. That is a matter of course. At present, the only demand which arises in this country for gold coin or bullion comes from the jewelry trade, or from bankers who need it for exportation to foreign countries such as China or South America, when the balance of trade and the rates of exchange are running against us. The Federal Reserve holds practically all the gold in the United States. From its holdings must be obtained the gold for export. Since the export of gold to nations east and south of us began, last June, our bankers have shipped something over $300,000,000 gold. Each of the shipments made was reflected by decrease of the gold holdings of the Federal Reserve in its next weekly statement.

The gold exporter's bank could obtain the necessary gold, either through rediscounting its own loans at the Federal Reserve and drawing the resultant credit out in gold, or through presenting Federal Reserve notes for redemption. The processes are in effect identical; both have been used; in either case, the Federal Reserve offered the option of getting $100 in gold for $100 in new Reserve credits or for $100 in Federal Reserve notes. The Federal Reserve law itself, which in this regard has been neither amended nor suspended during the war, provides explicitly that Federal Reserve notes "shall be redeemed in gold on demand." All this being so, it is impossible that the Federal Reserve currency should not to-day be on a strict gold basis. It is worth its face value in gold, it can be exchanged at face value for gold, and its present position is perfectly convincing evidence that the United States, in its paper money issues, has not cut loose from the gold standard.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 59)

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

We specialize in Government bonds and other investment securities. This firm was founded in 1865 and we have always endeavored to recommend to our clients conservative investments. As members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges we are prepared to execute orders for the purchase or sale of securities on a cash basis in large or small amounts.

A circular describing several issues of desirable investment securities will be sent on request.

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Banks Hold the World Together

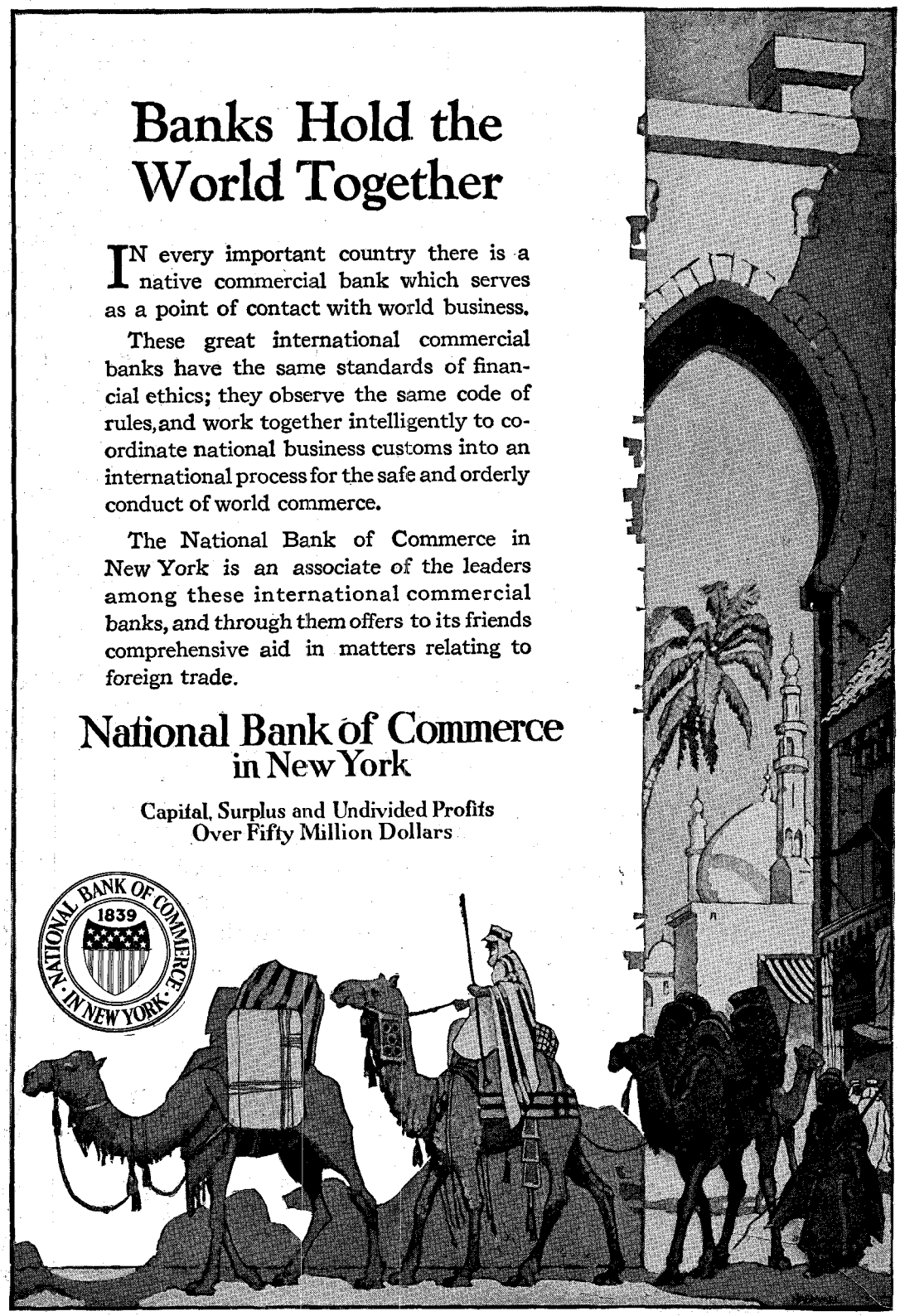
IN every important country there is a native commercial bank which serves as a point of contact with world business.

These great international commercial banks have the same standards of financial ethics; they observe the same code of rules, and work together intelligently to coordinate national business customs into an international process for the safe and orderly conduct of world commerce.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York is an associate of the leaders among these international commercial banks, and through them offers to its friends comprehensive aid in matters relating to foreign trade.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Over Fifty Million Dollars



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(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

THIS answers the first misconception as to the gold standard. But it answers also the second misconception, which infers that, whatever happens with gold redemption, our currency's depreciation can be proved by reference to other values. Economically speaking, there is no other way to measure depreciation of a currency except by ascertaining whether and how nearly it can be exchanged, dollar for dollar, for gold coin. People who say (and one hears it said pretty frequently) that the currency is depreciated in relation to commodities, are merely juggling with words. If the simple fact of the recent advance in prices is to be accepted as meaning that our currency is depreciated, then, in case of a world-wide harvest failure in an ordinary year—a failure which had put up prices on the average, say, 5 or 10 per cent—one would be driven to the inference that the currency had even then depreciated by that percentage. The conclusion could not be escaped on such a line of reasoning, even if that currency consisted of nothing but gold coin. But this is to involve the whole discussion in meaningless absurdities. It is the kind of reasoning which would first say that prices have risen because the purchasing power of money is less, and would then turn about and say that the purchasing power of money is less because prices have risen.

Is the Currency Depreciated?

The third misconception, that the present rise in prices is an effect of the great increase in the paper money issues of the Federal Reserve, considered by itself, is likely to be more obstinate. It is bound up more or less with the quantitative theory of money, in accordance with which economists assume that prices, all other things being equal, must be raised or lowered according as the amount of money actually in circulation is increased or decreased. The theory is mathematically convincing; it is only when one endeavors to examine into the actual working of the process that its application becomes more difficult. On this question as to cause and effect in the present instance, the Secretary of the Treasury made the following comment in his annual report of last December:

"There is no escape from the conclusion that, under our system, currency can be issued only in response to a demand therefor as circulating medium, and that such currency is automatically retired when it is no longer required as circulating medium. Currency expansion, therefore, is an effect and not a cause of advancing prices."

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

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TRAVELERS LETTERS OF CREDIT

Information of value to the traveler is supplied in our new booklet "Concerning Travelers Letters of Credit". This explains how such Letters may be obtained and their uses and advantages; also some account of our services and facilities for the tourist or business man presenting these Letters in foreign countries.

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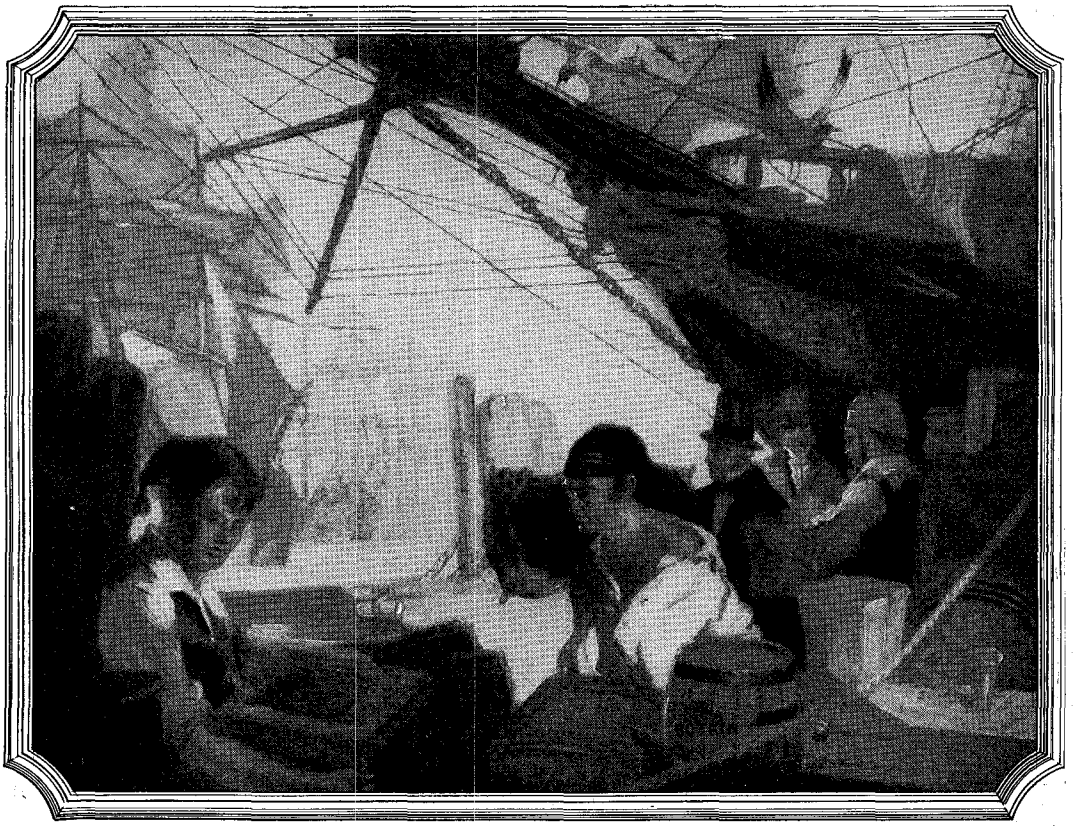

Salem in 1800—the beginnings of the American Merchant Marine

NEW ENGLAND comes naturally by her maritime prestige and mastery. Her ports on the Atlantic, as compared with others, are hundreds of miles nearer Europe. Their harbors could shelter the world's fleets, and their wharves are favored by direct rail communication to all inland centers. They are the natural gateways for foreign trade.

In Boston, New England possesses a port yielding only to New York and Philadelphia in rank. During 1918, total imports at the Port of Boston were $295,915,214, and exports $221,314,900.

Directorates of industries throughout the country desiring to benefit by the advantages of New England seaports will find the Old Colony Trust Company equipped with exceptional facilities for remitting funds by cable, issuing commercial credits, financing exports and imports, furnishing foreign credit data, and locating markets for goods throughout the world. Send for our booklet, "Your Financial Requirements and How We Can Meet Them".

Come to New England this summer —the Tercentenary of the Pilgrims' Landing—and make this Company's office your banking headquarters.

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY
BOSTON

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 59)

IN other words, the Secretary does not regard the increase in our own Federal Reserve note issues as the cause of the rise in prices, but as the effect. It so happens also that the Treasury Secretary who has thus stated his own opinion was Chairman of the Congressional Committee which actually framed the Federal Reserve Act, and is one of the highest experts on its practical working. Still, even experts are occasionally mistaken. What are his facts? First, that the issue of Federal Reserve notes does not in any sense represent what is commonly known as a "forced currency." In the War of Secession, our government issued legal tender notes to the amount of not quite $450,000,000, and it used this currency, printed by the Treasury, as Treasury money with which to pay the current expenses of the government. These notes were not made redeemable in or exchangeable for gold until fifteen years afterward. On a vastly larger scale, Russia has followed the same rule of direct paper issues by the government in the present war. Other Continental governments, including France, while avoiding direct paper issues by the Treasury, have instructed the National Bank to make such issues, the Treasury meantime depositing with the bank, as a security for the notes, the government's promises to pay.

Our Paper Currency and Others

But even in those cases, as in the case of our government from 1862 to 1864 inclusive, the paper money itself was handed over to the national Treasury and used to meet the government's current deficit. In all the instances referred to, notes once issued by the government or the bank were reissued whenever they had been paid back to the issuer. In none of them was the new paper currency exchangeable for gold. In none was a gold reserve maintained for use in its redemption, and in none was there any limit to the issue, except the successively higher sums total named by statute—a practice which was merely a matter of form, and which in principle, as applied by France during the recent war, was precisely the same expedient as was employed in the issue of United States legal tender notes in our Civil War or of the assignats in the French Revolution.

In all these issues of currency, the machinery was unmistakable. The government decided how much paper it should issue, and required its people and its banks to take and use that paper as lawful money. Necessarily, being regulated in amount solely by the government's financial necessities, paper money far in excess

(Financial Situation, continued on page 63)

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Foreign Banking Service

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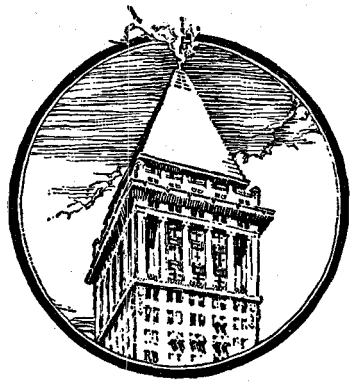
New York Banking



for Business Men Wherever Located

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TO such persons, as well as to corporations and other business concerns, the Bankers Trust Company affords a secure depositary and an organization equipped to render prompt and intelligent service along every line of financial business, for example:

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(Our connections are worldwide and include the great established banking institutions in all large foreign centers)
Personal Accounts, Active and Dormant
Special Accounts for specific purposes
Letters of Credit, Commercial and Travelers'
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(Financial Situation, continued from page 61)

of the needs of trade was forced into circulation. It accumulated in bank reserves, where it was made by law a basis for greatly expanded loans. It affected prices because of the quantity of new money, not exportable, which was forced into the market, and because, being irredeemable in gold, a given sum in the paper money would not buy what the equivalent in gold would purchase.

How Federal Reserve Notes Are Issued

THE issue of Federal Reserve notes does not in any single respect resemble those currency experiments. Federal Reserve notes are not put out by the government. They do not represent, directly or indirectly, the government's promises to pay hereafter; promises by which the government would escape the necessity of meeting its current expenses with real money. They are not available as bank reserves. They are absolutely secured by and exchangeable for gold. When they are paid back to the Federal Reserve banks which issued them, by another bank which has payments to make to it, the notes are not reissued but are cancelled.

But what is of paramount importance, no Federal Reserve note can be issued under the law unless a private bank applies for such notes, and, since they are not available as reserves, no bank will apply for them unless its own customers have also asked for them. But the customer will naturally not ask for notes unless he has some use to make of them, whether for payrolls, for till money, or for pocket money. To obtain the notes, a private bank must hand over to its Federal Reserve bank an equivalent amount in either gold or negotiable collateral. When it has established such a credit, the law allows it to count the credit as reserve against its own new loans, or to take out notes against it.

But since the bank makes its profit out of loans, since the sum total of those loans is limited by its existing credit balance at the Federal Reserve, and since it makes no profit whatever from receiving Federal Reserve notes from its Reserve bank and passing them across the counter to its customer, it ought to be plain that the private bank has no inducement whatever, as a matter of individual gain, to ask for issue of such notes. Yet, they cannot be issued except at the request of such a private bank, and the private banks have asked for them in very great amounts. They have done so because their own depositors applied for the currency requested.

The banks' depositors needed more of the notes, either because they were doing a larger business and employing more men, or because, with prices and wages higher than before, or for other reasons, they required more currency for their daily purposes. As to whether prices have been raised because of the greatly increased use of credit and because of the larger purchases of goods

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)

Selected Bond Offerings

The Pittsburgh District with its big, basic industries affords an exceptional field for conservative investments. The relative importance of these industries is evident when you consider that every industry in the world depends in a measure upon the production of this district.

For more than half a century we have been in intimate touch with the industrial activities of the Pittsburgh District. We secure for our own account and offer for sale carefully selected bonds which appeal to the conservative investor.

Our latest bond list will be mailed upon request.

Bond Department
Mellon National Bank
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THOSE who today carry on the work of the Philadelphia National Bank in serving the commerce of the city, the nation and the world, are thoroughly imbued with the conviction that ours is a heritage of traditions of probity and helpfulness that must be handed on to the next generation, not only intact, but strengthened, and with added lustre. We are inculcating the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, "rank imposes obligation."

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THE
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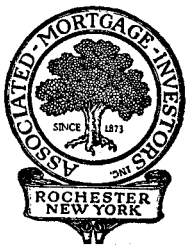

What Quality Do You Value Most In Your Investments?

A financial expert has defined Ten Elements in the Ideal Investment. Would you like to see his analysis? To thoughtful investors we will send this very interesting document without charge.

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Edmonton, Can

(Financial Situation, continued from page 63)

thereby facilitated, that is another question. It is answered by practically all economists in the affirmative. But it has no bearing whatever on the question of the currency. What I have shown, as to the actual operation of the machinery of note issues at the Federal Reserve, is fairly conclusive proof that the rising volume of such outstanding notes is effect, not cause, of the great business activity and the rising prices.

As to the "Bankruptcy of Europe"

So much for the popular ideas regarding the American currency. The question which is embodied in the more or less common reference to the "bankruptcy of Europe" has another aspect. Some weeks ago, a New York newspaper editorially declared that "every European nation is bankrupt in greater or less degree, not excepting France or England." The ground assigned by it for this assertion was that the test of government bankruptcy is a government's issue of forced paper currency in payment of its current obligations, and the depreciation of such paper. Since the foreign exchanges had shown such depreciation for the European paper money issues, the case was deemed to be complete.

The article embodied most of the prevalent misconceptions about the subject, but it nevertheless suggests a closer examination of the question. What, one may ask, is government bankruptcy? How may we know when a government is bankrupt? A reasonable answer is, that we may know it in exactly the same way that we know when a business house or individual is bankrupt. The merchant who fails to pay his outstanding notes of hand when they mature, and who cannot renew them, is bankrupt. He must make arrangements with his creditors or go out of business. In precisely the same way, a government which has a loan maturing at a stipulated date, but which defaults on its payment at that date, is bankrupt. It will not, to be sure, have to go out of business as a government, so long as it can still wring money from its people. But so far as the larger outside financial operations of a government are concerned, it must either compromise with its creditors or disappear from the money market.

This is far from an imaginary parallel. It did not need the Great War to produce examples of bankrupt governments on such a basis. Many years before the war, states of such standing as Portugal, Greece, and Turkey found themselves, or thought they found themselves, unable to continue paying interest on their public debt. They defaulted on the interest day. Their creditors conferred with them, being represented by foreign banking-houses which had floated the original loans, and a compromise was reached, whereby the creditors extended the loans at a lower rate, on condition that the defaulting government should allow a committee of its

(Financial Situation continued on page 67)

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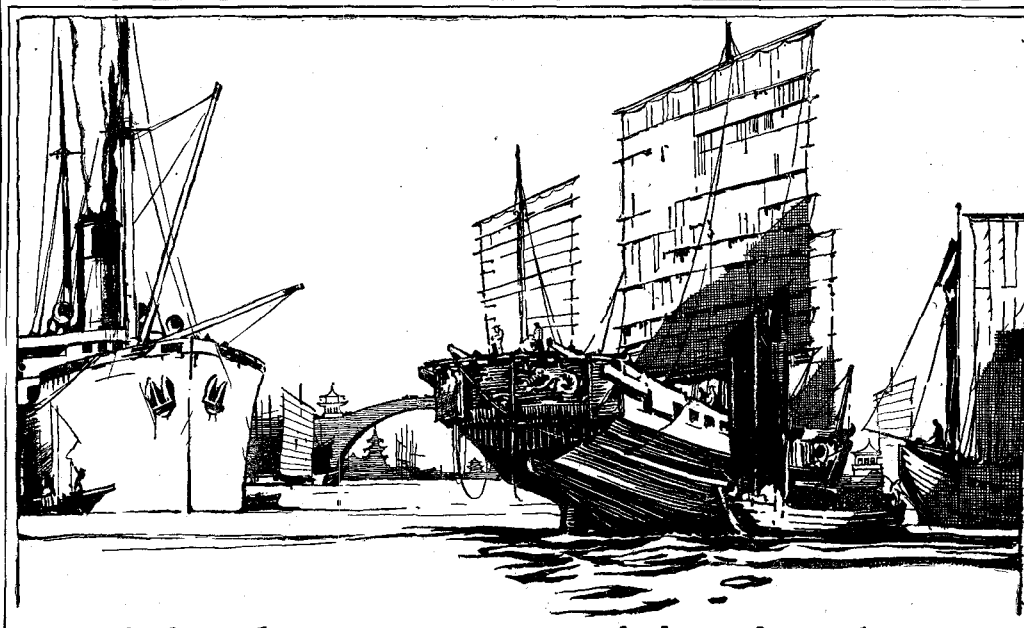

Trade Opportunities in the Far East

American business men are beginning to realize the possibilities of the Far East as a field for trade expansion.

Trade between the United States and China, Siam, Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies has increased approximately 300% during the last four years. And the purchasing power of this great market is still largely undeveloped.

Opportunities for developing trade with Asia are particularly favorable at present. The advantages enjoyed by old-world competitors are still dormant. American goods are everywhere in steady demand. Adequate financial and shipping facilities are available.

The National Shawmut Bank of Boston is equipped to render *practical* assistance to exporters in this field. Our Foreign Department has recently made a thorough investigation of Far East and Near East markets. We maintain direct connections with the leading trade centers. We finance shipments, arrange credits and supply information as to merchandise and methods best suited to current conditions.

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Correspondence cordially invited. Our booklets, "The Far East," "Acceptances" and "The Webb Law" discuss the most satisfactory methods of handling and developing foreign business. Write for copies.

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Notably
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(Financial Situation, continued from page 65)

creditors to administer part of the public revenue. These governments, in the language of the courts, went into the hands of receivers. The same unpleasant experience happened with various Central American states. It has even, in the long past, happened with certain States and cities of the American Union.

The Status of the Recent Belligerents

EXACTLY what will hereafter happen to the European governments, in this regard and under existing influences, is doubtless still a problem. Russia is evidently bankrupt already; the Soviet Government has publicly and formally repudiated its foreign debt. There has been no payment of coupons since the war to foreign holders of government bonds of Turkey or Bulgaria. Probably Austria is similarly an acknowledged bankrupt—a result on the whole inevitable in her case, since what we now call Austria is a mere fragment of the old empire whose name stands on the Austrian Government bonds issued and sold prior to 1914, and since the provinces which broke away after the Armistice, and have joined other political units, will certainly be in no haste to assume what might be deemed to be their proportionate share of the pre-war debt. But nothing of the kind has happened with England, France, or Italy, and certainly nothing with the neutrals such as Holland, Spain, or the Scandinavian states.

Those neutral states, indeed, are in a peculiarly strong position, with gold reserves whose ratio to outstanding State Bank circulation is close to the high mark of their history. On the other hand, England and France have punctually paid the interest on their war loans. The British Government has already redeemed at their maturity nearly $500,000,000 short-term loans issued since 1914 on the American market, and the French Government nearly $200,000,000. As to the question of inability to meet interest in the future, the case of England is that of a government whose expected total revenue from taxation during the pending fiscal year is $6,000,000,000, but whose total interest payments in that period will be only $1,650,000,000, of which hardly $400,000,000 will be payable in the United States.

These comparisons show the absurdity of the random talk of a state of general government bankruptcy as existing now in Europe. It is sometimes replied, by those who insist on the condition as one of insolvency, that the issue of paper currency by a government, the use of that currency by that government to pay its ordinary expenses, the government's failure to redeem that currency in gold, and its reissue of the notes when received from taxpayers, are of themselves sufficient proof of bankruptcy. When the notes are bought and sold at a heavy discount in markets where the gold standard prevails—as has lately been the case with the European paper currencies—then, so reasoners of this sort insist,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 69)

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Our Municipal offerings include City, County, Township, Road, School, Levee and Drainage issues.

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ST. LOUIS COMPANY MISSOURI
BROADWAY AT PINE

Patriots of Principles

AS Washington and Lincoln typify the principles for which they stood, so do our 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds stand for investment of absolute security and strength.

For over a quarter of a century there has never been a loss on our Bonds. Choice and well located lands and buildings in the fastest growing sections of Chicago stand back of every investment. A return of 6% is assured and interest paid promptly on date due. And your principal is available any moment you want to dispose of your Bonds. Let us give you, free, the benefit of our specialized knowledge of Chicago First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. No obligation.

6% FIRST MORTGAGE CHICAGO REAL ESTATE BONDS

THE BILTMORE APARTMENTS, 829-39 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Bonds Secured *by* Taxes

[*Exempt from all Federal Income Taxes*]

to Yield 5½%

FOR years the Mercantile Trust Company has specialized in bonds issued by the various political subdivisions of the State of Arkansas — Road, Drainage, Bridge Districts, etc.

We have purchased these bonds on our own account, after careful investigation, and have then distributed them to thousands of our clients, who have invariably found them satisfactory investments.

Principal and interest are payable from taxes levied upon rich agricultural lands, which taxes are liens prior to any mortgage.

For example, we are offering, subject to prior sale, at 100 and interest, 5½% bonds of Road District No. 2, Craighead County, Arkansas, of various maturities.

This district comprises more than 58,000 acres, 40% of which are under cultivation. Average value per acre is about $35.00 and the average bonded debt is $5.06 per acre, leaving ample margin to insure prompt payment of these bonds.

Descriptive circular S12, containing this and many other attractive bond issues, will be sent upon request.

Bond Department

Mercantile Trust Company

ST. LOUIS MISSOURI

Member Federal Reserve System

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $10,000,000

(Financial Situation, continued from page 67)

the situation is convincing. Are we then in this way confronted with European bankruptcy?

Facts of Past and Present History

WE certainly are not, unless the word is to find new definitions in the English dictionary and in the lexicon of trade. The Bank of England issued notes in the Napoleonic War, not secured by or redeemable at sight in gold. That currency fell to a discount of more than 10 per cent in gold, and foreign exchange on London, in the neutral markets, was depreciated 10 to 30 per cent. Yet those facts did not prevent it from being true that England was at that very moment lending money to all the rest of the world, and was admittedly in the strongest economic position of any existing nation. It is true, the British Government did not itself issue those notes, and use them to avoid paying actual money for its war expenses. But the United States of the Civil War did both.

It issued $450,000,000 paper money, compelled its soldiers and manufacturers of war material to receive that paper as lawful money, reissued it whenever it was paid back in taxes, and ultimately found itself confronted with a decline in the gold price of those notes, on the open market, to 35 cents on the dollar. Yet nobody at that time seriously accused the United States of being bankrupt, and no one to-day so describes its condition of that period. The government and the country in fact emerged from the Civil War more rich and more powerful in real resources than ever before in their checkered history. If, indeed, it is bankruptcy when a government is meeting part of its current expenses by paying out notes of its own which it forces on the people with a money claim against it, then the United States was bankrupt not only in 1864, but in 1878 as well; for gold redemption of the Legal Tenders was not established until 1879, and the United States notes were still at a discount in the market.

I have gone at this length into discussion of the question, because a clear understanding of it is of high importance in the obtaining of an intelligent view about the existing situation. What I have said does not answer the further question as to what will be the financial future of the lately belligerent states of Europe. As to this, all that can to-day be said is that the real test will come when Europe has had a chance to get on its feet in the matter of industry and production, and when the rest of the world has had a chance to learn to what extent the tax-paying resources of these former belligerents will enable their governments to meet the interest on their debts, to redeem the principal of their indebtedness in orderly fashion, and to bring back to normal proportions their inflated paper currencies.

THIS will unquestionably be a task of immense difficulty. Judgment of the probabilities which surround it is inevitably colored, first by

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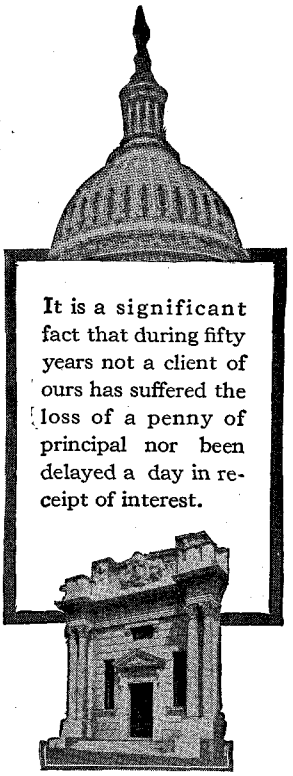

It is a significant fact that during fifty years not a client of ours has suffered the loss of a penny of principal nor been delayed a day in receipt of interest.

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That is quite true of these

6% Mortgage Notes

we offer on Washington real estate

In a very real sense the strength of the government is back of them—because Washington realty is stabilized by its national importance, and suffers none of the fluctuations of boom and depression.

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ESTABLISHED 1865

(Financial Situation, continued from page 69)

the unaccustomed size of the figures of national debts and national paper currencies created by the war; next, by the fact that we have not yet emerged from the period which was bound to be occupied in restoring shattered energies and rebuilding shattered facilities of production; then by the confusing influence of the inflated home prices on the one hand and of a temporarily deranged international trade on the other; and finally, by the threats of the political destructionists, in which even the incoherent talk of our "parlor Bolshevists" has had its part in the darkening of counsel. Nevertheless, it is possible to find some ground for conditional prediction.

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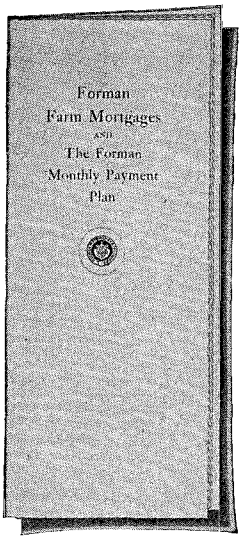

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By Stevens Palmer Harman

CONDITIONS surrounding the investment markets are sometimes of a sort which causes an increasing amount of attention to be directed toward preferred stocks. Common stocks may increase handsomely in value and pay large dividends when the issuing companies are prosperous, but in times of adversity there is likely to be a sharp fall in prices of common shares, along with a reduction or total omission of dividend payments. Such fluctuations make these stocks as a rule unsuitable investments for people with limited financial experience. Bonds, of course, will retain their high regard among conservative buyers; but various influences have at times operated to make bonds less attractive to the investing public.

When prices of bonds are declining and the future seems doubtful, purchases of even the highest grades of these securities are likely to dwindle, for relatively few people have the courage to buy a security whose market value is steadily depreciating. For instance, during the closing months of 1919 the uncertainty over the railway outlook, possibility that large amounts of foreign securities would be offered in the United States at high rates of interest, and constantly rising rates for bank loans, mortgages, and other forms of borrowing, resulted in a period of stagnation in the bond market, when dealers found it difficult to bring out successfully even the most attractive new issues. Other striking influences were also at work. High cost of living and high taxes forced upon most individuals the necessity of increasing their incomes, or rather of increasing their actual capital from which their incomes are derived. Inasmuch as bonds yield a fixed rate of return, and high class bonds only a low rate, attention was strongly directed toward speculative securities, in the hope that an increase in their value would enable the holders to add substantially to their capital accumulations.

Such circumstances would naturally create a demand for a security yielding a somewhat higher rate of return than a good bond, but one which, at the same time, afforded a larger measure of safety than is associated with common stocks. If any chance of speculative gain were included, so much the better. Preferred stocks fall into this category in a general way.

A preferred stock, as the term implies, is one

(Continued on page 75)

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(Continued from page 73)

which is "preferred" above the common shares in various ways, usually as to dividend payments and distribution of assets in case the issuing company is liquidated. The rate of dividend is stipulated, usually at 7 or 6 per cent. Payment of this amount must be made on the preferred shares before anything is paid on the common. Sometimes, after preferred dividends are provided for, nothing is left for the common; but on the other hand, the common shares in times of great prosperity may receive very large dividends, while the preferred get only their stipulated rate. This is a chance which the preferred shareholder takes in return for the greater certainty of receiving dividends, year in and year out.

It is very important for the prospective investor to note whether a preferred stock is of a "cumulative" or "non-cumulative" character. If the dividend on cumulative preferred shares is omitted at any time, it becomes a charge against the company's earnings and must eventually be paid before the common stock receives anything. Non-cumulative preferred shares do not have this provision. Once a dividend is omitted it is not made up. Where a cumulative preferred stock has a large amount of dividends in arrears, its course on the stock market may become very exciting. The preferred stock of the International Mercantile Marine Co. at one time had an accumulation of 87 per cent in dividends due, and the stock moved violently on various reports that the arrears would be paid off in cash or in securities; in a lump sum or in instalments; that the company would be liquidated or would continue in business, and so on.

Ordinarily, however, a preferred stock does not move in any such erratic fashion. Dividends at the stipulated rate of 7 per cent have been paid on the preferred shares of the United States Steel Corporation since 1901. In that period dividends on the common shares have been omitted entirely on two different occasions. During the war they rose to 17 per cent annually, and then dropped back to 5 per cent. In the six years beginning with 1914 the preferred stock of the corporation has ranged in price between $102 and $123, while the range of the common has been between $38 and $136⅝. This is a fair illustration of the relative price stability of a preferred stock, through periods of boom and depression.

The reason for this is plain enough. Holders of the preferred stock of a company are interested only to a minor extent if the com-

(Continued on page 77)

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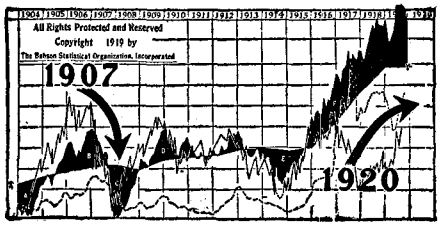

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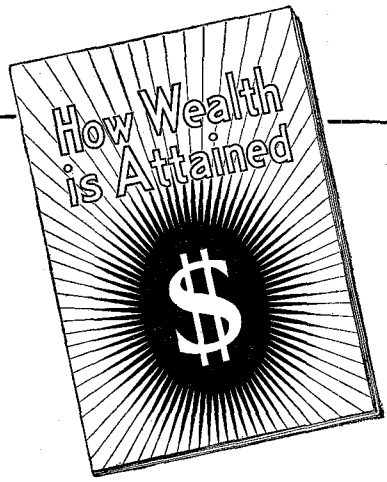

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(Continued from page 75)

pany shows extremely large earnings, since no matter how large these earnings may be, the preferred stock will receive only 7 per cent. On the other hand, preferred stockholders are not usually alarmed over a sharp decline in earnings, as long there is a prospect that these will be sufficient to pay the preferred dividend, even if the common dividend is not paid. Prudent management, however, will sometimes omit the preferred dividend, even though it has been earned, in order to conserve financial resources for a lean period. A great deal of damage has been done to some corporations whose directors paid preferred dividends when they had not been earned, or when the money should have been kept in the treasury.

While a preferred stock has a marked priority over the common in its claim upon the company's earnings and assets, it is in no wise a mortgage on the company's property. A mortgage may be given as security for an issue of bonds, but not for a stock issue, either common or preferred. This is because neither a common nor preferred stock is a promise to pay a stated sum, while a bond is such a promise. In case a company is wound up and its assets disposed of, claims of the bondholders are first satisfied, those of the preferred stockholders next, and those of the common stockholders last. Similarly, interest on bonds must be paid before preferred dividends are declared. Failure to pay bond interest might result in receivership, while omission of preferred dividends would have no such effect.

Common stocks have been said, in a broad way, to represent "earning power." As far, at least, as most industrial companies are concerned, this is a frank recognition of their speculative character. The actual value of the corporation's assets, applicable to the common shares in case of liquidation, is generally a minor consideration. In some cases this value is large, even exceeding the nominal or par value of the shares; but usually the owner of common stock is interested primarily in his dividends and the market price of his holdings. With preferred stocks, more emphasis is placed upon actual values. Such stock may be taken, if properly issued, to represent the actual investment of a sum sufficient, under ordinary conditions, to earn the stated dividend, after the company's business is established. Hence, when preferred shares are offered for sale, they are commonly put out at a price approximating their par value, which is generally $100. Common stock, no

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(Continued from page 77)

matter what its nominal value, may be offered at almost any figure. It is not unusual to see common stock with a par value of $100 offered by underwriters at $60 or $70 a share. Obviously, if only $60 or $70 (less underwriters' commissions, etc.) is paid in to the company, the par value of $100 cannot represent actual investment in plant or property. The difference is taken to represent actual or prospective earning power, which is a highly speculative element.

While preferred stocks are often issued through bankers and brokers, they frequently originate in other ways. If a company gets into financial difficulties and is reorganized, an effort is almost always made to "scale down" the fixed charges; in other words, to reduce the amount of bond interest which the new company will have to pay. Hence holders of bonds of various classes may be offered preferred stocks. To the extent that fixed charges can be reduced, the company's position is strengthened. Either as a result of such reorganization, or as an outright sale of a new issue, more than one class of preferred stock may be put on the market. These are usually known as first and second preferred. The first preferred shares will rank ahead of the second, but the second may carry a higher dividend rate.

An effort is often made to provide additional attractions for preferred stock. It may be made convertible into the common stock at a fixed ratio. Holders of preferred stocks frequently complain that common shareholders receive large dividends, while the preferred shares are limited to their stipulated return, no matter how prosperous the company may be. To meet this objection, the terms of the issue may provide that holders may exchange their stock for common shares if they see fit, thereby assuming the risks as well as the gains of the common shareholders. It is not uncommon for a company to retire a certain proportion of its preferred issue each year at a price say 10 per cent above parity. The effect is to improve the market price of the issue. Holders of the preferred shares usually have equal voice with owners of the common in determining what future issues of preferred stock or bonds shall be made. In some cases, however, an issue of preferred stock will be found which lacks voting power at the annual meetings of the company, but the rate of dividend on such stock is placed at a high level by way of compensation. Now and then, it will be stipulated that a preferred issue shall divide profits equally

(Continued on page 80)

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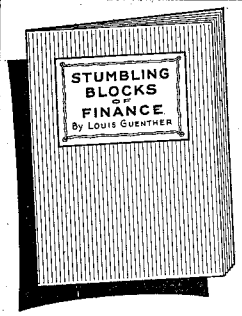
(Continued from page 79)

with the common, after a stipulated rate has been paid on both classes of stock.

From the foregoing discussion, it should be clear to prospective buyers that preferred stocks are superior to common shares in point of safety of principal and income. It should also be clear that the mere fact that a stock is "preferred" does not make it a good investment. Preferred stocks are good, bad, and indifferent. Their issuance is subject to abuse and misrepresentation, just as is the issuance of common stocks, or even of bonds. In investing in preferred stocks, as in other securities, the investor will have to employ discretion, careful investigation, and usually the advice of an expert.



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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"FOUR MORE DAYS," HE CRIED, "AND WE'LL BE THERE!"

—"Erskine Dale—Pioneer"—page 263.

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